Nov. 1, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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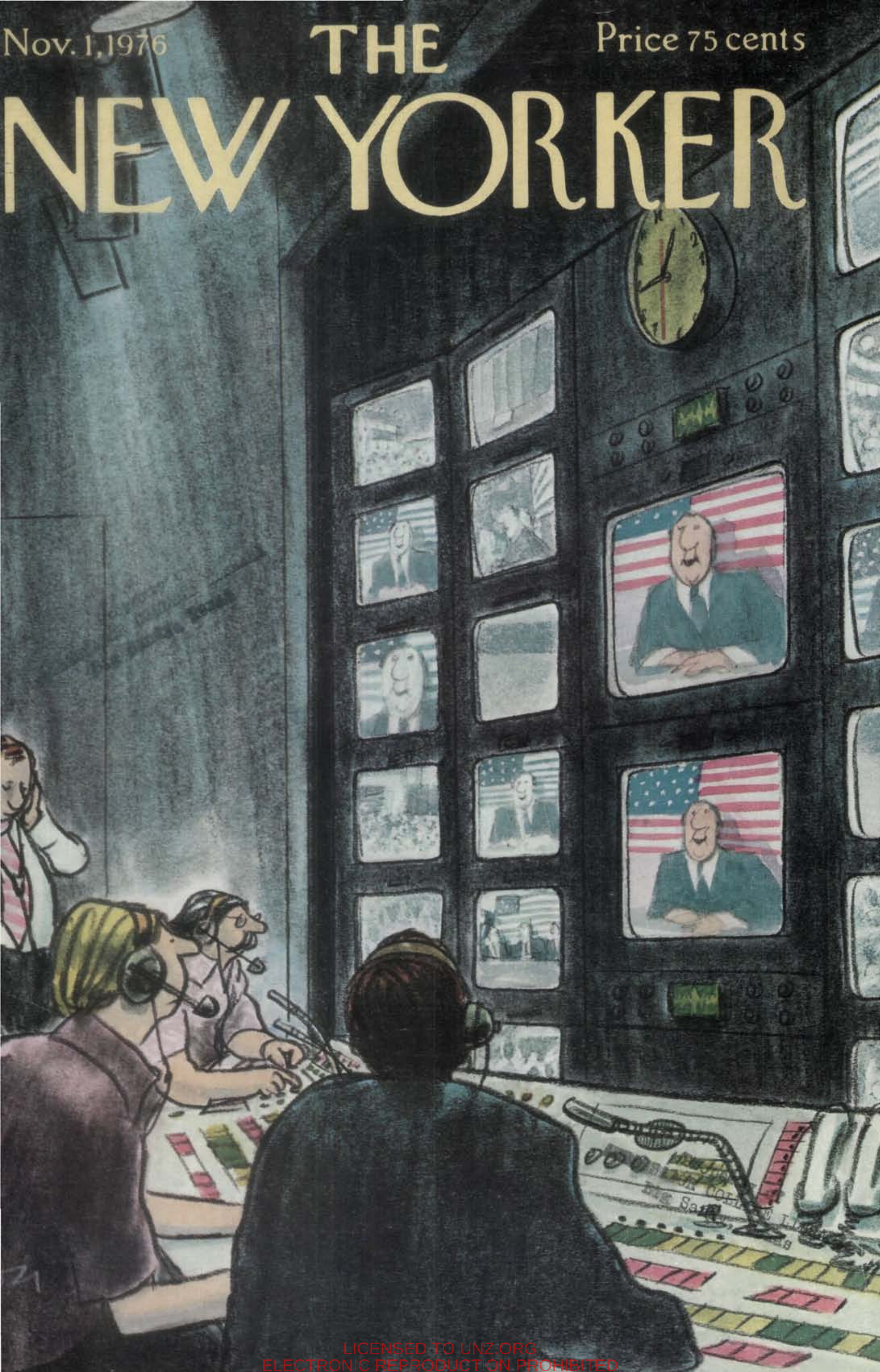

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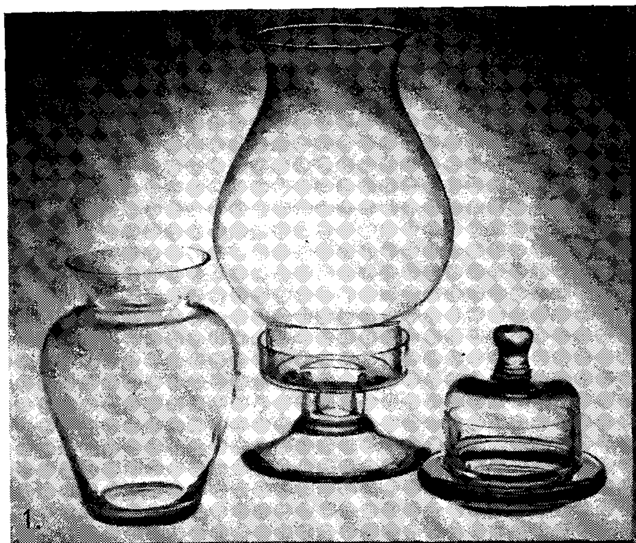

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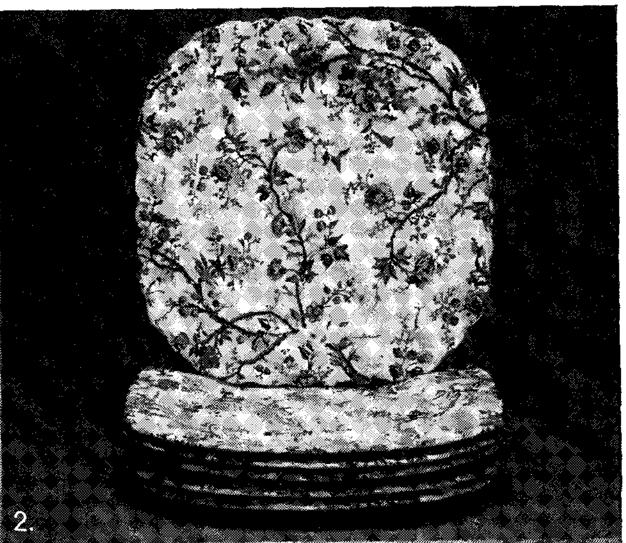

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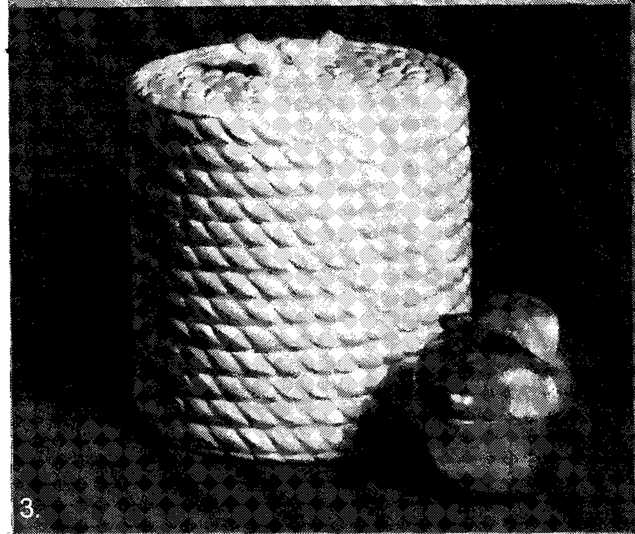

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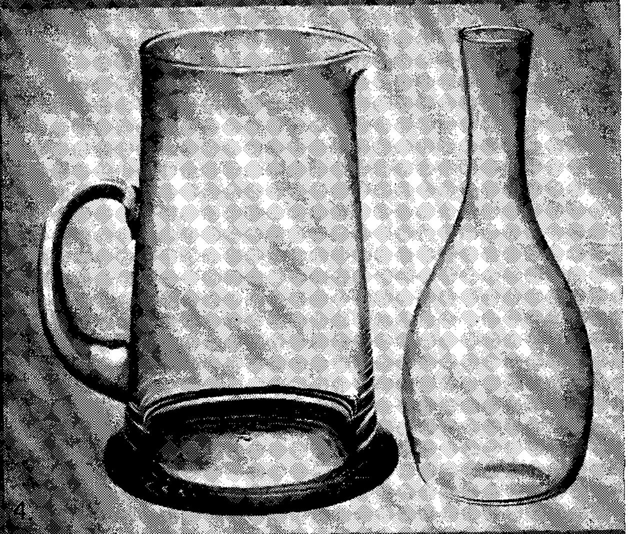

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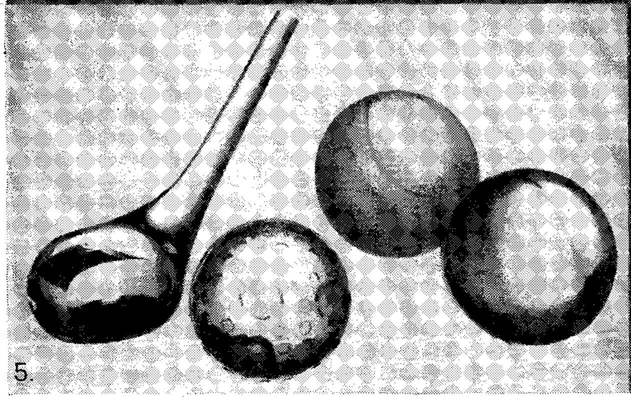

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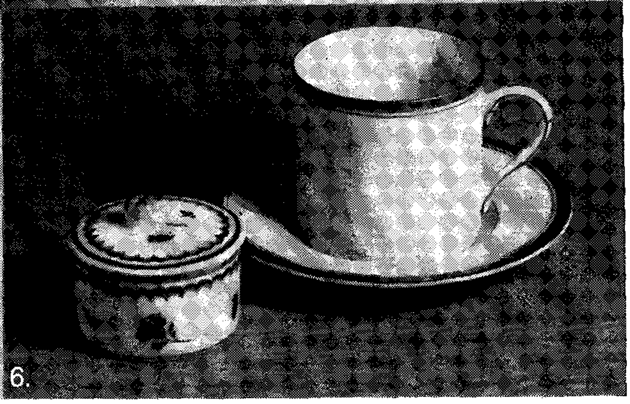

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DAYS IN THE TREES—Marguerite Duras provides a glimpse of French family life that is sometimes harsh and sometimes touching. Very well acted by Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

DON'T STEP ON MY OLIVE BRANCH—An Israeli musical with a book by Harvey Jacobs and music and lyrics by Ron Eliran. Directed by Jonathan Karmon. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 31. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 1. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The musical **FIORELLO!**, with a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, is the first in this season's series of plays. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE FARM—David Storey's play about the disappointments, resilience, and gallantry of a Yorkshire farmer and his family in present-day England is as strong and witty and mysteriously fascinating as this same dramatist's "Home" or "The Contractor," and it is very well acted under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Jack Gwillim is splendid in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Debra Mooney, Ruby Holbrook, and Jeff Daniels, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOING UP—A toy musical from the Goodspeed Opera House. The original version was seen on Broadway in 1917, which is a long time ago. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I HAVE A DREAM—Billy Dee Williams in a pious recitation of the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also some singing, but the evening cannot be said to be a lively one. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday at 3.)

THE INNOCENTS—Henry James's "The Turn o the Screw" makes one's flesh creep; this re vival of the William Archibald adaptation o the Jacobin ghost story tends to make on yawn. Claire Bloom is the capable sta (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Night ly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturda at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 30.)

MY FAIR LADY—A flawless revival of a flawles musical. How did the world get along with out it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, excep Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketche that purport to give us a refreshing view o sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th S 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fr days at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10 and a midnight; and Sundays at 7:30.)

POOR MURDERER—A highly intelligent, very en tertaining play by a contemporary Czech play

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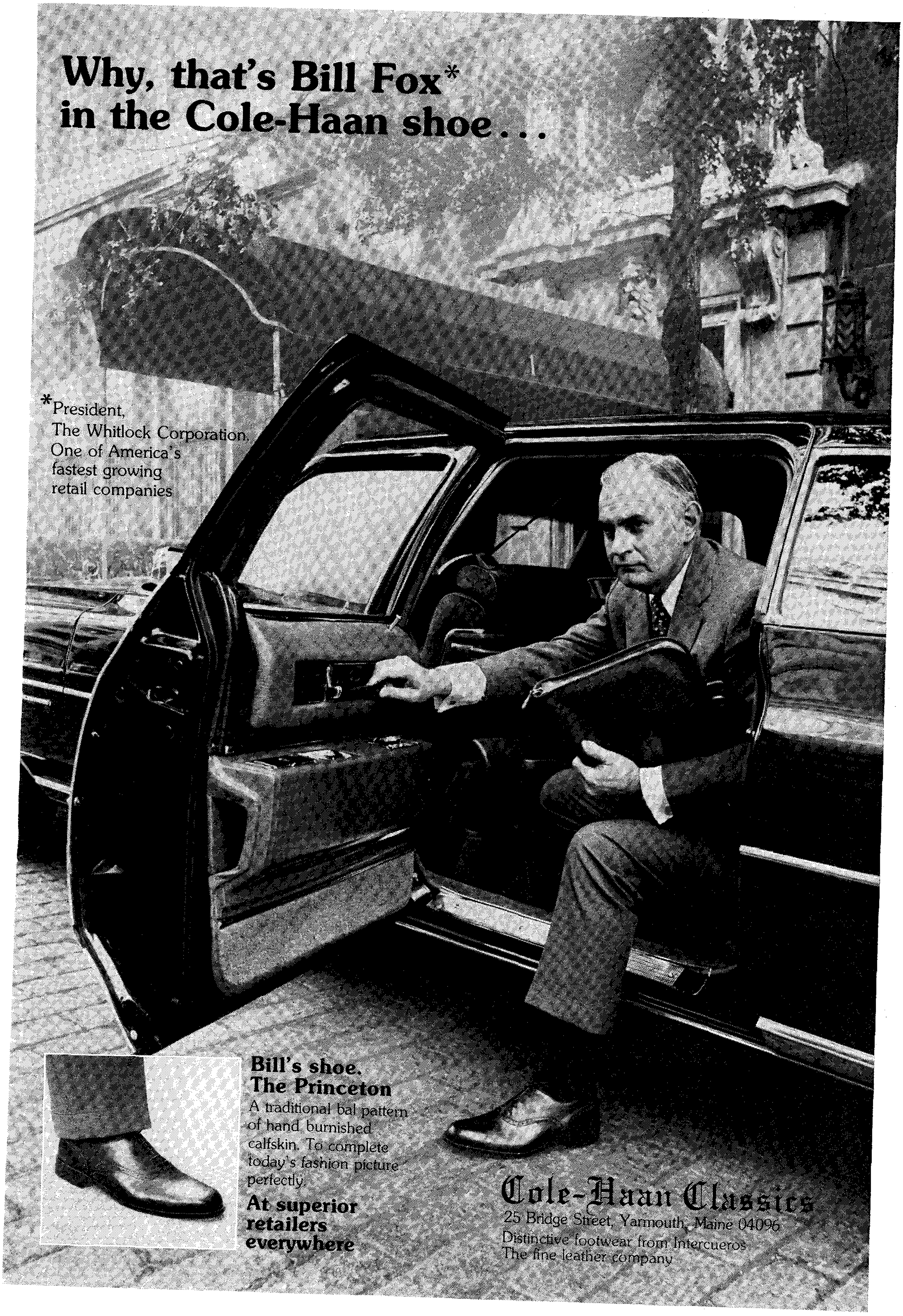

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wright, Pavel Kohout. With a sensational cast—among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Kevin McCarthy, Maria Schell, Larry Gates, Ruth Ford, Paul Sparer, Julie Garfield, and Felicia Montealegre. Herbert Berghof directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's opera, as close as possible to the form in which he wrote it. A torrent of seductive words and music, elegantly sung. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Prince of Homburg—A play by Heinrich von Kleist, written in 1811. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 3, to Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St., 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Oct. 27, and Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

The Robber Bridegroom—High jinks in a Mississippi barnyard. Pleasant singing and dancing decorate a silly book. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Runner Stumbles—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 30.)

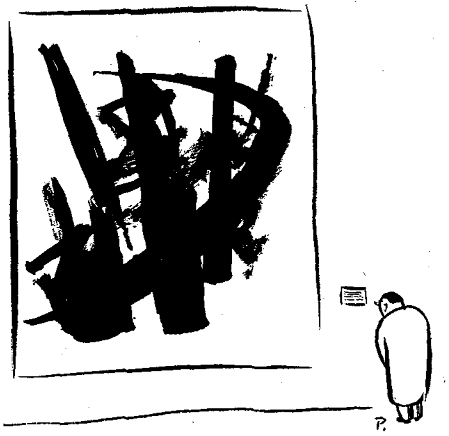
Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Texas Trilogy—Final performances of Preston Jones' three independent plays, directed by Alan Schneider. **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE,** with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 2 and 8, and Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8. . . . **THE LAST MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA,** with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Thursday, Oct. 28, at 2 and 8, and Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2. . . . **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER,** with Diane Ladd: Friday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:30 and 7. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

2 by 5—The theatre songs of John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (lyrics), as sung by five personable and able young performers. The evening, which opens and closes with that indelible winner "Cabaret," has several agreeable moments, but, for a number of reasons, they don't add up to a show. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)



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Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

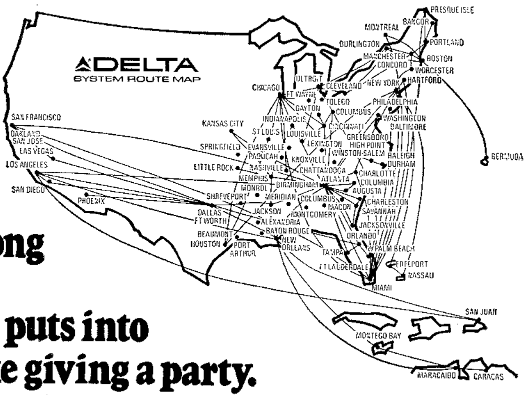
Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Marian Seldes. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,873 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND BESSIE:** The gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins in a vigorous attempt to recreate Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs. Howlett Smith leads the onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 2, William Chapman will replace Mr. Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!:** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Olympics," "Remembrances," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Moves," "Rodeo" (company première), and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Orpheus Times Light," "Deuce Coupe II," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Square Dance," "Opus 65," "Feast of Ashes," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Remembrances," "As Time Goes By," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" (company première), and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Opus 65," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7:30: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Weewis," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Moves," "Happily Ever After" (première), "Orpheus Times Light," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Happily Ever After," "The Relativity of Icarus," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Kettentanz," "The Moor's Pavane," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Relativity of Icarus," "Happily Ever After," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "A Poem Forgotten," and "At Midnight." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "A Poem Forgotten," and "A Soldier's Tale." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Waves," "*Impromptu*," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday evening. Oct. 30: "Waves," "The Gods Amused," "A Poem Forgotten," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 31: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "The Consort." ... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 31: "Waves," "Impromptu," "A Poem Forgotten," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 2: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "A Soldier's Tale."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Waves," "*Impromptu*," "Cortège Parisien," and "A Soldier's Tale."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions." ... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Waves," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "The Consort." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 20.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Opening performances of a five-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 28. **CONTEMPORARY DANCE SYSTEM**: Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 28-29, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 30-31, at 2 and 8.... **KEI TAKEI'S MOVING EARTH**: Tuesday Nov. 2, at 7; Thursday, Nov. 4, and Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2.... **JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND THE ACME DANCE COMPANY**: Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7; Friday, Nov. 5, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

MARGALIT DANCE THEATRE COMPANY—In a program consisting of "Landscape," "Bessamin—The Beauty Without Shoes," "Family of Man," and "The Prophetess." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 5, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into an unpretentious but comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor is Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes into his club. Cellist David Eyges leads a quartet that features saxophonist Monty Waters through Thursday, Oct. 28. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31, drummer Billy Parker and his group, Fourth World, will seat themselves on the bandstand. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Foster, who contributes an occasional tenor or soprano solo himself, has written and arranged all the material—"Cecilia Is Love" and "Someone's Rocking My Jazzboat" are standouts. Many of the numerous soloists are impressive (Foster announced the other evening that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*"), and drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP**, the energy backbone of the band, is particularly striking, whether he's soloing or not. Music from about ten. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684 3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Jazz and rhythm-and-blues saxophonist Houston Person works with his group and backs up singer Etta Jones through Saturday, Oct. 30. On Sunday, Oct. 31, Al Dailey will bring in his electronic keyboards and his sidemen. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 2-4, have been set aside for the Philadelphia Art Ensemble, a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**RY COODER**, a respected guitar traditionalist, is onstage through Thursday, Oct. 28; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31, Steeleye Span will perform rock-inspired British folk music; British rock-keyboard player Manfred Mann and his Earth Band will come in for one night, Monday, Nov. 1; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 2-3, singer and guitarist Don McLean will take the stage; and on Thursday, Nov. 4, pop singer and songwriter Melanie will arrive. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. A good guitarist, **JIMMY RANEY**, and his guitar-playing son, Doug., are here through Saturday, Oct. 30. The Sunday chores are handled by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. He's supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, and Susan, perform nightly. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4450)—A casual and sometimes overly an mated restaurant with a piano in the thick it. **MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, who has been goi strong since 1925, takes command of that p ano Mondays through Saturdays. Bassi Ronnie Boykins helps her out. On Sunday **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the ja piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)- The third version, and an attractive one. T house band, which begins after nine-thirty, a traditional (what else?) sextet, usuall headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and t owner of the club). On Sunday, Oct. 31, eight, Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss, singing, smiling twosome, will perform wit their quintet, and on Tuesday, Nov. 2, sing Barbara Lea will participate in the regula proceedings. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (37 2220)—A breath of life on the upper Ea Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appea to be a quiet place, especially in compariso with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuin swing music prevails on the inside. Twent four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fa cier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swin revival, which can be heard Wednesday through Sundays from ten to three. The othe members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eight years old and Ellington's drummer for de ades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist an clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight, wh joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It' fun to watch them goad each other on; th music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesday vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **WIL BUR LITTLE** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** On Sunday, Oct. 31, Chiasson and Little wi team up with another fine guitarist, **ATTIL ZOLLER**, from five to nine. Mondays throug Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gen Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassis Morris Edwards collaborate.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260 0250)—Don't be put off by the brown twee carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, an the neat staff. This really is a Village jaz club. Les McCann, on electric keyboards, syn thesizer, and vocals, fronts a quintet throug Wednesday, Oct. 27. On Thursday, Oct. 28 **STAN GETZ** will take charge of his quartet for nine-night stint. Mondays through Thursday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, an twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Trumpeter **BUCK CLAYTON** is heading up a band comprising alto saxophonist Earle Warren, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby, pianist Red Richards, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Panama Francis. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. It has also attracted wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON**, who will work with his young quintet on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Lori Lieberman, who looks and sounds like an adman's idea of a folksinger, performs with help from her backing crew through Sunday, Oct. 31. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—

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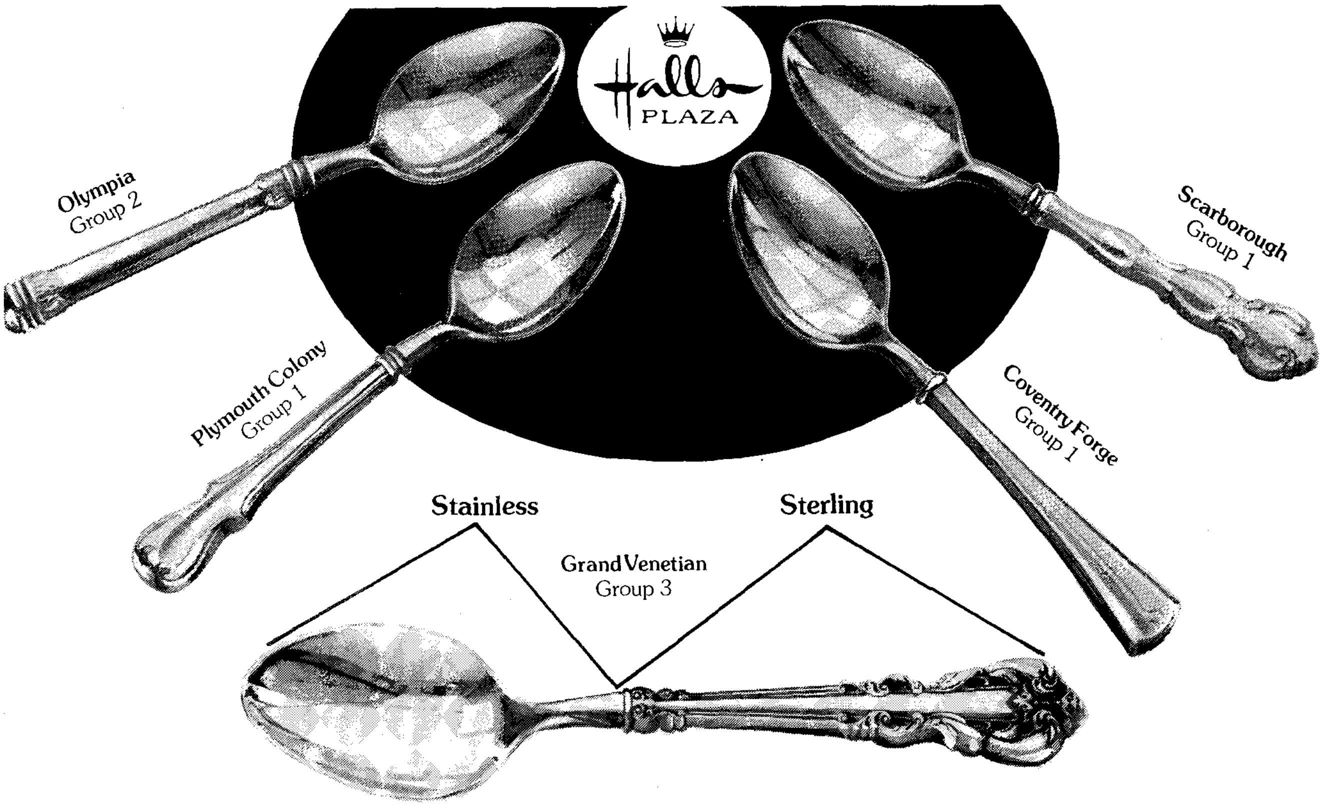

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Place fork	18.25	12.78	18.75	13.13	21.00	14.70
Salad fork	14.25	9.98	15.00	10.50	15.75	11.03
Place spoon	17.50	12.25	18.50	12.95	18.50	12.95
Ice tea spoon	17.50	12.25	18.50	12.95	18.50	12.95
Butter spreader	14.00	9.80	14.75	10.33	15.75	11.03
Butter server	14.50	10.15	15.25	10.68	15.25	10.68
Cold meat fork	21.50	15.05	22.00	15.40	24.50	17.15
Gravy ladle	17.00	11.90	18.00	12.60	18.00	12.60
Sugar spoon	14.50	10.15	15.25	10.68	15.75	11.03
Tablespoon (regular or pierced)	21.50	15.05	22.00	15.40	24.50	17.15

*Includes: Teaspoon, place knife, place fork, salad fork.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Singer and actress Andrea Marcovicci holds forth in this charming cabaret until Sunday, Oct. 31. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Through Saturday, Oct. 30, **HUGH SHANNON** will be playing his open, melodious, comfortable piano and singing some wonderful musical-comedy songs in his unplaned baritone. He starts at ten.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here goes like this: Monday is Dixieland night, Tuesday's offering is contemporary jazz, Wednesday's concern is the American song, Thursday covers jazz classics, and Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for miscellaneous groups. Different musicians and ensembles are scheduled each night; some of them are trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS'** quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 2; the **BARRY HARRIS** trio on Thursday, Nov. 4; trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** and a quintet on Friday, Nov. 5; and saxophonist **ERNIE WILKINS** and his quintet on Saturday, Nov. 6. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist and flutist Eddie Daniels fronts a lively quartet; pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ** heads up two worthwhile, gemlike ensembles—a quartet on Wednesdays and a nonet on Thursdays; and on Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will perform with a visiting guitarist. On Friday, Oct. 29, Sudan Baronian will lead a Middle Eastern jazz ensemble called Taksim; on Saturday, Oct. 30, singer **TEDDI KING** will work with Joe Puma. Music weeknights from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JIMMY PONDER,** bassist **LISLE ATKINSON,** and saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER** have joined forces to perform here through Sunday, Oct. 31. On Wednesday, Nov. 3, all-weather pianist **DICK HYMAN** will come in. Mondays and Tuesdays have again been assigned to **JACK WILKINS,** probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins, who never seems to let up, can play clearly, cleanly, and, most important, musically at a breakneck pace. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet that usually plays a South Boston bar, has returned to this small, inoffensive cabaret for two weeks, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 27. The group is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old version of Sophie Tucker, who wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. Miss Williams and her co-workers bring much-needed life, humor, and originality to the New York cabaret scene. Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A place that draws both tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, through Sunday, Oct. 31, **CHARLES MINGUS'S** quintet. Music from about ten nightly, except Mondays. (Alternate Mondays are occasions for jazz and jazz-rock concerts presented by radio station WRVR-FM.) Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**DEXTER GORDON,** who was once regarded as *the* bop tenor player and who still seemed to be in top form when he drew a near-overflow crowd at Storyville last week, winds up a rare New York club date on Sunday, Oct. 31. On Monday, Nov. 1, dashiki-clad **CLARK TERRY,** who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet solos still seem to skid on ice, will oversee a seventeen-piece band. On Tuesday, Nov. 2, flutist and saxophonist Joe Farrell will descend the staircase with his quartet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to a bop-oriented quintet. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like **BUDDY TATE,** Paul Quinichette, and others. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 5:45: **BEN BAGLEY'S SASSY MUSICAL THEATRE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 5:45: **ALLAN JONES.**

Cab Calloway—With Doc Cheatham, Budd Johnson, J. C. Heard, Hank Jones, and George Duvivier, in a benefit concert. (Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 55 E. 43rd St. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-2430.)

Bruce Springsteen—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 28-30, and Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 2-4, all at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

An American Musical Treasure: Paul Whiteman Rediscovered—Emery Davis conducting a twenty-nine-piece orchestra, with Richard Sudhalter. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Earth, Wind & Fire—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 7, and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7 and 11.

Jon Lucien and **Ramsey Lewis**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.

Oliver Lake Quartet—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.

Charlie Daniels Band and **the Earl Scruggs Revue**—Palladium. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7 (plus Point Blank), and 11:30.

Labelle—Palladium. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8 and at midnight.

Leo Kottke—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8.

Manhattan Transfer—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Fritzie Abadi—Box assemblages, collages, and banners that combine several familiar patriotic symbols—flags, pictures of George Washington, and so forth. Through Friday, Oct. 29. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—This artist is much concerned with what he terms the mechanism of meaning, and the six large acrylic paintings in this exhibition—diagrammatic compositions that might be taken for engineering worksheets—illustrate clearly how difficult it is to grasp his concepts. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings and prints. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Saturday, Nov. 6.

Ed Baynard—Large paintings of bowls. Throug Nov. 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jake Berthot—Large abstract paintings, in mo of which two contiguous vertical shafts different colors are superimposed on a ric dark background. Through Saturday, Nov. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Harry Bertoia—Abstract metal sculptures, mo of them consisting of row upon row of tal supple rods that have a melodic as well as visual appeal, since they ring out with a cle bell tone when one riffles them with one finger. There are also inaudible pieces, ar one frank gong, with a striker attache Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Staempfli, 47 77th St.)

Arik Brauer—Richly colored gouaches, teemin with surrealist figures in surrealist setting some of them illustrating ancient Hebre songs, some of them based on "The Mag Flute," and three of them designs for Austr an postage stamps. The artist lives in Vienn Through Dec. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madiso Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexander Brook—A selection of representatio al paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, interiors that cover his working career. Through Sa urday, Oct. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Alexander Calder—Three exhibitions that ar running concurrently with his retrospectiv at the Whitney Museum: Works on pape including watercolors, gouaches, and drawings. Through Nov. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Mobiles an graphics. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 99 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ Tapestrie and graphics. Through Nov. 13. (Brewste 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Cook—Bronzes, many of them of dancing figures. Through Wednesday, Nov. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Corneille—Bright-colored gouaches of bird and bees and story-book settings by one of th founders of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—His latest crop of Abstrac Expressionist canvases, which work on th onlooker's imagination the way shifting clou formations do, inviting us to scale ne heights, plumb new depths, and ride with ne waves of color. Through Nov. 20. (Fourcade 36 E. 75th St.)

Leonard DeLonga—Dancing figures, girls ridin bicycles, and whole village landscapes are represented in small, tabletop-size welded-stee sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 30 (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Abstract and not-so-abstrac motifs taken from various sources—fin chinaware and Oriental rugs, for example—and reassembled in a random pattern on canvas. The colors are mostly pale, and the pain is acrylic; first solo show in New York Through Nov. 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Rich, tapestry-like wall hangings in which layers of acrylic colors are piled up on a nylon backing, with strips of paper or canvas worked into the surface, and an overall dotting of Rhoplex applied with an eyedropper, giving the effect of opalesque sequins. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Jack Frankfurter—Surrealist paintings, some of them set in Roman ruins, where filmy curtains hang like shrouds from empty windows and enigmatic figures peep through the broken masonry. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Katherine Hellman / Barbara Reis Poe—Semi-abstract sculpture in stone and wood. / Delicately colored pen-and-ink tracery that organizes itself into complicated abstract shapes. Through Friday, Oct. 29. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St.)

Jim Houser / Roger Mühl—Stark, crisp landscapes—barns and silos, isolated houses, beach scenes, and a boxcar—seen through clean air by a Florida artist whose compositions, painted in acrylics, are divided up into large areas of flat color. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. / Semi-abstract paintings in pastel colors. Through Nov. 13. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Buffie Johnson—Outsize studies of plants and parts of plants—orchids, fiddleback ferns, GM

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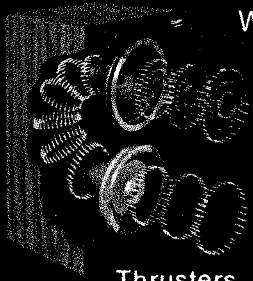

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seed pods, and so on, done in oil on linen. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Ben Kamihira—Realist oils, the products of twenty years' work, including recent paintings of women. Through Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—This painter turned to ceramic sculpture late in life and had planned to have the pieces cast in bronze, but he died before this could be accomplished. His widow has seen to it that his wishes were carried out, however, and a selection of twelve of the works is now on view here, along with a small group of gouaches. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Opens at noon.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes, all done in pure, bright colors, with the individual compositions locked together in the mosaic-like arrangements that this pioneer Cubist is well known for. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

David Lund—Paintings, pastels, and drawings of coastal Maine. Through Nov. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Claude Monet (1840-1926)—A benefit loan exhibition consisting of sixty-eight paintings covering six decades of the artist's career. Through Nov. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Kenneth Noland—Recent paintings on irregularly shaped canvases. Through Nov. 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

George Parrino—Semi-abstract paintings of the female figure. Through Nov. 13. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative pencil drawings on canvas. Through Nov. 13. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Charles Saxon—Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and sketches made recently in North Africa (his camels fairly *lurch*) and rural France. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Karen Shaw / Bernice Halpern—Ms. Shaw finds hidden messages in the numbers on the backs of football players, on ticket stubs, on grocery ads, and the like, by figuring that No. 1 equals A, No. 2 equals B, and so on, and manipulating the numbers until they form words. Charts illustrating the process make up this show. / Works on paper, some made with graph paper and some with paper and thread. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Philip Sherrod—Expressionist oils of landscapes, figures, and cityscapes. Through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Cone, 976 Lexington Ave., at 71st St. Opens at 11:30.)

May Stevens—Realist paintings and drawings, many of them of her artist friends done during a stay at the MacDowell Colony, and some of them continuing her anti-Big Daddy series. Through Nov. 11. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Patricia Sutton—Arrangements of checkerboard color, done on shaped canvases—triangular, diamond-shaped, circular, rectangular—and arrangements of stratified layers of color, by an artist who used to go by the name of Pat Lipsky. Through Nov. 10. (Deitcher-O'Reilly, 35 E. 67th St.)

Endre Szasz—There is a strong flavor of the Middle Ages to these imaginative, often surrealist oils and temperas, painted with technical skill by a Transylvania-born artist, now resident in California, who has illustrated more than six hundred books. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Arresting soft-pencil drawings by an artist who has been keeping tabs on the passing scene at the corner of Eleventh Street and Avenue A—stylized floozies in platform shoes and not much else, leading giant attack dogs past abandoned, stripped cars along littered streets. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Pencil drawings and oil paintings by an American artist who moved to Germany several years ago and has not had to search far for subject matter, since he confines himself to depictions of his plants, his carpet, his sofa (reupholstered in one version), his veneered buffet, painstakingly rendered, and his varnished floors. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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Henry Wo Yue-kee—Still-lifes, goldfish, carp, tigers, and owls are all subjects for the skilled brush of this Chinese artist, who works on rice paper and mounts his paintings on silk. Through Nov. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Modern Portraits—A benefit loan show of twentieth-century portraiture put together by the Department of Art History of Columbia University. The survey includes paintings, drawings, and photographs by Matisse, Chagall, Mondrian, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

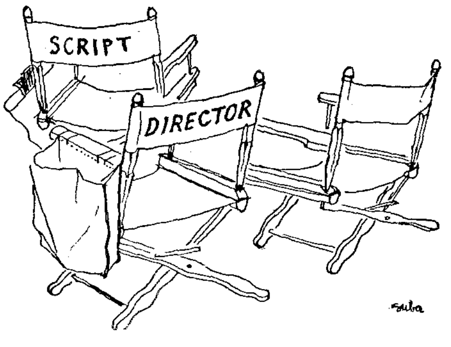
Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Nov. 27. . . . **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and graphics by German Expressionists Nolde, Kirchner, and others. Also works by Russian artists. Through Nov. 20. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Matta, Dubuffet, Steinberg, and others. Through Wednesday, Nov. 3. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: A joint exhibition of three American painters, two of them—Robert Motherwell and Richard Diebenkorn—well known, and the third, Stephen Edlich, a relative newcomer, whose collages usually include large areas of sacking. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A show of paintings by Americans. The earliest work is a portrait by John Smibert dated 1729 and the latest is a 1950 Charles Sheeler; in between are paintings by Homer, Sully, Trumbull, Hassam, and others. Through Nov. 27. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Portraits and landscapes by folk artists Joseph Pickett, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Nov. 20. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by, among others, John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, and Franz Kline. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Wood, plaster, terra-cotta, and bronze sculptures completed between 1915 and 1958. Also drawings. Through Nov. 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mattie Berhang—Sculptured pieces, mostly small, and giving the impression that they were cut out of sheet metal (although they really were cast), plus a number of charcoal drawings—figures, still-lifes, landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Interspersed among the helter-skelter watercolors of rutted snow and skull-like houses and haunted swamps for which the painter is famous are some gentle, precise, detailed pencil studies of old farm buildings that show us a new dimension of this many-sided artist. Through Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Additional watercolors and drawings, taken from practically every phase of his career. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)



Chryssa—Plaster-relief sculptures and neon works, all of them shown in boxlike frames, and nearly all of them based on the letter "N" seen from every which way. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond—Single, arresting solid-color forms done in oil on crisp watercolor paper, which is sometimes shellacked to keep the paint from spreading. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Clay sculptures by a well-known color-field painter. Through Nov. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kosso Eloul / Rita Letendre—Large rectangular polished-steel boxes leaning against one another in pairs or in groups. / Paintings of horizontal bands of color. Through Nov. 13. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Landscapes of Maine, the Bahamas, and Hawaii. Through Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—Paintings and pastels of vastly enlarged drinking glasses—tumblers, goblets, colored beakers, and so on, usually arranged on a glass surface—in which reflected and refracted light bounces from one facet to another. Through Nov. 11. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Relatively small abstract areas of such energy that they seem to be trying to free themselves from the larger, solid-color backgrounds they are painted on. The works are all reminiscent of ancient Chinese calligraphy. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Five large sculptures, each consisting of two curvilinear ribbons of heavy plate steel nested together (some of the members are made of a dark steel exterior lined with contrasting stainless steel) and six smaller, tabletop works made of highly polished stainless steel and brass. Through Nov. 12. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Koren—Another jaunt through Koren country, inhabited by those fuzzy people and prickly animals. A number of them are seen in free-standing plastic cutouts. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dintenfass and Sumers, both at 50 W. 57th St.)

June Leaf—Drawings and paintings that have a dashed-off, unfinished quality but reveal craftsmanship of an unusually high order, plus a number of small sculptures scissored out of sheet tin and sometimes fitted into the drawings, collage style. Most of the works center on the artist's studio-home in Nova Scotia. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Willard Midgette—Paintings depicting contemporary Indian life, ranches, Southwestern landscapes, and related themes comprise one series in this show. The other series includes office-building façades around New York. Through Nov. 18. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Henry Moore—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pavlos—This artist, working in what may be the ultimate refinement of the technique used in making those Christmas bells that come folded flat but open up into a third dimension, has created arrangements of handsomely colored bottles, peaches, mushrooms, bunches of grapes, a breakfast tray, and so on. These are shown in glass cases; on the wall he has hung a row of men's jackets that seem to be drawn in charcoal but are really made of steel wool. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Large abstract metal sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

James Reineking—A single abstract rolled-steel sculpture, plus related drawings. Through Nov. 13. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Three of his latter-day black ones, staring at one another from the walls of a stark-white gallery room with such intensity that one hesitates to step between them. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ An entirely dif-

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ferent side of the man, represented by cartoons full of funny comments about himself and the contemporary art scene and by bright, cheerful collages. Through Nov. 13. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Tommy Simpson—Mechanical constructions and a couple of dangling, loose-jointed figures, made of raw, unfinished wood and a few found objects. Altogether, the pieces have a sort of old-curiosity-shop appeal as well as a fresh, up-to-the-minute wit. Through Nov. 27. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Alma Thomas—Recent color-field paintings. Through Nov. 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **genesis**, 41 E. 57th St.: Still-lifes by thirty-three women artists include a meticulous colored-ink drawing of a torn-open mailing carton by Dalia Ramanauskas; a summery abstract involving birds and flowers by Edith Schloss; and a sinkful of sudsy dishes by Joyce Stillman Myers. Through Nov. 13. . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of drawings by the seventeen members of the faculty of the Yale School of Art includes a realist, apolitical study of peanuts by Bernard Chaet; a colorful collage of fragmentized letters of the alphabet by Norman Ives; and several constructions done in heavy, raw-looking handmade paper by Winifred Lutz. Through Saturday, Oct. 30.

Sculpture—The thirty-ninth annual of the Sculptors Guild, composed of sixty pieces (one by each artist) in a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 18. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bruce Boice—Canvases within canvases, painted in the simplest of acrylic colors and geometrical forms and fitted together like a child's puzzle; sometimes the overall arrangement is a diptych, sometimes a triptych. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jon Borofsky—Outsize drawings, the largest nine or ten feet high, which the artist projected on the gallery walls from small sketches, a few inches square, and filled in with ink, some of them against a Day-Glo background. The subjects are things he has dreamed about or experienced or read about. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Cynthia Carlson—Wall pieces built up of thick pastel squiggles of acrylic paint laid on a heavy, neutral ground, sometimes straight out of the tube and sometimes from a pastry bag. The light-gray walls of the gallery's basement room are covered with a pattern of these lively decorations in dark gray and yellow. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Harry Kramer / Merrill Wagner—Black-and-white abstract paintings and drawings. / Abstract works composed of blue Liquitex and masking tape on canvas. Through Wednesday, Nov. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jack Lembeck—A new series of the artist's familiar semi-abstract paintings that create the impression of several planes. Through Nov. 11. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Bernhard Lüthi—A luminous mist occupies the center of these huge paintings, obscuring the towering walls of dimly seen architectural forms that rise on either side of the canvas. The artist, a Swiss, who painted them in this country, is also represented by some large watercolors done in Australia, in which the same sort of luminosity blots out a distant horizon that shimmers in the heat. First one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Malcolm Morley—Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Robert Morris—Outsize wall hangings made of massive sheets of thick black or white felt, sometimes slit down the middle and folded back to reveal either the bare wall or a contrasting sheet beneath, and sometimes folded like so many napkins. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Elijah Pierce—Bas-reliefs of a strong religious bent by an eighty-four-year-old Columbus, Ohio, barber whose father grew up in slavery. The works, which are deeply carved in wood and painted in bright colors straight out of the can, practically all depict holy personages and blunt Biblical warnings (the Devil is shown fishing for souls, his line baited with money, cards, dice, liquor, and a woman), but now and again a mildly earthy secular rendering crops up. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Joseph Raffael—A dozen outsize, hyperrealist oil paintings of flowers (especially water lilies and hydrangeas), gravelly stratifications of rocks, and pebbles seen through the water in a clear, bubbling stream. Through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Anne Schlanger—Expressionist paintings of figures and scenes. Through Nov. 10. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Aldo Sessa—Paintings of spherical and oval forms, suggesting some sort of germination and rendered in a hard, high gloss by an Argentine painter who has found inspiration in the poems of Jorge Luis Borges. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Sal Sirugo—Self-portraits from the last ten years. Through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Michelle Stuart—Strips of paper (which have impressions of rocks and earth imbedded in their surface) are affixed to the gallery walls. Through Nov. 20. (Hutchinson, in a new location, at 138 Greene St.)

Robert Watts—This wide-ranging artist, who has been known in the past for his chrome-plating of apples and hamburgers to bring out their sculptural qualities, now applies the same technique to West African tribal sculpture, eleven pieces of which are on exhibition here, plated with silver and spotlighted in a darkened room. The artist adds in a catalogue note that the Africans would no doubt have used the same plating if they had known how. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Block, 409 West Broadway. Tuesdays, 2 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Seven Decades of MacDowell Artists—Paintings and sculptures by MacDowell Colony medalists and fellows, including Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Willem de Kooning, Milton Avery, and Alexander Calder. Also photographic portraits. (Yu, 393 West Broadway. Wednesday, Oct. 27, from 10 to 6, and Thursday, Oct. 28, from 10 to 9.)

Group Shows—At the **gibson**, 392 West Broadway: The works of Joseph Beuys, Christo, and Jean Le Gac are part of an exhibit marking the gallery's fifteenth year. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **o. k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: Eighteen large realist (in some ways) paintings, by an Icelander named Erró, who has lived in Thailand and later in Paris. They show happy Chinese revolutionaries (all wearing fixed Pepsodent smiles) taking over the world—Mao is seen in an office overlooking the Guggenheim Museum and again on a terrace facing the Empire State; a Red Guard ballerina with a machine pistol strikes a defiant pose in front of Big Ben's tower in London; and Chinese workers commandeer a corral full of Herefords in Texas. . . . ¶ Graceful sculptured floor pieces by Roger Sorcio. They are made of poured cement, some coupled with wood, some with metal. . . . ¶ Miniature oil paintings, indistinguishable from photographs, many of them depicting art-world figures, by Richard Pettibone. . . . ¶ A detailed street map of Manhattan by Howard Gross, with tiny flags pinpointing the exact spot and colored threads leading to captions describing cracks the artist has discovered around town, in sidewalks, streets, windows, walls, pots, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **ward-nasse**, 131 Prince St.: Paintings by Ferris Cook and Joel Roman; constructions and paintings by Harriet FeBland; and sculptures by Guy Miller. Through Thursday, Nov. 4. (Opens Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Morton Diamondstein—Portraits done in gouache, pastel, crayon, and any other medium that was at hand, by an artist who doesn't give up when something goes wrong—he simply pastes a paper patch over the flaw and paints it all over again, with the result that his works sometimes have quite a collage effect. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Fleischner—An outdoor piece built on the site and consisting of a trestlelike wooden ramp a hundred feet long, rising from ground level to a height of ten feet and covered with a thick green layer of growing sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Françoise Grossen—Abstract sculptural pieces made of braided fibres, mostly sisal, and inspired to some extent by Peruvian ceremonial garments. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Hadler, 35 E. 20th St.)

Norman Lewis—A retrospective of his abstract paintings. Through Nov. 19. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Twenty-one collages done in his bold style of comic-strip clarity, and so neatly pieced together that they resemble silk-screen prints. Through Friday, Oct. 29. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Young American Printmakers—An excellent exhibit of fifty graphic works—lithographs, etchings, silk screens, photo etchings, collagraphs, and so on—in styles ranging from pure abstraction to Photo-Realism, by students from sixteen universities across the country. The quality is far above what one expects at the usual students' show. Through Nov. 10. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marcel Bardon—Recent photographs, mostly of landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Richard Benson—Photographs of the Shaw Memorial (sculpted in 1897 by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in honor of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who led the first black volunteer regiment in the Civil War) on Boston Common. Also related work. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Lee Boltin—Color photographs of art objects in museums here and abroad. Through Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Micha Kirschner—Manipulated photographs of nudes. Through Nov. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Duane Michals—A selection of a hundred and thirty prints made during the last eighteen years. Through Nov. 13. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ron Morris / Mottke Weissman—Suburban landscapes, plus portraits. / Portraits of James Baldwin, Henry Miller, Franz Kline, and other personalities from the arts. Through Nov. 7. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—Photographs of the Civil War, along with pictures taken on his several expeditions in the West and in Central America. Through Nov. 13. (Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission $1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **helios**, 18 E. 67th St.: Nudes and still-lifes are the themes of this historical exhibit of more than a hundred prints, with earliest examples by W. H. Fox Talbot and

Eadweard Muybridge, and the latest examples by Lilo Raymond and Joseph Sudek. The works of Strand, Weston, and Man Ray are, of course, included. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **IMAGES**, 11 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of color prints by twenty photographers, among them Jay Maisel, Pete Turner, and Ernst Haas. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of photographs by Andreas Feininger; a group of still photos by cinematographer Karl Struss (he filmed the 1932 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"); and photographs of French decorative arts taken between 1925 and 1939 by Thérèse Bonney. Through Nov. 7. (Open Sundays.) . . . **LIGHT**, in a new location, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color photographs of people who are paired or grouped together by chance or choice—members of the Society of Twins, waiters at Lutèce—by Neal Slavin. / Arnold Newman, Harry Callahan, and Aaron Siskind are three of the thirty-five photographers represented in an exhibit marking the gallery's fifth anniversary. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Caroline Vaughan and Vincent Vallarino. / Pictures of Brazil, these taken from the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ The museum is in the process of laying out new quarters for its Egyptian collection (which is so tremendous that a lot of it has not been seen practically since the time of Queen Tiy), and thirteen galleries have now been opened to view. There will just be time to see it all before the next segment is opened, in the fall of 1978. . . . ¶ To commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of Titian's death, the museum has regrouped and spruced up its six Titians and hung them on the second floor. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise" examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1930. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition of paintings (all dating from 1945) from the museum's own collection and of paintings the museum does not own but would like to. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe" is a retrospective paying homage to one of our major national resources, from whom an incredible number of blessings flow, and it includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Feb. 6. Complementary shows are at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; and the Brewster Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A selection of thirty-two paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the American Abstract Artists, a group that was founded in 1936 and held annual exhibits until the early forties. Among the prominent members whose works are included are Ilya Bolotowsky, David Smith, and Gertrude and Balcolm Greene. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Starts Friday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design is the product of ten designers and architects and consists of a host of separate exhibits (your everyday hammer, birdcage, piece of cloth, bread, etc.) whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Sunday, Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Samples of American advertising (promotional objects, posters, catalogues, etc.) dating from the eighteen-forties to the beginning of this century. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays and Election Day, 10 to 6.)

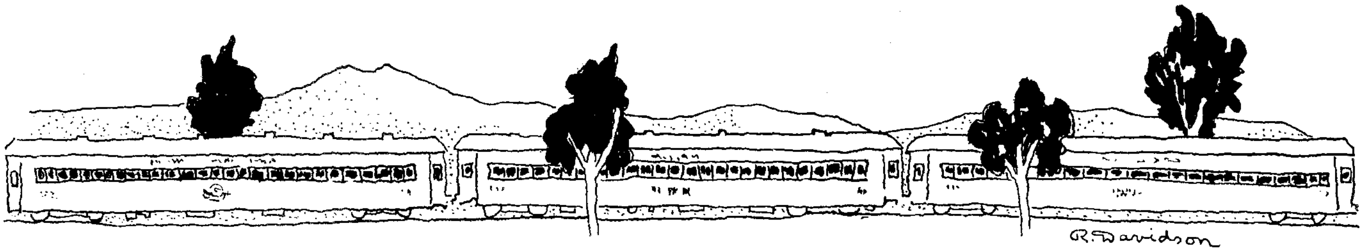
STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and prints in mixed mediums by Freida High. Through Nov. 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Mary Ellen Pracht, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Roberta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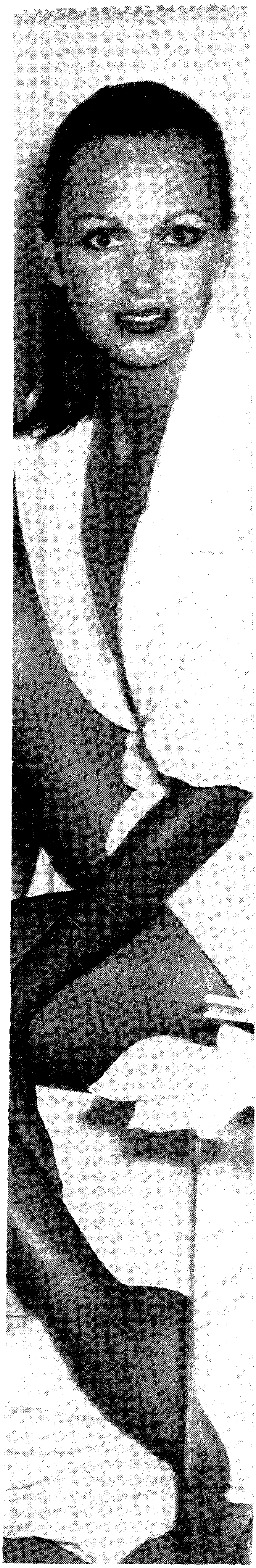

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Estée Lauder says: Body skin is different from facial skin.
So different that it needs all the help it can get.

New Maximum Care Body Lotion
is the serious moisturizing treatment that gives you a superb modern solution to the drying, damaging problems of 20th century living.

Body Skin is more vulnerable than facial skin to the adverse effects of pollutants, extreme cold, dry heating systems, air conditioning. Body skin has less built-in emollient protection than facial skin.

Help it now with Maximum Care Body Lotion. Designed especially for the body, it builds a unique kind of emollient shield that lasts for hours to help your skin look and feel healthier, younger, and more comfortable. It responds quickly to special skin-comforting ingredients. Deep moisturizers. Gentle lubricants.

Results: Body skin that's relieved from drying, flaking discomfort. Body skin that's every-inch protected. That feels wonderfully smooth, soft, free from dry skin problems.

And there's Maximum Care Hand Creme too. One application gives your hands maximum protection hour after hour.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Peters, Rosalind Elias, James Morris, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Eva Marton, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: A new production of Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Leona Mitchell, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Ruggero Orofino, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Kazimierz Kord. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and William Harness; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. ... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Carmen," with Barbara Conrad, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, John Sandor, Charlie Stavola, Richard McKee, David Griffith, and David Holloway; John Miner.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and William Harness; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, and William Ledbetter; Gigi Campanino.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Pablo Elvira, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Howard Hensel; Michael Charry.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, Richard Stilwell, Ari Berberian, Michael Devlin, and William Ledbetter; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Jeanne Piland, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Melvin Brown; George Branson Gray.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, William Harness, Donald Gramm, Samuel Ramey, and William Ledbetter; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Pablo Elvira, Lando Bartolini, and Howard Hensel; Michael Charry.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8: A new production of Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Jane Shaulis, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Howard Hensel; Cal Stewart Kellogg.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Richard Fredricks, William Harness, Spiro Malas, and Samuel Ramey; Sarah Caldwell. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Ilona Simon, Elizabeth Haley, Henry Price, David Holloway, Richard McKee, and Jerold Siena; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 29, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 7:30 (all with Leonid Kogan, violin); and Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 5, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 6, and Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30 (all with Pierre Fournier, cello).

Orchestre de Paris—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the first in a series of five concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Fires of London—Peter Maxwell Davies conducting his chamber orchestra in two programs mainly of his own music, with Mary Thomas, reciter and soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Oct. 27, and Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and horn players Anthony Miranda, Sharon Moe, Larry Wechsler, and Ron Sell.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting, with Ursula Oppens, piano; Yuval Waldman, violin; David Hopkins, clarinet, and the National Jazz Ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The second in a series of five all-Mozart programs, this one three piano concertos, with Menahem Pressler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

RECITALS

Grant Johannesen—The first in a series of three recitals of piano music of France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of three programs, this one devoted to the music of George Crumb, Betsy Jolas, and Giacinto Scelsi. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Joy Simpson—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Festival Winds—The first in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds, this one with Julius Levine, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez and David Gilbert directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the first in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 29. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Michael Schuman—Trumpet, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Balint Vazsonyi—The first of two marathon programs presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 31, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., with six intermissions.)

Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart—Soprano and baritone, presenting Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, Oct. 31, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 7:30: Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 5: James Buswell, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, pianos; and others.

Barry Snyder—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Albert Markov—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Eugene Drucker—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program consisting of the Richard Morse Mime Theatre in Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" and a multimedia work by Roger Reynolds. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Joyce Mathis—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Jörg Demus—Baritone and piano, presenting Brahms' "Die Schoene Magelone." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Among those taking part in a benefit concert will be sopranos Martina Arroyo, Gilda Cruz-Romo, Anna Moffo, and Renata Scotto; mezzo-sopranos Elena Obraztsova and Shirley Verrett; tenors John Carpenter, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Luciano Pavarotti; baritones Bonaldo Giaiotti and Matteo Manuguerra; bass James Morris; and pianists James Levine, Eve Queler, and Richard Woitach. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7:30.)

Bösendorfer Festival—A benefit consisting of five concerts (in a blend of jazz, classical, and avant-garde music) played on a new Bösendorfer Imperial concert grand, a piano distinguished by its rarity, its ninety-seven keys, and its price tag of around thirty-three thousand dollars. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30: Richard Goode and Muhal Richard Abrams.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30: Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: Paul Bley and Paul Jacobs.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: Cecil Taylor.... ¶ Saturday, Nov 6, at 11: Charlemagne Palestine. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.... NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Oct. 27.... ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Oct. 29.... ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Monday, Nov. 1.... ¶ Nets vs. Buffalo, Wednesday, Nov. 3.... ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Nov. 5.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 30: Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:30.... ¶ Bethune-Cookman vs. Norfolk State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 2.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30.... ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Manhattan vs. Pace, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Massachusetts, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30.... SATURDAY, NOV. 6 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence.... ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Louisville, at

New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 31: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Nov. 6.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 2-7. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 30; the Knickerbocker Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 2; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Thursdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 13. Through Saturday, Oct. 30, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 30, and the Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 6.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 2; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry Readings—Charles Wright and Michael Dennis Browne reading from their own works. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8. Admission is free.) . . . ¶ Louis Simpson and Carolyn Forché reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Flower Show—Seventy-two varieties of mums are featured in the annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 11: Drawings and watercolors by Charles Demuth, from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Frederic Remington. From the collection of the late Nate B. and Frances Spingold and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 2: More than a hundred and fifty musical instruments, among them two Stradivarius violins, a double virginal by Hans Ruckers the Younger, and a glass flute; from the estate of Pierre F. Goodrich and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of owners.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 9 (Washington). Nov. 13 (Milwaukee). Nov. 16 (Atlanta). Nov. 20 (Denver). Nov. 23 (Kansas City). Nov. 27 (Boston). Nov. 30 (Nets). Dec. 4 (Seattle). Dec. 7 (Portland). . . . ¶ The Nets at NASSAU COLISEUM: Nov. 24 (San Antonio). Nov. 26 (Atlanta). Dec. 1 (Phoenix). Dec. 3 (Denver). Dec. 8 (Knicks). Dec. 10 (Detroit).

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 13: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 27: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, NOV. 7: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 14: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., and Jets vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 21: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 28: Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . SUNDAY, DEC. 5: Giants vs. Detroit Lions, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Washington Redskins, at Shea Stadium.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Nov. 10, 13, 14, 17, and 28, and Dec. 1, 5, and 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Nov. 9, 23, 25, and 30, and Dec. 2, 4, and 7.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 16. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 14. . . . ¶ Elena Obraztsova, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; Myung-Wha Chung, cello; and Myung-Whun Chung, piano, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Nov. 28. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Symphony of the New World, Nov. 7 and Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Vladimir Spivakov, violin, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 8, 10, and 12. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 9 and 23 and Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Jörg Demus, piano, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 13-16. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 17-18 and Dec. 8-9. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ London Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 21-22. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Music from Marlboro, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Ralph Votapek, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Nov. 18 and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Paul O'Dette, lute, and Helen Boatwright, soprano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 21 and 23 and Dec. 5 and 7. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, harpsichord, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 1. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Maureen Forrester, contralto, Nov. 12. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Lili Kraus, piano, Nov. 7 and 21. . . . ¶ Lorin Hollander, piano, Nov. 9 and 23 and Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Joseph Kalichstein, piano, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Balint Vazsonyi, piano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Jerome Rose, piano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Nov. 17 and Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, Nov. 20. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 4.

Dance—Dutch National Ballet, at the Minskoff Theatre, Nov. 9-14. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 16-Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 1-19.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A limited engagement of "No Man's Land," a new play by Harold Pinter, imported from London, with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Another London import, "Comedians," a play by Trevor Griffiths. Milo O'Shea, John Lithgow, and Rex Robbins head the cast. . . . ¶ Paul Sorvino in a musical, "The Baker's Wife" (based on the Marcel Pagnol French film classic), with a book by Joseph Stein and music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. . . . ¶ "Herzl," a play by Dore Schary and Amos Elon, adapted from Mr. Elon's biography of Theodor Herzl. Paul Hecht and Judith Light have the leading roles. . . . ¶ A comedy by Larry Gelbart, "Sly Fox," starring George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, and Trish Van Devere.

Other Dates—National Postage Stamp Show, at the Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Nov. 19-21. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 25.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 2: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Julius Caesar."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 2: "Burnt Offerings" and "Theatre of Blood."
From Nov. 3: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Westworld."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Oct. 28: "Massacre at Central High" and "The Teacher."
From Oct. 29: "Phantom of the Paradise" and "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 2: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 2: "Obsession."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"All the President's Men" and "The Conversation."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barry Lyndon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alex & the Gypsy."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 3: "Bugsy Malone."
From Nov. 4: "Maitresse."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Story of Sin."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 28: "The Spirit of the Beehive."
From Oct. 29: "People of the Wind."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Song Remains the Same."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Small Change."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Car Wash."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 28: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Sunshine Boys."
From Oct. 29: Russ Meyer's "Up" (X-rated).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Memory of Justice."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 2: "Burnt Offerings."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Ritz."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 28: "Massacre at Central High."
From Oct. 29: "Outer Space Connection."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Car Wash."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Norman . . . Is That You?"

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 28: "Mansion of the Doomed" and "Tales from the Crypt."
From Oct. 29: "Death Collector" and "Violent Professional."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Nov. 2: "Black Emmanuelle" (X-rated).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
CANDY
SODA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

From Nov. 3: "Incredible Torture Machine."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Ritz."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Car Wash."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Norman . . . Is That You?"

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Obsession" and "Taxi Driver."
Theatre 2: "Sunday Woman."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 2: "All the President's Men." From Nov. 3: "A Clockwork Orange."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silent Movie."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Nov. 3: "A Matter of Time."
From Nov. 4: "The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Solaris."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 2: "Obsession" and "Baby Blue Marine."
From Nov. 3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Ritz."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 2: "Burnt Offerings."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 28: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Sunshine Boys."
Oct. 29-Nov. 2: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "The Big Bus."
From Nov. 3: "A Clockwork Orange."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "The Ritz." From Nov. 3: "Dirty Hands."
Theatre 2: "Norman . . . Is That You?"
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 28: "Massacre at Central High." From Oct. 29: "Outer Space Connection."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 2: "All the President's Men" and "The Candidate."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 2: "Obsession" and "The Fortune."
From Nov. 3: "A Piece of Pleasure" and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

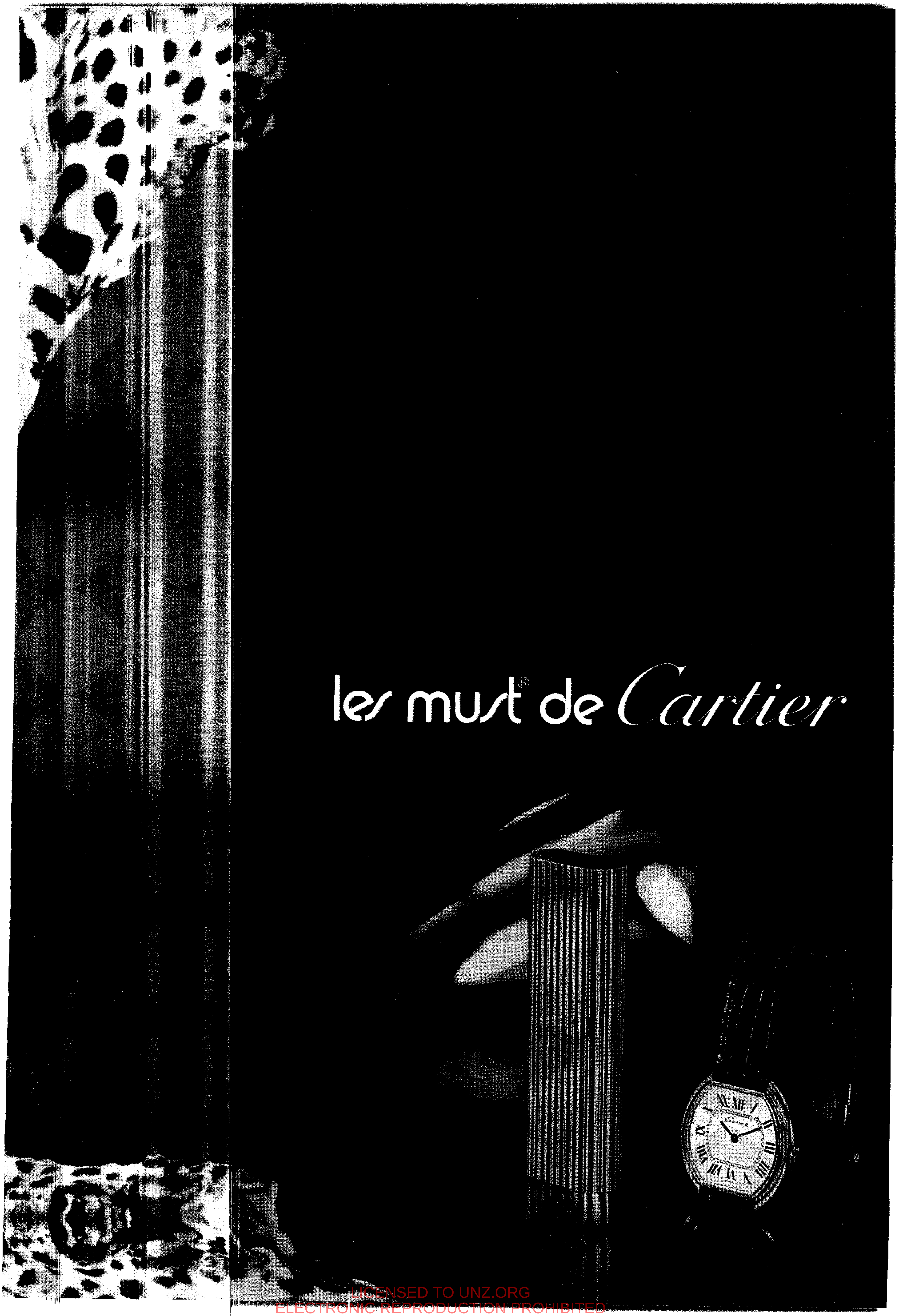
REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 27: "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.
Oct. 28: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Oct. 29: "Village of the Damned" (†) and "Isle of the Dead." (†)
Oct. 30: "César and Rosalie" (†); and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated).
Oct. 31: "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "The Haunting." (†)
Nov. 1: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; and "Ten Days That Shook the World." (†)
Nov. 2: Two new films from West Germany—"Kings of the Road," directed by Wim Wenders, and "Nordsee ist Mordsee," directed by Hark Bohm.
Nov. 3: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Miracle." (†)
Nov. 4: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, and Woody Strode.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 27: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Giulio Brogi.
Oct. 28: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "King Lear" (1971), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield.
Oct. 29: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." (†)
Oct. 30: "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975) and "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), both films directed by Paul Morrissey.
Oct. 31: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (†) and "Orchestra Wives." (†)
Nov. 1: "Simon of the Desert" (†) and "The Milky Way." (†)
Nov. 2: "Black God, White Devil" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha; and "Sambizanga" (1972), in Portuguese, directed by Sarah Maldoror.
Nov. 3: "The Black Pirate" (†) and "Adventures of Don Juan." (†)
Nov. 4: "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Gilda." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 27: "Machibuse" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki; and "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 28: "The Great Dictator" (1940), "Modern Times" (1936), and "A King in New York" (1957), all films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Oct. 29: "The Missouri Breaks" (†) and "Rancho Deluxe." (†)
Oct. 30: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould.
Oct. 31: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
Nov. 1: "Travels with My Aunt" (1972), di-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rected by George Cukor, with Maggie Smith and Alec McCowen; and "Something for Everyone." (†)

Nov. 2: "Leadbelly" (1976), directed by Gordon Parks, with Roger E. Mosley; and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.

Nov. 3: "Chushingura" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Nov. 4: "Scent of a Woman" (†) and "Malizia." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 2: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson.

From Nov. 3: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "Without Love." (†)

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Oct. 27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Oct. 28-30: "Hi, Mom!" (1970) and "Greetings" (1968), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Three Days of the Condor" (1975), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, and Cliff Robertson; and "The Parallax View." (†)

Nov. 2-3: "Swept Away" (†) and "Seven Beauties." (†)

From Nov. 4: "Fritz the Cat" (1972; X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973; R-rated), both films animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Oct. 28: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Catherine the Great" (1934), directed by Paul Czinner, with Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier.

Oct. 29-30: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†) and "Ziegfeld Girl." (†)

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday." (†)

Nov. 2-3: "Private Lives" (†); and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.

From Nov. 4: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (†) and "Words and Music." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Walter Huston and Una Merkel.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: "The Nutty Professor" (1963), directed by Jerry Lewis, with Mr. Lewis and Stella Stevens.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 8:30: "The Big Mouth" (1967), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis.... ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1963), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Slim Pickens, and Keenan Wynn.... ¶ Oct. 29 at 6: "Abraham Lincoln."... ¶ Oct. 30 at noon: "On the Double" (1961), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Danny Kaye, Dana Wynter, and Wilfrid Hyde-White.... ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "No Time for Sergeants" (1958), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Andy Griffith, Myron McCormick, and Nick Adams.... ¶ Oct. 30 at 5: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton DaCosta, with Rosalind Russell and Forrest Tucker.... ¶ Oct. 31 at noon: "The Absent-Minded Professor" (1961), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson, and Keenan Wynn.... ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "The Gazebo" (1959), directed by George Marshall, with Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds, and Carl Reiner.... ¶ Oct. 31 at 5: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), directed by Rex Ingram, with Alice Terry and Rudolph Valentino.... ¶ Nov. 1 at noon: "On the Double."... ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Beach Party" (1963), directed by William Asher, with Dorothy Malone, Bob Cummings, Frankie Avalon, and Annette Funicello.... ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "The Raven" (1963), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, and Jack Nicholson.... ¶ Nov. 2 at noon: "Head" (1968), directed by Bob Rafelson, with the Monkees.... ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30: "Gone Are the Days" (1963), directed by Nicholas Webster, with Ruby Dee, Alan Alda, Ossie Davis, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Portrait of a Woman" (1946), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Françoise Rosay and Henry Guisol; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Jerry Lewis, Glenda Farrell, and Susan Oliver.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 8:30: "Gone Are the Days." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 31: "Video Matrix," directed by Andy Mann. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45.... ¶ Starting Nov. 2: "Kristina Talking Pictures," directed by Yvonne Rainer. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening.) Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Méliès, Vertov, Emshwiller, Murnau, Nelson, Jennings, Mekas, and others. Showings Oct. 27 at 7 and 9; Oct. 28-29 at 8; Oct. 30 at 2:30 and 8; Oct. 31 at 8; Nov. 2 at 7 and 9:30; and Nov. 3-4 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Last of the Cuiva" (1971), directed by Brian Moser; and "A Clearing in the Jungle" (1970), directed by Charles Nairn. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN (1948)—By the late forties, Errol Flynn's offscreen life had colored the public's view of him, and this wry, semi-satirical swashbuckler movie was designed to exploit his reputation for debauchery. William Faulkner and Frederick Faust (Max Brand) were among the writers whom the producer, Jerry Wald, brought in to work on various drafts of the screenplay, which was finally credited to George Oppenheimer and Harry Kurnitz. Flynn looks far from his best, and the whole lavish production has a somewhat depressed tone. The story has Juan saving Queen Margaret of Spain (Viveca Lindfors). With Romney Brent, Ann Rutherford, Alan Hale, Robert Warwick, Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott, Raymond Burr, Una O'Connor, Fortunio Bonanova, and Monte Blue. Those with keen eyes may spot bits of footage lifted from "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Vincent Sherman directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (1938)—The twenty-six Irving Berlin songs are reason enough for seeing the film, but you have to be prepared for the persistent, mosquito-like irritation of the plot. Alice Faye, with her mellow voice and overripe, slow smile, is wonderful on the title song and one wants to cheer for her "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam," but one may get to shuddering when she ponders the First World War (exhibited to us in three seconds of newsreel shots) and murmurs, "It was all so futile, wasn't it?" This big, lavish Fox musical, directed by Henry King, has Ethel Merman, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, and Chick Chandler. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

ALEX & THE GYPSY—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, whose character is taken from the Stanley Elkin short novel "The Bailbondsman," but the movie involves him with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) invented by the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder. Directed by John Korty. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/76.) (Sutton.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors but perhaps too good-looking for a newsroom. Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. A carefully observant film about the process of catechizing, the manner of political casuistry, and the courage of uncelebrated and endangered people. (4/12/76) (Murray Hill.... ¶ Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Nov. 2.)

BABY BLUE MARINE—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by John Hancock. (Playboy; through Nov. 2.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Playboy; starting Nov. 3.)

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Tchaikovsky and Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance." Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their buoyant usual best. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 4.)

BARRY LYNDON—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (10/29/75) (Eastside Cinema.)

THE BIG BUS—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 29-Nov. 2.)

THE BLACK PIRATE (1926)—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in an exhilarating, lighthearted swashbuckler, filmed in a soft, golden, early Technicolor process. This is the film with the memorable sequence of the hero sliding down a sail on a knife, and it's probably the Fairbanks film that children like best. Billie Dove is the beautiful leading lady; Sam de Grasse is the sour, sneering villain, and Donald Crisp plays an aged, good-hearted pirate who scratches himself a lot. Albert Parker directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

BUGSY MALONE—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Baronet; through Nov. 3.)

BURNT OFFERINGS—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Cinema Studio; through Nov. 2.)

THE CANDIDATE (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (New Yorker; through Nov. 2.)

CAR WASH—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (Columbia I, Loews Ciné, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

César and Rosalie (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 30.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 3.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Murray Hill.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings. Full of Rabelaisian cheer and finely acted. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Dirty Hands—With Rod Steiger and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Chabrol. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 3.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Festival.)

The Fortune (1975)—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Olympia; through Nov. 2.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 4.)

The Haunting (1963)—An elegantly sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 31.)

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How Funny Can Sex Be?—With Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Isle of the Dead (1945)—Val Lewton produced, but except for a few touches, it's a mess—something about demons on a plague-ridden Greek island, involving premature burial and evil possession of the resurrected body. Boris Karloff and Katherine Emery are the leads; she comes out of her crypt and starts stabbing people with a trident. With Ellen Drew, Alan Napier, and Jason Robards, Sr., in a surprisingly poor performance. Mark Robson directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowing" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Art; through Nov. 2.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death (1971)—Poor thriller, heightened by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (12th St. Cinema; starting Oct. 29.)

Maitresse—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Baronet; starting Nov. 4.)

Malizia (1973)—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (Elgin; Nov. 4.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Playboy; starting Nov. 3.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

A Matter of Time—With Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Charles Boyer; directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall; through Nov. 3.)

The Memory of Justice—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extended his inquiry in so many directions that he lost his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Beekman.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 1.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 3.)

The Missouri Breaks—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (5/31/76) (Elgin; Oct. 29.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 29-Nov. 2.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter

(Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Nov. 2.)

ORCHESTRA WIVES (1942)—Livelier than the title (which sounds like a statistical classification) suggests. It's the swing era, the band is Glenn Miller's, and the screenwriters, Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware, use the shopworn love triangle of the innocent small-town girl (Ann Rutherford) who marries a musician (George Montgomery) and then comes up against his old flame, the band's vocalist (Lynn Bari), as a framework for all the snappy repartee they can pile on. Archie Mayo directed this musical for Twentieth Century-Fox, and the picture has a seedy, unassuming pungency. Best of all, the moviemakers were prepared to jettison the story line for the sake of entertainment: suddenly, at the end of the picture, the Nicholas Brothers, that great team of dancers, come out of nowhere and do one of their most dizzying acrobatic tap routines, to "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo." The number is such a feat of sustained high flying that one holds one's breath in tense admiration. The cast includes Glenn Miller, Jackie Gleason, Carole Landis, Cesar Romero, Virginia Gilmore, and Mary Beth Hughes; the tunes include "Serenade in Blue" and "At Last." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW (1974)—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about the political assassination of a Presidential aspirant. The film skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were organized political murders or the madness of lone men. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

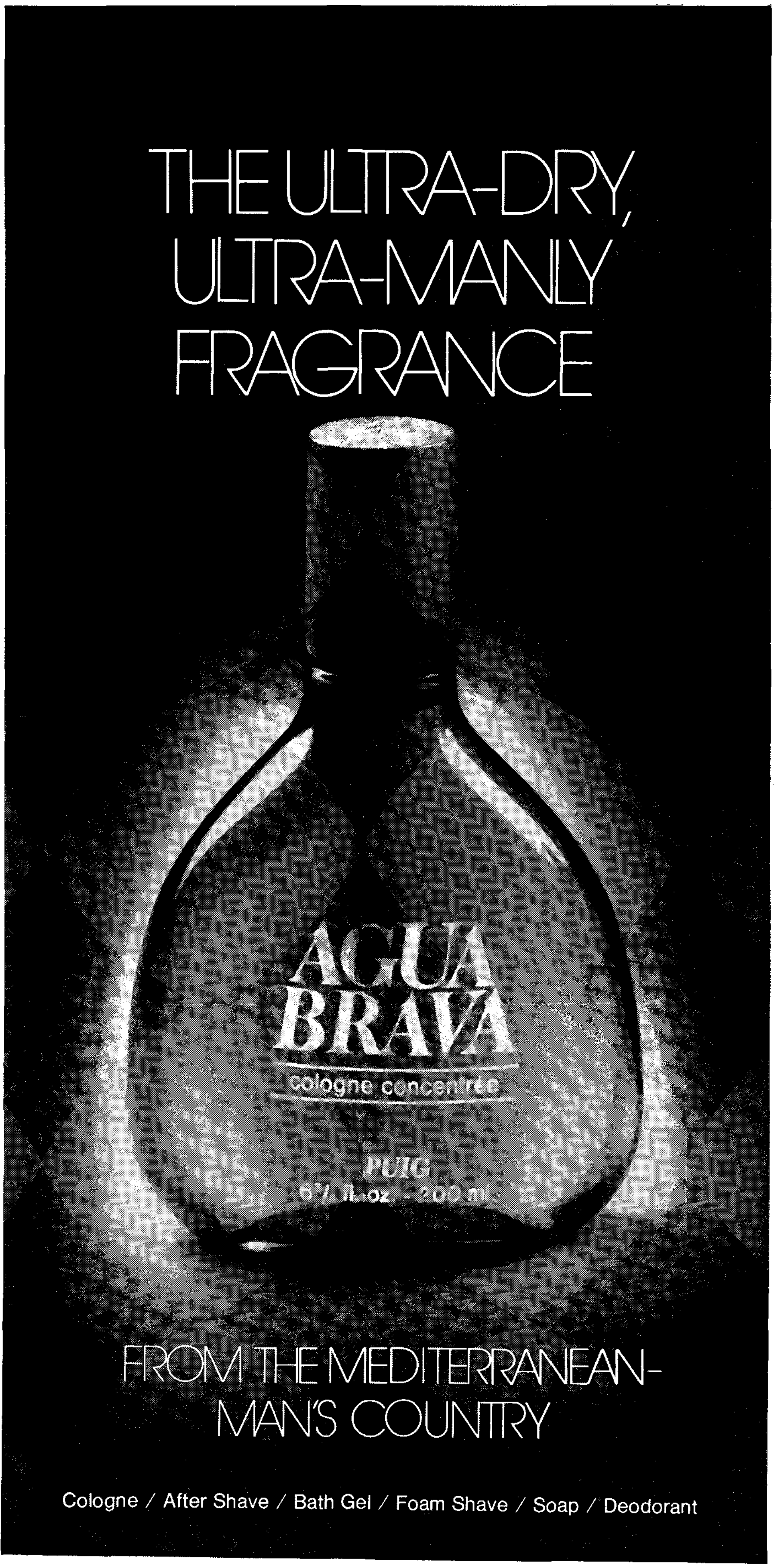
PEOPLE OF THE WIND—The yearly migration from winter to summer pastures by the Bakhtiaris of Southern Iran. James Mason is the voice of the main character, Jafar Qoli. Directed by Anthony Howarth. (D. W. Griffith; starting Oct. 29.)

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and the combination is sizzling entertainment. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. You practically get a kinetic charge from the screwily personal, breakneck wit of the film. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (11/11/74) (12th St. Cinema; starting Oct. 29.)

A PIECE OF PLEASURE—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous life together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Olympia; starting Nov. 3.)

PRIVATE LIVES (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off this time. This version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; with Reginald Denny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

RANCHO DELUXE—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets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up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Elgin; Oct. 29.)

The Return of the Pink Panther (1975)—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English: the consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Columbia II, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 28.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (U.A. East, Waverly, and Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 2.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until this new, inexperienced actress has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Scent of a Woman—Vittorio Gassman, acting high on the hog, as a sardonic Army captain blinded in an explosion. We're supposed to be enchanted by his macho gallantry as he dashes around Genoa and Rome, literally smelling woman, the way hunters in movies used to claim they could smell bear. Is there still an audience for this kind of romantic swill? Dino Risi directed. In Italian. (Elgin; Nov. 4.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Cinema Village; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 2-3.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—With Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, and Nicol Williamson; directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 1.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 4.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema II.)

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Solaris—A sci-fi film, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. In Russian. (Ziegfeld.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Elgin; Nov. 1.)

The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Cinema I.)

The Spirit of the Beehive—Directed by Victor Erice. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 28.)

Story of Sin—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Art; through Nov. 2.)

Sunday Woman—This semi-satirical whodunit set in Turin among the bored, decadent rich is equipped with three star names (Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset), but the social observations are too small and too archly obvious to have any bite, and it doesn't have suspense—just complication. On Bisset's face even a deadpan looks good; it adds to her high-fashion glaze. But everybody else walks through this blankly, too. It's a bummer. Directed by Luigi Comencini; written by Age and Scarpelli. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines. With Richard Benjamin. (11/17/75) (Columbia II, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 28.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema Village; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 2-3.)

Tales from the Crypt (1972)—Five stories directed by Freddie Francis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 28.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Theatre of Blood (1973)—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 3.)

Village of the Damned (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids, which is much more fun than such recent Gothics as "The Omen." This one is clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scariest of the cold-eyed children from outer space. From John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos;" made in England and directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific name for the director of this particular film). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in an undeservedly neglected movie about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film may be too impersonally crafted, but it moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. In French. (3/15/76) (Olympia; starting Nov. 3.)

Westworld (1973)—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous: it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 3.)

Without Love (1945)—One of the dreariest films in the Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy series; it has a metallic flavor. The Philip Barry play was extensively rewritten by Donald Odgen Stewart, and not improved. Tracy is a homespun scientist working on a helmet for high-altitude flying, and Hepburn is a widow with a big house in Washington. The wartime housing shortage is the plot excuse for his moving in with her, on the understanding that they'll have a platonic marriage. And guess what happens. Pedestrian direction by Harold S. Bucquet; with Keenan Wynn, Lucille Ball, Patricia Morison, Gloria Grahame, and Carl Esmond. (Regency; starting Nov. 3.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 4.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29-30.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29-30.)

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A Touch of Hyatt is called "Rise and Shine" at the Hyatt Regency in Memphis. Wake up to a delicious Continental breakfast delivered right to your door along with your freshly shined shoes. Just order your breakfast the night before, and your shoes will be picked up and shined and returned the next morning. And that shine on your shoes is on the house.

The soaring lobby at the Hyatt Regency in Houston.

A Touch of Hyatt is a concierge to help you at the Hyatt Regency Atlanta. He's there to help you in the true sense of the word—to help you get theater tickets, and to help you get to the play on time by calling a taxi. To help you decide what to see and do in Atlanta. Where to shop, dine and have a good time. All you need to do is ask and if he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out for you.

A Touch of Hyatt is a passport, that lets you pass up the check-out line at many Hyatt Hotels. When you're running late, or just aren't up for a long wait in line, just drop off your Passport Book at the front desk. That's it. And you're on your way.

A Touch of Hyatt is also the spectacular architecture of many Hyatt Hotels. Soaring atriums to lift the eyes and spirit. To put excitement back in staying at a hotel. Hanging plants and climbing vines and even indoor trees bring the touch of Hyatt alive.

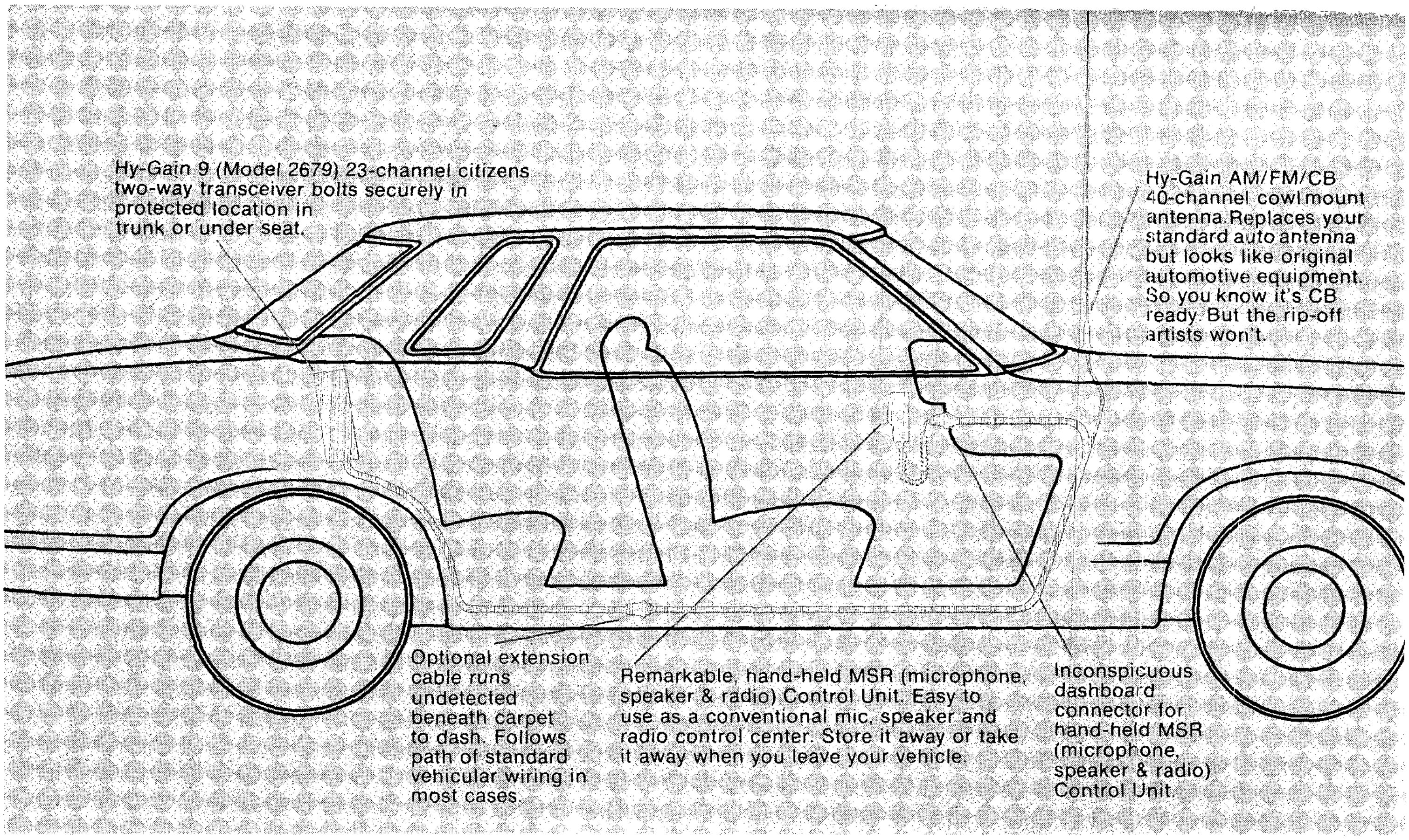
A Touch of Hyatt is also the good food, and nightclub entertainment that make the restaurants and lounges at Hyatt Hotels among the best spots in town for an evening's activities.

Dine with a Touch of Hyatt.

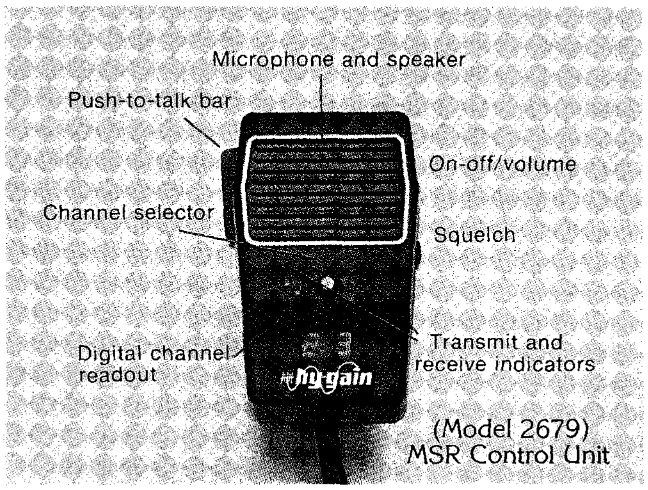
A Touch of Hyatt is also the American Express® Card. To make your check-in and check-out smooth and trouble free. The Card is welcome at all Hyatt Hotels.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
AMERICAN EXPRESS

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.℠


Hy-Gain 9 (Model 2679) 23-channel citizens two-way transceiver bolts securely in protected location in trunk or under seat.
Hy-Gain AM/FM/CB 40-channel cowl mount antenna. Replaces your standard auto antenna but looks like original automotive equipment. So you know it's CB ready. But the rip-off artists won't.
Optional extension cable runs undetected beneath carpet to dash. Follows path of standard vehicular wiring in most cases.
Remarkable, hand-held MSR (microphone, speaker & radio) Control Unit. Easy to use as a conventional mic, speaker and radio control center. Store it away or take it away when you leave your vehicle.
Inconspicuous dashboard connector for hand-held MSR (microphone, speaker & radio) Control Unit.

Now, the radio that's out of sight is ready for 40 when you are.


Microphone and speaker
Push-to-talk bar
On-off/volume
Channel selector
Squelch
Transmit and receive indicators
Digital channel readout
hy-gain

(Model 2679)
MSR Control Unit

The Hy-Gain 9 (Model 2679) 23-channel citizens two-way mobile transceiver goes out of sight. In the trunk or under the seat. Away from temptation. And it comes with a certificate for remanufacture to FCC 40-channel specifications. It's our guarantee your new radio will be 40-channel ready.

If, after January 1 and FCC acceptance, you want all 40 channels, send us your certificate. And $25 for remanufacturing. We'll remanufacture your radio for all 40 channels (offer expires June 30, 1977).

Our Hy-Gain AM/FM/CB cowl mount is the perfect 40-channel antenna to go with your Hy-Gain 9. It replaces your standard auto antenna. And looks just like original equipment. So you'll know you're CB ready. But the rip-off artists won't.

The only part of the Hy-Gain 9 that's around while you're around is our ingenious, hand-held MSR Control Unit for operation of microphone, speaker and radio. Take it with you or store it when you go. And all that's left is an inconspicuous connector under the dash. Everything else is out of sight.

Including performance. With the Hy-Gain 9 you get advanced noise limiting. Range boost. Automatic gain control. Mic preamp. TVI filter to help prevent TV interference. And the incredible frequency stability of Hy-Gain Phase-Lock-Loop circuitry.

See the citizens two-way system everyone's looking for at your Hy-Gain dealer. It's ready for 40 when you are. And ask about our more than 300 other fine two-way communications products. For the name of your nearest Hy-Gain dealer call 800/447-4700. In Illinois 800/322-4400.

hy-gain®
We keep people talking.

Hy-Gain Electronics Corporation 8601 Northeast Highway Six;
Lincoln, NE 68505
Hy-Gain de Puerto Rico, Inc. Box 68; Naguabo, PR 00718

The following Hy-Gain 23-channel radios can be remanufactured to FCC 40-channel specifications after January 1, 1977 and FCC type acceptance.

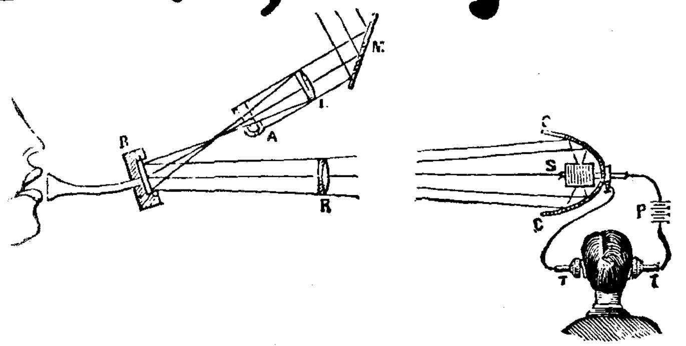
681, 682, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2679, 3084

If you currently own one of these radios, a 40-channel certificate may be obtained from your Hy-Gain dealer.

© 1976 Hy-Gain

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

What's next, Professor Bell?



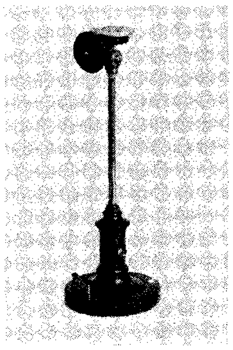
The photophone transmitted voices on a beam of light in 1880.

Alexander Graham Bell

"The greatest invention I have ever made; greater than the telephone." That's how Alexander Graham Bell rated his photophone, patented four years after the telephone, to transmit conversations on a beam of light. (Photophone = light-sound.) He actually demonstrated lightwave transmission of voices, but it would be nearly a century before it would become a practical reality.

The photophone was one of many ideas Bell proposed to improve the usefulness of his basic invention. Working with him on improvements were his assistants Thomas A. Watson, who received the world's first telephone call on March 10, 1876, and Charles S. Tainter. The sort of work they did would be called today "research and development".

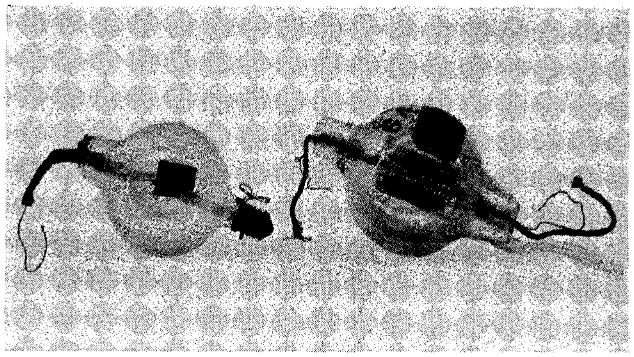
Bell envisaged a telephone network linking the cities of the nation and eventually the whole world. But a voice could travel only a limited distance over a wire before it weakened and became inaudible. So the first phones depended heavily on lung power. It is no coincidence that we speak of telephone "calls", or that the word "hello", the standard greeting in phone conversations, is kin to "holler".



In 1886 this special telephone set was used for long distance calls.

For years many people looked for a way to make a voice reach from coast to coast, including engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the parent company of the Bell System), and its manufacturing and supply arm, the Western Electric Company. Some telephone people were much interested by a paper read to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 20, 1906, by Dr. Lee de Forest. The paper described de Forest's new "audion" tube, a version of the vacuum tube used at that time in radio receiving sets. Basic theory told de Forest that his invention should detect *and amplify* tiny electric currents, such as those coming over the telephone wire. But his early models failed at amplification. He continued working on his own. And telephone engineers pursued other solutions.

By 1912 de Forest was ready to demonstrate an improved audion that did operate as an amplifier, although imperfectly. In the group of telephone people assembled for one of de Forest's demonstrations was Harold D. Arnold, 29, a brilliant physicist hired the year before. Arnold identified at once the audion's major problem: the vacuum pump de Forest was using left too much air inside the tube, with the result that its performance was erratic and unpredictable. As a consequence of financial support by AT&T of the Bell System's research and development program, Arnold could obtain the newest pumping equipment and achieve a much higher vacuum, and within a year he had the amplifier needed. AT&T and Western Electric engineers made further circuit changes needed for telephony, AT&T management arranged for manufacture under de Forest's basic patent, and the amplifier went into production. On January 25, 1915, Bell in New York repeated to Watson in San Francisco his famous words, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."


Lee de Forest's audion and an improved version developed by H. D. Arnold for long distance telephony.

As the telecommunications industry grew, the vacuum tube was improved many times, but by the 1940s it was reaching its inherent limitations. Scientists at Bell Laboratories saw promise in a class of materials called semiconductors. From their carefully thought-out search came the discovery in 1947 of the transistor effect—the amplification and control of the flow of electrons in a solid material. Again the enormous problems of putting the discovery into practical form were far more quickly and expertly solved by collaboration between people at Bell Labs and Western Electric than could ever have been the case otherwise.

The story of the search for ways to strengthen telephone voices shows, in a rather simple way, many of the elements of the Bell System's research and development effort as it is carried on today: A perceived need in telephone operations. Corporate management that emphasizes service improvement. A commitment to exploration in relevant areas of basic science. A development effort, adequately funded, to move from discovery to practical use. Free exchange of information among people in research, development and manufacturing. And finally use of the discovery in equipment or a product to meet the need originally perceived. That final stage is what gives a laboratory discovery the right to be truly called an "innovation". And the expectation that applicable new knowledge will be used in the Bell System makes it possible to commit each year the millions of

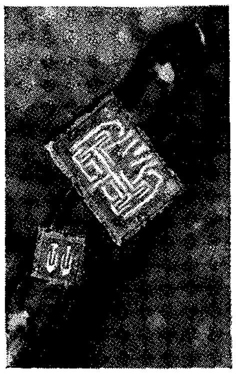
H. D. Arnold

dollars necessary to search for it.

The amplifier story has an extra dimension, the use of innovations in many fields outside telephony. That is true of much Bell System research and development. It is corporate policy to publish new findings, to make new technology available to other companies through licensing arrangements, and to exchange technology with others. Vacuum tubes made possible radiotelephones, television broadcasting, improved phonographs and sound motion pictures. Scientists and engineers working for the Bell System made many contributions to all these innovations and the new industries that sprang from them. But the main objective of their investigations has been the improvement of the nation's telecommunications network and the myriad of services it provides.

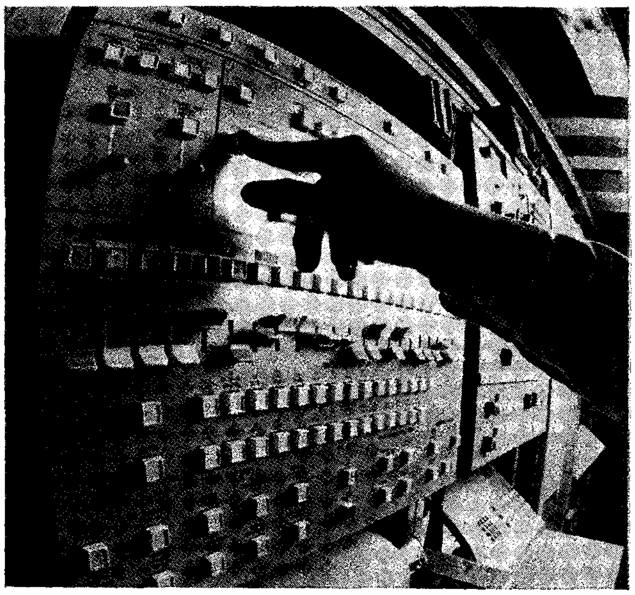
The transistor, in its turn, gave birth to the whole new industry of solid-state electronics. It made practical such developments as the large-capacity computer for data processing, high-speed transmission of data between computers, space travel and communications via space satellites. Most important for the ordinary telephone user, the transistor made possible a new generation of switching machines for routing calls to their destinations—machines controlled by instructions stored in changeable memories. These electronic switching systems, now being installed, are many times faster than the best electromechanical systems. They provide enormously increased capacity and flexibility to meet the growth needs of the 1980s.

It is characteristic of a technologically oriented industry that technology must be prepared in anticipation of needs. The search requires a huge investment, both of time and money. And success depends on careful planning and close coordination of effort, in a process that runs from basic scientific exploration through fundamental development work, specific design, manufacturing capability, distribution and delivery to the ultimate consumer. For many industries, including telecommunications, the process also includes activities in maintenance, servicing and operation.



The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in 1947. Today, thousands of transistors can be made on one tiny integrated circuit chip.

In the Bell System, that process involves twenty-three regional operating companies, plus Bell Labs, Western Electric and the Long Lines Department. All these parts share one goal: to provide telecommunications services at the lowest possible cost to everyone.



Electronic switching systems, now in wide use, provide high speed and flexibility for the nation's telecommunications needs.

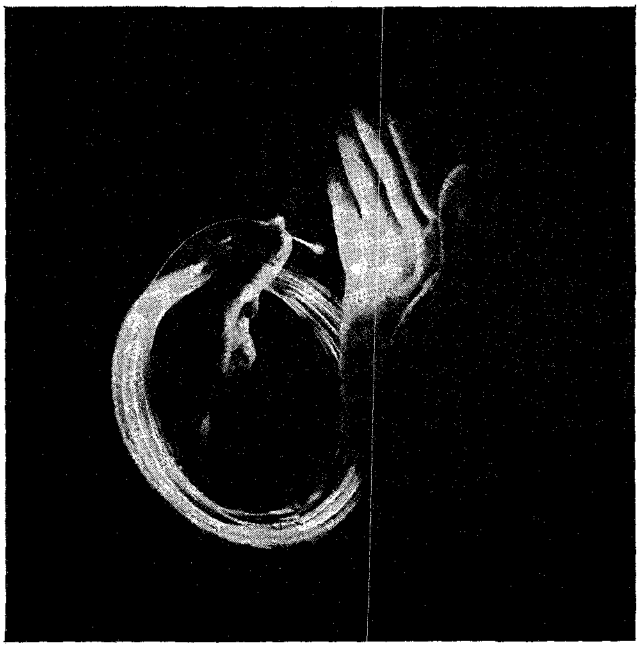
Such cooperation produces results.

According to the June 28, 1976, issue of *Business Week*:

> By almost any measure, Bell Labs has contributed more to the telecommunications industry and more to the U.S. economy than any other research establishment....A major part of Bell Labs' charter is to keep well ahead in technology so that no significant development applicable to telecommunications will be unavailable to the Bell System. The bargaining power made available through extensive patent holdings gives AT&T ready access to the inventions of others when the company needs them.

Since 1925, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric have received more than 24,000 U.S. patents, which have been made widely available to all of U.S. industry and the world.

Bell System research and development work is well underway on new communications technologies to meet the needs of telephone service in the future. For example, Bell scientists and engineers are now working on a practical way to use lightwaves for communications. They have already developed pinpoint light sources—light-emitting diodes, and lasers no larger than a grain of sand. (Both projects benefited from earlier Bell research on semiconductors.) To carry light around corners, or under city streets, they are using tiny strands of ultra-transparent glass called "lightguides." Right now an experimental lightwave communications system is being tested by Bell Labs and Western Electric engineers in Atlanta. Light and glass may one day join electricity and copper wire in the nationwide telecommunications network, and we may in fact "talk by light". Those are Alexander Graham Bell's words, describing his photophone.

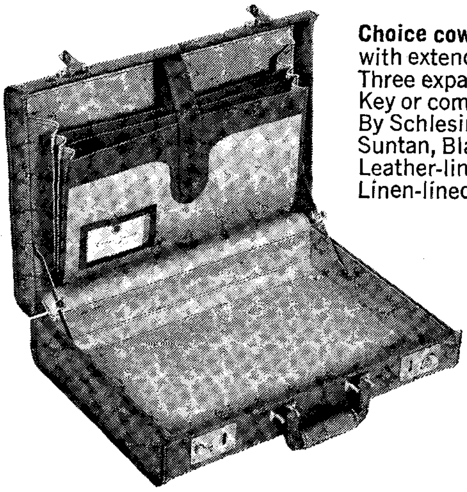


Lightwave communications technology, now being tested, uses new solid-state light sources and glass fibers to transmit phone calls.

One Bell System. It works.

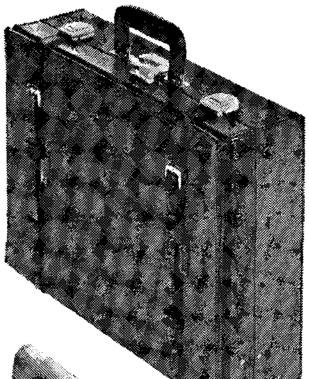
Bell System

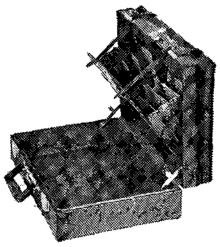
The Crouch & Fitzgerald Experience: The Ultimate Business Case Place for Men and Women



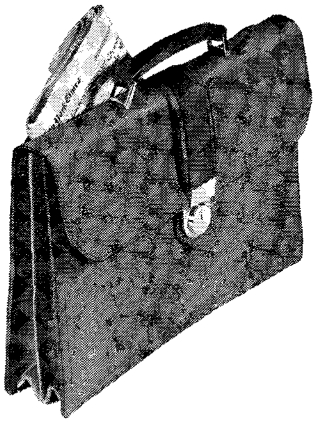
Choice cowhide executive case
with extended edge construction.
Three expandable file pockets.
Key or combination* lock.
By Schlesinger.
Suntan, Black, Brown.
Leather-lined **205.00**
Linen-lined **165.00**

Supple cowhide
18″ brief bag.
Three expandable
pockets, reinforced
corners, solid
leather handle.
Suntan, Black, Olive.
Legal size **85.00**



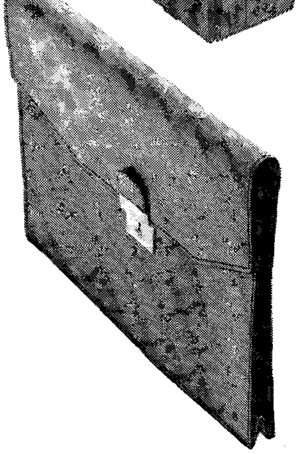


Expanding-lid
bellows case.
Five file pockets,
combination lock*,
2 side-securing catches.
Belting leather 200.00
Cowhide:
Suntan, Black, Olive
127.00

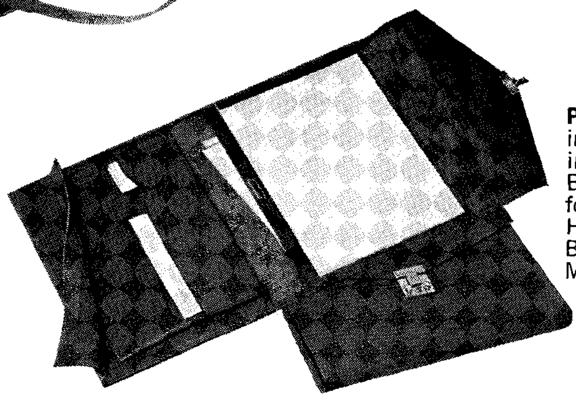


Belting leather brief case
with two open partitions
plus zippered
compartment inside,
open pocket outside.
By Renwick of Canada.
Legal size **112.50**

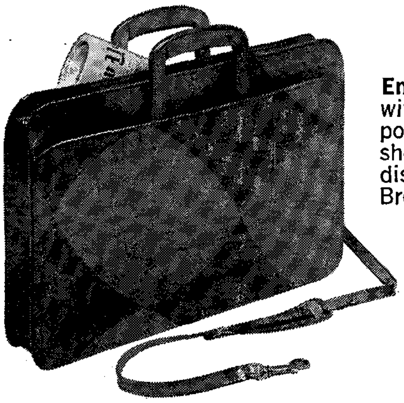
Belting leather envelope.
Open back pocket,
removable shoulder strap.
85.00



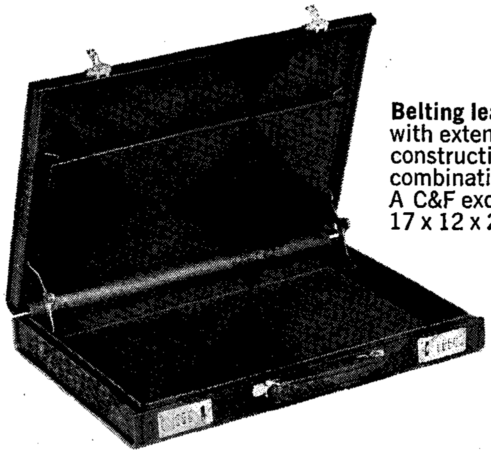
Supple leather
envelope with
pull-tab flap,
all-around gusset.
Suntan, Brown, Black
16 x 11¾ x 2½ **57.50**
17 x 12 x 2½ **60.00**



Portable writing desk
in luxuriously soft,
imported steerhide.
Brass lock. Ample pockets
for all stationery needs.
Holds legal size pad.
By Renwick of Canada.
Moss or Brown **82.50**



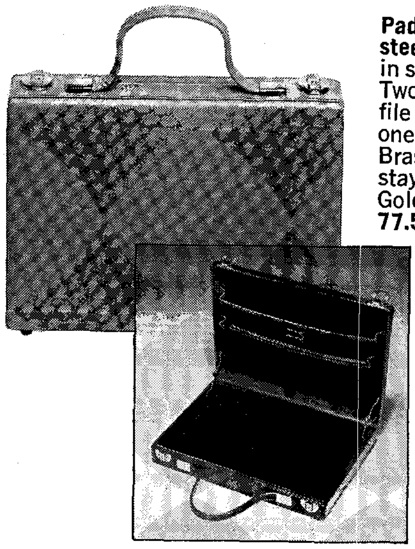
English Shoulder-hide with two outside pockets, removable shoulder strap, disappearing handles.
Brown or Tan **105.00**



Belting leather slimline with extended edge construction, two combination locks*.
A C&F exclusive!
17 x 12 x 2½ **135.00**

Suede finish inside and out, leather trim. Expanding file with three partitions, pen holders, card pockets. Brass locks, stay-put hinge. Lightweight.
Ginger/brown trim
Scarlet/black trim
75.00

Select cowhide jumbo brief bag, 20" long. Three expandable pockets, securing outside straps, combination lock*.
Suntan, Black, Olive
135.00



Padded, supple steerhide lined in suede finish. Two gusseted file pockets, one with zipper. Brass locks and trim, stay-put hinges.
Gold or Red
77.50

Leather-trimmed canvas with zippered center compartment, two outside pockets, disappearing handles, removable shoulder strap. By Schlesinger.
Natural or Olive, both suntan trim
43.00

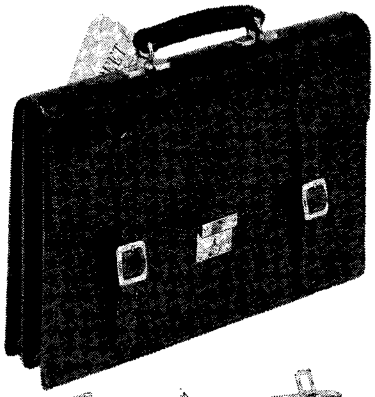
All-around-zipper envelope with disappearing handles, widening pockets.

	In Belting Leather	
	Leather-lined	Vinyl-li
16 x 12	**120.00**	**85.0**
17 x 12	**127.50**	**90.0**
	In Cowhide	
	(Suntan, Black, Brown	
16 x 12	**93.50**	**67.5**
17 x 12	**100.00**	**72.5**

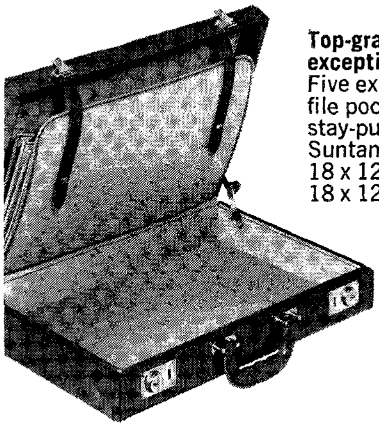
Belting leather inside and out. Chief executive case has removable envelope with expanding gusset. 24Kt. gold-plated hardware, combination lock*.
18 x 13½ x 5¼ **395.00**

Top-grain cowhide catalog case.
Indispensable for salesmen, pilots, lawyers.
Reinforced leather corners, two brass locks.
Suntan, Black, Ginger

16″	**65.00**
18″	**67.50**
20″	**69.50**

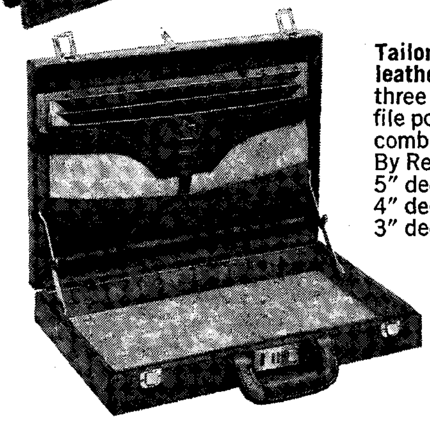


English Shoulder-hide brief case,
all-leather lined.
Outside back pocket, expanding partition inside, solid brass hardware.
Brown or Tan.
Legal size **145.00**



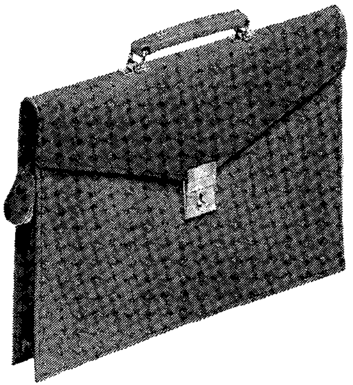
Top-grain cowhide, exceptionally priced.
Five expanding file pockets, stay-put hinges.
Suntan, Black, Olive

18 x 12 x 4	**39.50**
18 x 12 x 5	**45.00**

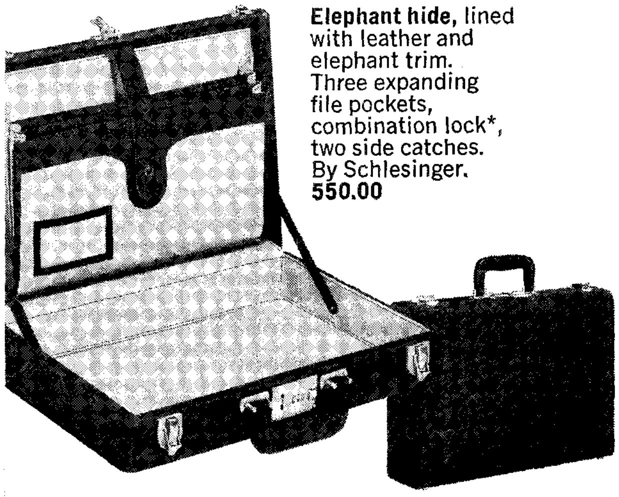


Tailored belting leather case with three expandable file pockets, combination lock*.
By Renwick of Canada.

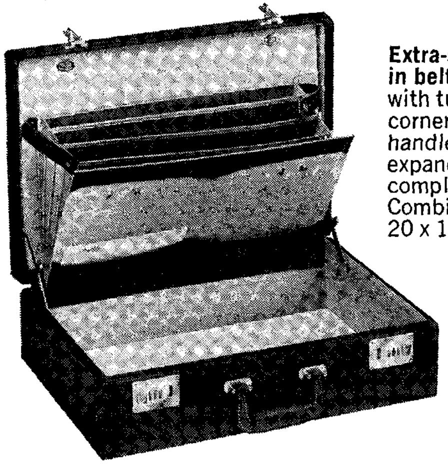
5″ deep	**162.50**
4″ deep	**155.00**
3″ deep	**147.50**



Soft steerhide 16″ envelope
with two gusseted partitions inside, back pocket outside.
Brass lock.
By Renwick of Canada.
Cafe au Lait, Scarlet, Royal, Chocolate, Bright Green, Moss.
62.50
Without handle
55.50



Elephant hide, lined with leather and elephant trim.
Three expanding file pockets, combination lock*, two side catches.
By Schlesinger.
550.00



Extra-size case in belting leather
with turned leather corners and padded handle. Five-pocket expandable file is completely removable.
Combination locks*.
20 x 13½ x 6 **135.00**

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ease order by style description and price. Indicate second color choice. Complimentary monogramming and gift wrapping.
OMBINATION LOCKS: we will set the 3-digit combination number you wish. Please include that number with your order.

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THE NEW YORKER

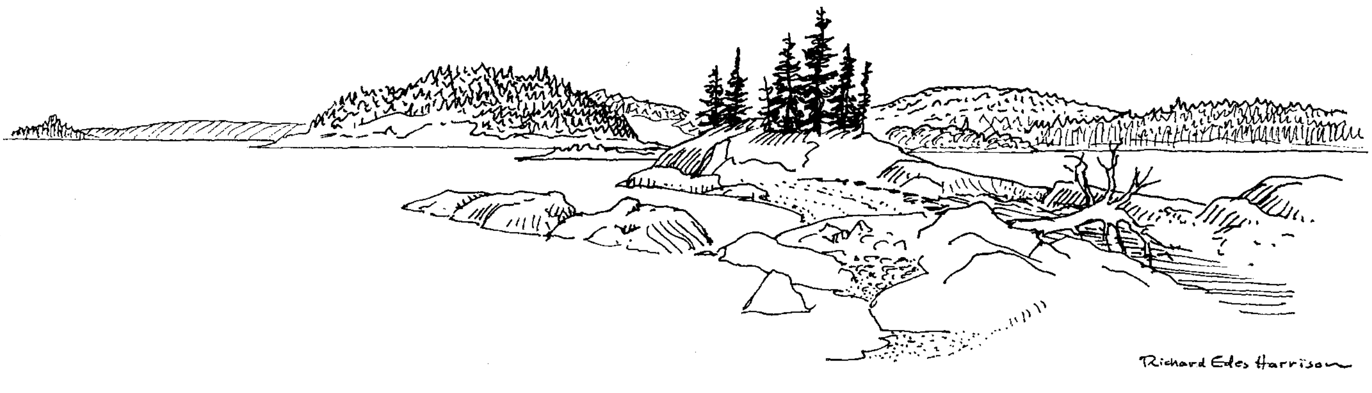
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

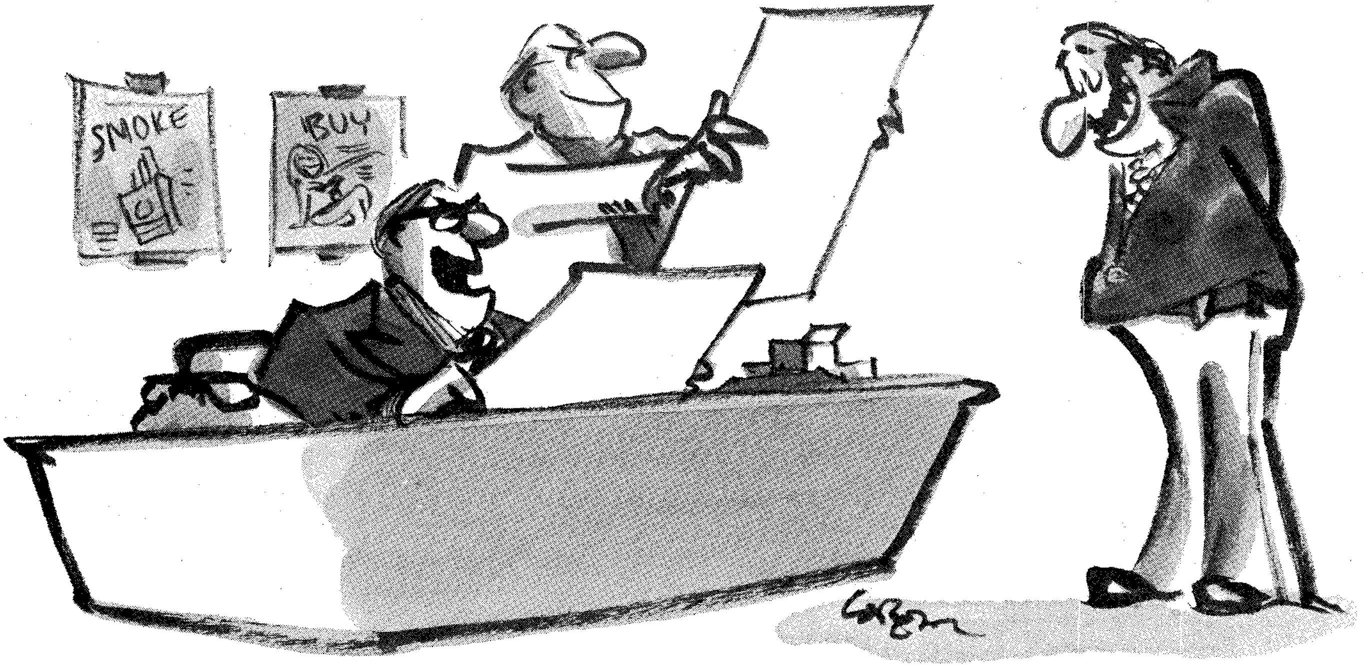
Notes and Comment

THE new, open system of selecting Presidential candidates, whereby the rank and file of the parties, making their wishes known in primaries and in state caucuses, choose the candidates directly, has this year led to an ironic result. Although the public has had a larger role than ever before in choosing the candidates, it now turns out that it may have less enthusiasm than ever before for the men who have been chosen. The prime political story this year has been not anything that either Governor Carter or President Ford has said, whether by mistake or on purpose, but the marked indifference of the public to all their remarks. Strange as it may seem in the midst of an election, the most prominent political figure of the moment is the nonvoter. His views have been extensively inquired about in polls; his thoughts have been spread across the front pages of the papers; the various shades of his boredom or disgust have been carefully analyzed by the columnists; and it has been predicted that his numbers may add up to a majority of the potential voting public on Election Day, in a sort of landslide of indifference.

It has often been noted that the democratization of the primaries has gone far toward eliminating the importance of political parties, which once acted as an intermediary between the public and the government. Today, the candidates make their views known to the rank and file directly, on television, and they learn the views of the rank and file through polling. The system of middlemen, however, has not been altogether eliminated. Rather, one group of middlemen has been replaced by another—much smaller. The new middlemen are, of course, political public-relations experts. They, like the political bosses before them, bring the candidates before the public. And they have a far more direct and powerful influence on the candidates and on the shape of the campaign than the bosses ever had. The bosses represented the views of a candidate to voters; the public-relations advisers move in almost before the candidate has formed his views and school him in the proper mannerisms, tone, and gestures. At his public appearances, the voters do not know whose words and gestures they are hearing and seeing. When Governor Carter, who had adopted an apparently high-minded approach to campaigning for most of the year, suddenly adopted what the *Times* called "biting language," and then just as suddenly dropped it, the voters had to decide not only whether they preferred high-minded language to biting language but whether the choice of either style was a matter of the candidate's character or his advisers' strategy. And when President Ford, who usually seems to be an easygoing sort, undertook to glare almost uninterruptedly at his opponent during the second of the televised debates, the public had to decide whether his expression reflected anything that he really felt or only what some public-relations expert thought that he should seem to feel.

According to a fantasy that has been floating around the press buses in recent campaigns, no candidate is a real man at all; he is a composite made up of the voice of one man, the body and face of another, and the views of another—the whole having been foisted on the public by a secret committee that intends to take over the country. And at least one recent event—the interruption of the first Presidential debate by technical failure—lent the notion some believability. The two candidates, thrown back on their own resources, were immobilized, as though they were two puppets whose masters had gone to sleep. They dared not move and they dared not speak. The man who is often described as the most powerful man in the world and the man who is leading in a contest to replace him were in a state of temporary paralysis. And when the sound came on again, neither man had any response to make to the fact that the interruption had occurred. Governor Carter simply put the needle back on the record, starting up where he had been cut off, and then President Ford followed with *his* prepared remarks. The episode seemed to sum up an impression that one had had





"'Genius' is an overused word, Berringer, but in this case nothing else fits."

• •

throughout the debate—that the candidates had been made into something that was both superhuman and subhuman. On the one hand, they seemed to possess an almost computerlike command of innumerable numbers and dates, while, on the other, they seemed to lack the capacity for spontaneous response which even ordinary people possess. They tended to confirm a conclusion that more and more voters are apparently drawing as this campaign wears on: that although a team of brilliant advisers can produce a brilliant robot, they cannot produce a plausible human being.

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Apples

A FRIEND of ours writes to us as follows:

Fall is here—a statement I make out of firsthand experience, having just come back from picking apples in the Hudson Valley. Some people will tell you that summer ends and autumn begins at the precise moment of the autumnal equinox, when the center of the sun moves across the celestial equator from north to south. Don't believe them. In Apple Country, the proper name for the season is fall—as in falling leaves and falling fruit—and, as far as I am concerned, summer ends and fall begins when the orchards in the Hudson Valley put up signs along the road saying, "Pick your own apples." This year, the prevailing price is four and a half dollars a bushel, up fifty cents from last year but still one of the world's great bargains. The other Saturday, my wife and I and our two daughters, ages eight and six, piled into the family station wagon and headed for Hotaling's Farm Market, on Route 9-H, just north of Claverack, New York. We make this trip every year, and the ritual never varies. First, we stop at the farm stand to find out which varieties of apples are ripe and ready to be picked. On Saturday, the good word was McIntosh, or, more familiarly, Macs. Hotaling's has acres and acres of fruit trees, and you have to know just where to turn to get to the pick-your-own part of the orchard. We drive down a bumpy alley between gnarly trees that seem to be staggering under their burden of fruit. We park where a man in a checked flannel shirt tells us to park; we pick up two wooden half-bushel baskets (with clear-plastic liners), race down the alley to the nearest tree that isn't already swarming with pickers, and attack it in a kind of feeding-frenzy, grabbing apples from the lower branches and biting through the taut, crisp skin into the tart-sweet flesh. No apple of the season will taste this good again, and we know it. But this is no time for savoring; it is a time for devouring. The frenzy lasts about ten minutes. By then, each of us has eaten three or four apples; the edge is off our appetites, and it is time for the serious work of filling the baskets. Each daughter chooses a tree to climb and begins tossing down the plumpest apples from the highest branches, which more cautious pickers have passed by. Whenever there is a pause in the rain of apples, my wife and I have a chance to look around. The day has "fall" written all over it: the sky is a pure windswept blue; the only clouds to be seen are harmless puffs drifting over the sharp peaks of the Catskill Mountains, on the opposite bank of the invisible Hudson. Slowly, the baskets fill up; everyone eats one or two more apples. In such a setting, overindulgence seems a perfectly proper way to express thanks for nature's bounty. A marvellous word, when you come to think of it: "bounty." It has a round, ripe, bouncy sound, like "apple" itself.

Calder Revisited

WE had a reunion with Alexander (Sandy) Calder a while before the recent openings of exhibits of his works, on successive days, at the Perls Galleries and the Whitney Museum. The Perls is showing watercolors, drawings, and gouaches from "circa 1925" to date. The Whitney display is a fifty-year retrospective of over two hundred examples of practically *everything*—drawings, paintings, mobiles, stabiles, jewelry, toys, wood sculpture, wire sculpture, kitchen utensils, lithographs, woodcuts, gouaches, bronzes, tapestries, rugs, and mechanized sculpture. Our meeting with the artist, one of many since 1940, took place in an upstairs room of the Perls. Klaus Perls offered drinks, and Calder, who is a somewhat subdued, but slyly observant, seventy-eight, asked for a Campari-and-soda with lime. He and his wife, Louisa, who are passing six or seven weeks in town at the Macdougal Alley house of their married daughter Mary, still spend most of the year at their place on the Indre River, at Saché, in Touraine, where traffic conditions are not improving. "There's a great intrusion of campers with trailers," Calder said. "One Sunday, when I was working in my studio, I saw between seventy-five and one hundred cars. We were apparently at the end of a political rally of some sort. Also, my routine is broken by journalists."

We shuddered, and he went on, "High-school students writing theses on my works send me lists of questions. We're still surrounded by vineyards. Very pretty wine country."

"The Whitney show documents every facet of Sandy's art," Mr. Perls said. "At the time of the Guggenheim Museum retrospective, twelve years ago, the public at large didn't know him. The Guggenheim was a very joyous happening. That was a time of happenings, you remember. It made Sandy known. But not very much attention has been paid to the art-historical side of his career. So at the Whitney we have a study in depth as to how it all came about. Sandy has not been standing still. Since 1973, he has painted two Braniff International jets, the Flying Colors and the Flying Colors of the United States, and a BMW racing car. This is in the museum show. You can see it from the sidewalk."

Calder nodded, and his dealer asked us, "Would you like to know what's going on in *Philadelphia*?"

We assented, and Mr. Perls said, "A three-day celebration of Calder! The Federal Reserve Bank there commissioned him to do his largest mobile. A hundred feet high. It is hanging from the glass roof of the enclosed court of the bank's new building. Ten tons. The bank is giving a party for it on Thursday. The Makler Gallery will have a private opening for a general Calder show that day—a little of everything. On Wednesday, the Philadelphia College of Art will give a lunch for him, and the Pennsylvania Ballet is putting on a new ballet, 'Under the Sun,' in his honor, followed by a supper dance in Fairmount Park. The evening is called Mobilia. I'm taking Sandy and Louisa to Philadelphia on Tuesday. We're going in the Flying Colors of the United States, which Braniff has made available. We leave LaGuardia at eight in the morning. The plane has to be back here for its regular run at eleven."

Calder looked alarmed.

"A limousine will pick you up at seven o'clock," Mr. Perls said. "A representative of Mayor Rizzo will receive us at the Philadelphia airport at nine. The Braniff people like the idea of Calder arriving in his own plane. The Atlantic Richfield Company people, who would like Sandy to do something for them, are giving a dinner for him and their in-house artist, Herbert Bayer. The New York openings will coincide with the publication of 'Calder's Universe,' a big illustrated book about his life and work, by Jean Lipman. A research team of three people worked on this for two years."

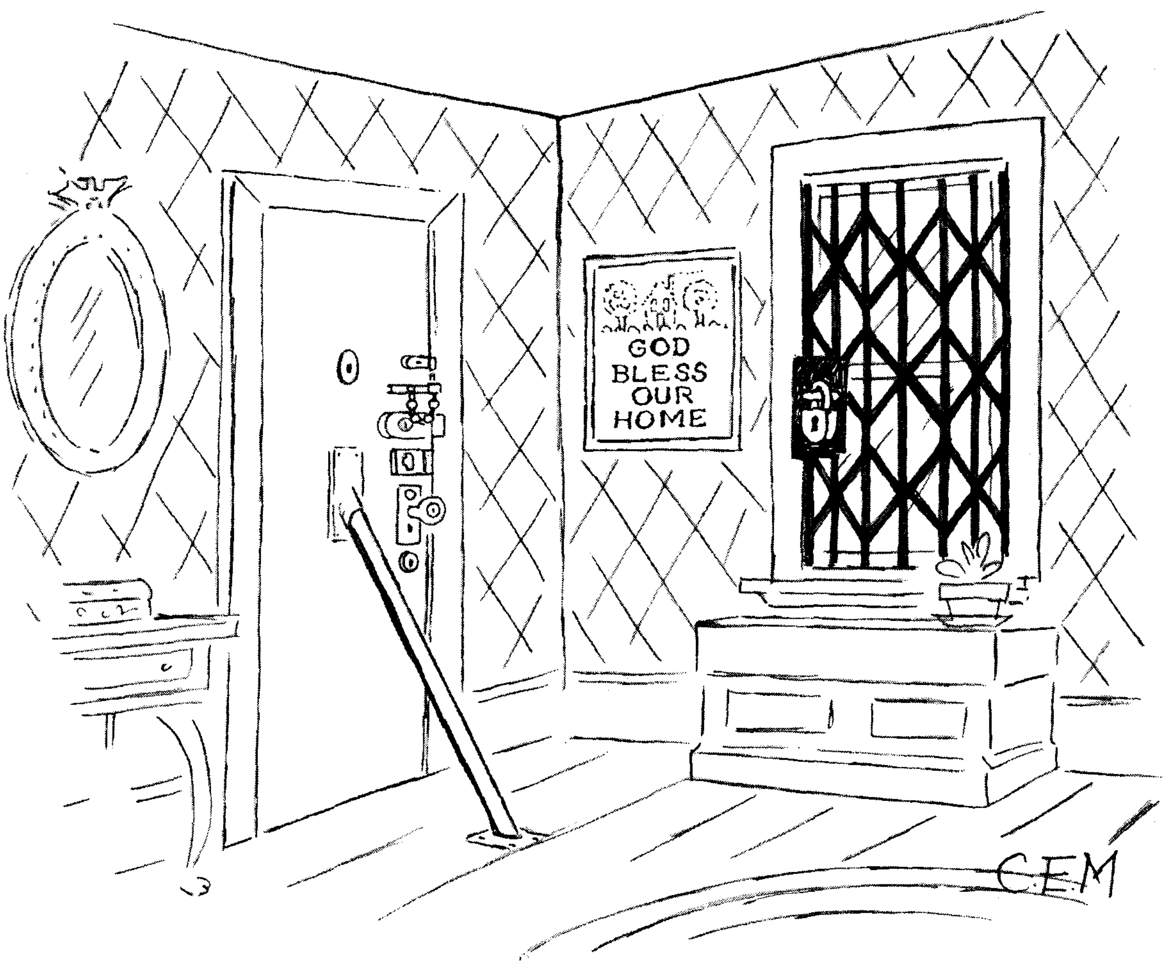
Mr. Perls paused for breath, and then said, "Sandy has designed a huge hanging mobile for the National Gallery's new building in Washington. The opposite of the one in Philadelphia: thirty feet high but twice as wide—sixty feet. The trouble with big mobiles is their weight. They need so much support. Paul Matisse—a grandson of the painter—who develops inventions in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has worked for two years to make this mobile a light one. He has inserted an aluminum honeycomb between thin layers of aluminum and glued the whole thing together. If the mobile were fabricated like Sandy's previous ones, it would weigh two and a half tons; this way, it weighs only nine hundred pounds. Matisse's method reduces the weight of a mobile by four-fifths."

"Eighty per cent?" said Calder. "No!"

"*Yes!*" said Mr. Perls.

Charlie's Boys

WE like to keep up with other periodicals, and when we read in a recent issue of *The Gym Extra!* that "the reason Nina is not available for more classes now is that she spends every afternoon coaching a teeter-board act for Charlie from Barnum & Bailey circus," our curiosity was aroused. A few days later, we found



ourself in the gymnasium of Muhammad's Mosque of Islam, on Woodycrest Avenue, a couple of blocks from Yankee Stadium, where a dozen ebullient black boys between the ages of ten and sixteen were practicing somersaults, back flips, shoulder balances, and other death-defying maneuvers, under the guidance of a woman wearing purple pants and—because she was manipulating a rope attached to a belt harness that kept some of her pupils from self-destruction as they essayed double back somersaults from one another's shoulders—heavy work gloves. That was Nina—Nina Krasavina, we learned when we introduced ourself. She, in turn, introduced us to her co-coach and husband, a compact, muscular, gold-toothed man named Gregory Fedin. "Krasavina and Fedin is our stage name," he told us. "We do a circus aerial act, all clowning. We recently finished an engagement in Montreal, with the Garden Brothers Circus. Until we left Russia, two and a half years ago, to seek freedom, we had been with the Moscow State Circus for twenty years."

We wondered if by any chance we could have caught their act in Russia, when we last attended a circus there, in 1958. "Probably not," said Mr. Fedin, after a moment's reflection. "That was very bad year for me. I crash from forty-five feet and break everything."

"Who's Charlie and where's Charlie?" we asked.

Mr. Fedin explained that Charlie was Charles King, a circus performer with a unicycle-and-basketball act, who was out of town at the moment, but who had lately been trying to help Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey put together a black-acrobat number. "Nina and I have been twenty-five years in show business and we never heard of a black acrobat act," he said. "These boys were discovered on the street by Charlie King—they call him King Charlie—and they've been studying with my wife and me for three months now. Ringling Brothers rents this hall for them. The boys come here five days a week, after school—two hours each afternoon. They have to work hard. They're going to end up with a complicated teeterboard act, and we haven't even reached the teeterboard stage yet. But in six more months they will be ready. As far as we know, the United States has no such act now. It's a pity, considering your resources, but circuses here have had to buy their teeterboard acts from places like Bulgaria, Poland, England, and Germany." Mr. Fedin was not looking at us. "Don't bend your elbows!" he yelled across the gym at an errant back-somersaulter. Then he excused himself to help a boy named Kenny learn to stand on his teacher's head.

"Beautiful, Bobby! Beautiful!" cried Miss Krasavina as a fifteen-year-old boy, trussed in her safety harness, did a back somersault off an accommodating peer's shoulders. She espied another apprentice artist attempting to enter the premises unobserved. "You're twenty minutes late, Isaac!" she called out chidingly.

"I had to do something for my mother," said Isaac. "I could have got here sooner if I could have used my unicycle."

"Then use your unicycle," said Nina, with a shrug.

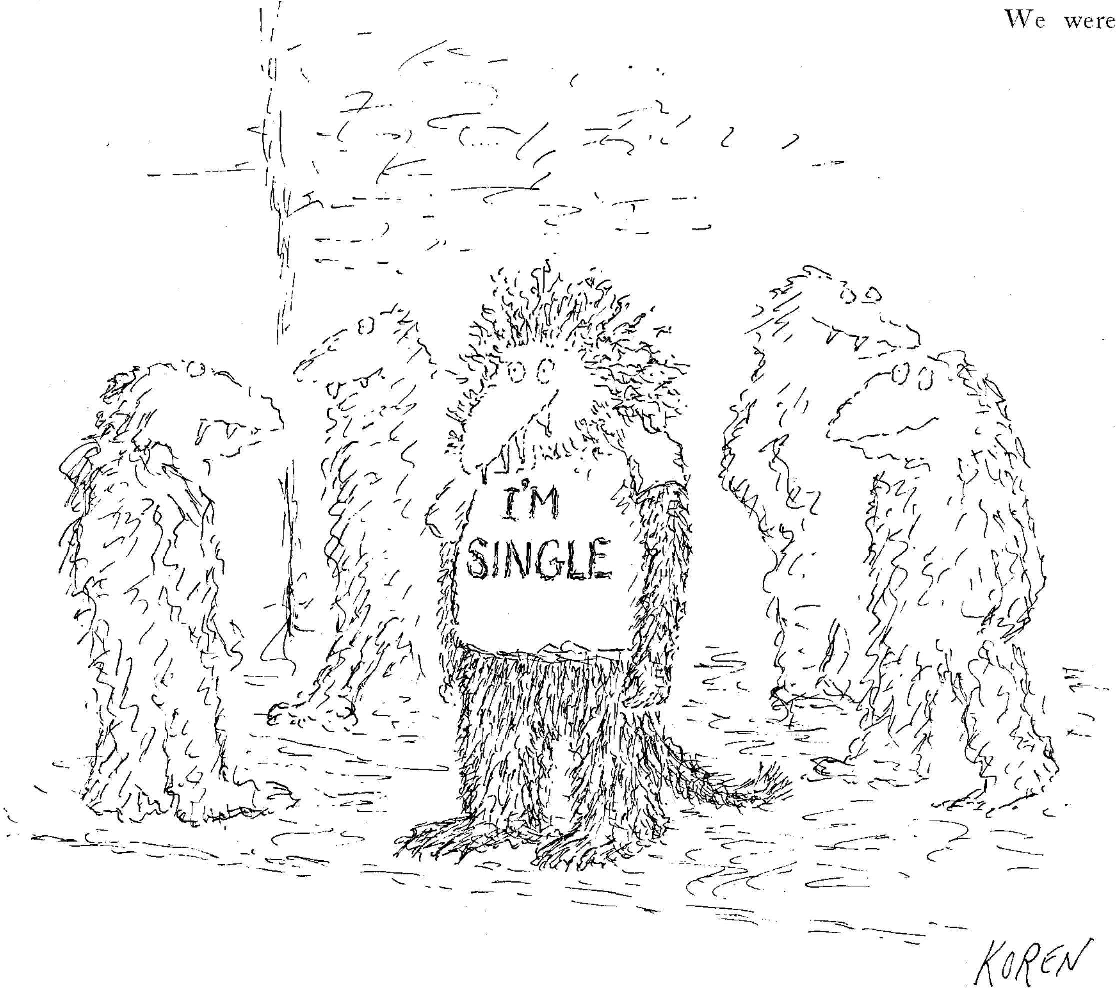
"We all have unicycles," a boy named Mark told us. He said he was twelve.

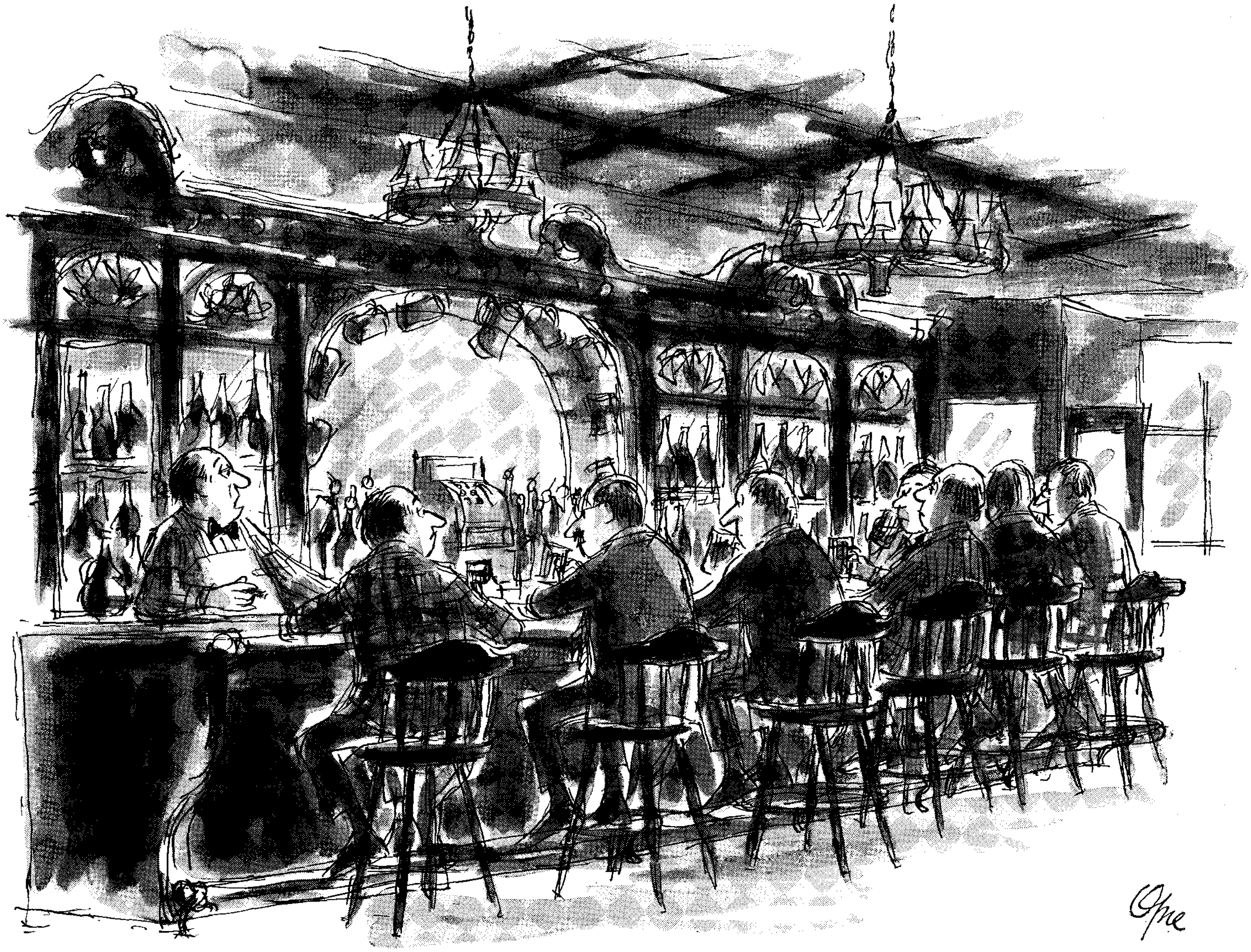
"You should see Mark ride," said Bobby. "He can reach down and pick a quarter off the street. And in acrobatics he does a back flip with a double full twist."

"On our unicycles, we're too much," said Mark. "Labor Day, we went to Brooklyn and joined a parade and rode our cycles in front of the band and got our pictures taken. We were supposed to be in another parade, but we ain't known where it was."

Taking a breather from some warmup handsprings, the tardy Isaac told us that most of the boys live on the same block of Jackson Avenue, in the Bronx, and that they got started when he, now sixteen, was nine, by scrounging old mattresses that people had thrown into the gutter, dragging them into an alley, and using them as tumbling mats. Eventually, Charlie King heard about them, and he told Ringling Brothers about them. "King Charlie—he the best friend we have," said Isaac. "Nina and Mr. Fedin, they teach us good, too. Nina won't let us practice big stuff outside of here, because it's too dangerous, but at home we can do handstands and splits and stretches and things like that."

Nina instructed Isaac to attach himself to her harness. "All right," she told him. "Double back somersault."





"Well, you won't find here those dramatic shifts in mood and tempo that characterize so many watering spots these days. Our morning crowd, our afternoon crowd, our supper crowd, and our after-theatre and late-night crowd are all pretty much the same crowd."

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Two other boys, Leonardo and Leslie, hands cupped in front of them, braced themselves to catch his feet, and as Nina barked "One—two—three—*up!*" Isaac leaped toward them, and they flung him whirling into the air. He landed more or less upright.

"It worked nice, and I didn't help you," said Nina, indicating that her rope was slack.

Isaac beamed.

"When you try without rope?" asked Nina.

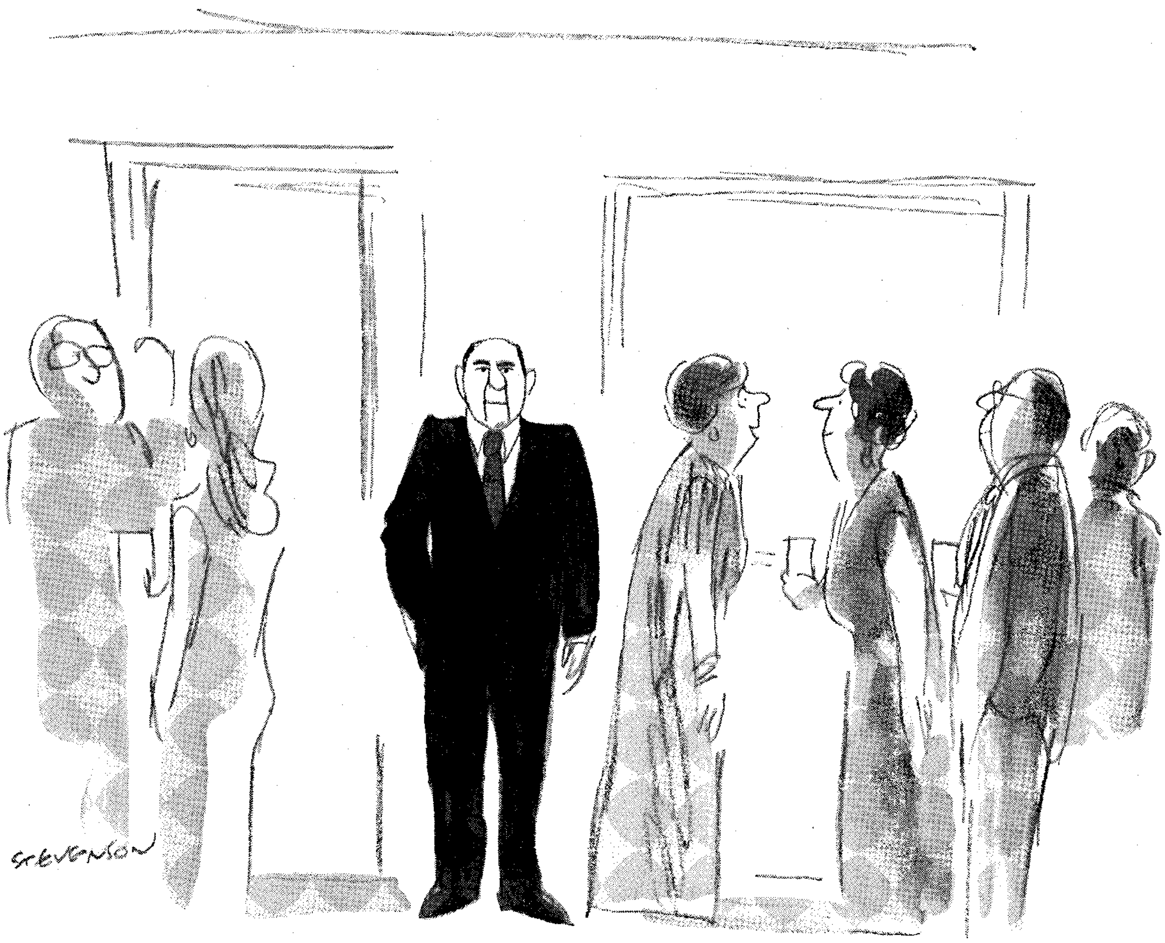
"Tomorrow," said Isaac.

We were sorry we couldn't be there.

The Skunk in the Trunk

THIS story is an it-could-only-happen-in-the-Village story, and, like a lot of Greenwich Village stories, it has not yet come to any clear ending. It begins far away, on the night of September 16th, a Thursday, on Lambert's Cove Road on Martha's Vineyard, as Herman and Nina Schneider, of 21 West Eleventh Street, a gorgeous little house on a showplace block, prepare to close up the house they've rented for the summer and pack the quite spacious trunk of their Avis Dodge medium-green '76 Aspen with two music stands, a pile of baroque sheet music, a mandolin, two SCM portable electric typewriters, a copy of the manuscript of Nina's new novel, "The Woman Who Lived in a Prologue," page proofs of Herman's new book, "How Scientists Find Out" (the book was published last week by McGraw-Hill), the half-completed manuscript of Herman's next book (it's about lasers), four suitcases of various sizes, a KLH radio, a Questar telescope, and a carton of desirable leftover food items from the fridge: three-quarters of a salami, a chunk of Vermont cheddar, and some oranges. The trunk is then locked and is almost certainly not opened until the following afternoon, outside 21 West Eleventh, around five-thirty, when the Schneiders get home. Herman and Nina Schneider have written sixty-seven books between them—many of them high-school and elementary science texts and teachers' training manuals—and the scripts for twenty-seven educational films. Nina has written some well-known children's books, and Herman, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is a former supervisor of science for five hundred-odd elementary schools in New York.

On Eleventh, Herman unpacked his trunk and was just reaching for the very last thing, the mandolin, when—as he tells it—"I saw a pair of glowing eyes. It was really quite startling. Then I realized it was a skunk, closed the lid of the trunk gently, but not all the way, which is easy enough with an Aspen,



"Edgar just had his picture taken by Richard Avedon."

because it has very nicely balanced springs, and I bethought me of what do you do next?"

Herman is short, prepossessing, with a certain S. Z. Sakall-like cuddliness. He asked the super next door to keep an eye on his car but not to touch anything, and went inside and got on the phone. The city's emergency number—911—said that his problem did not fit their definition of an emergency. The A.S.P.C.A. regretted that they lacked the manpower to be of assistance and suggested the Bronx Zoo. The zoo—it was now after 6 P.M.—didn't answer the phone. Neither did a Village vet. A second Village vet said all hell was breaking loose in his office just at that moment and he really had to stay right where he was. He also told Herman he didn't know what ought to be done.

Herman went back outside, where he found a delighted cluster of people holding their noses, and the super from next door in deep remorse. Impatience had prompted him to direct a squirt of Raid into the trunk, and the skunk had retaliated, missing the super but hitting the trunk. People were cautiously peeping into the aperture. They said they saw a little tip of black-and-white tail. Herman decided not to take the car to the University Place Garage for the night.

Nina suggested a new strategy. They were due to drive to Pound Ridge the next evening for a wedding reception; they could liberate the skunk on a quiet Westchester back road. The next day, at dusk, they backed the car against a pine tree on the outskirts of Pound Ridge, opened the trunk, and pushed a pine bough into the trunk so that the skunk could crawl out. Then they walked to the reception and spent about five hours there, came back to the car, and shone a flashlight into the trunk. Nothing. Lovely. The following day, their hostess called to say that a skunk had been seen on the road near her house.

Two weeks later, on October 4th, Herman fell into conversation with Jack Meserole, the mayor of Eleventh Street—a book designer who lives at 73 West Eleventh and who's head of the block association. Jack had been part of the crowd around the car after the super got impatient, and he wanted to know the rest of the story. Herman told him, but then Lillian Bullock, 20 West, who's in local TV sales for ABC, joined them and said Herman was wrong. The skunk had spent the last two weeks in a hole in the stoop in front of 22 West, a house that has belonged for the past thirty years to the sisters (Anna, Marie, and Josephine) of Assemblyman William Passannante, who lives on Barrow Street. Every night, when Lillian took her two Lhasa apsos, Ralph and Rudy, out for their walk, she had seen the skunk pop out of the hole and, hugging the building, sidle down the street to No. 28, Maggie Farnsworth's place—she used to be a reporter for the *Journal-American*—where it gnawed a neat hole in the plastic garbage bag in front of the house and had a meal. "It is adorable," she said. "And appears to be quite tame."

Other dog walkers had seen the skunk, and hadn't told the Passannante sisters about it, the idea being to trap the skunk at night before they heard about it, in case the whole business upset them. But the super's assistant told Marie Passannante about the skunk, and she was for a time annoyed with Herman and the dog walkers, saying that, although skunks were beautiful, they belonged outside, where God intended them to be; that her niece had just had a baby, and you couldn't tell what might happen. She had just read an article in the Sunday *Times* about a town in Nebraska that was overrun with skunks. So, late one night, after poking around in the hole with a stick to make sure the skunk was out, she put a piece of slate over the hole.

Now here's the no ending. No one has seen the skunk since, but last Wednesday, when we had just finished piecing this story together, Marie Passannante called us up to say, "The slate has been moved. The skunk is back. I think."

Herman Schneider says the car smells all right now. He is sending Marie Passannante an autographed copy of "How Scientists Find Out."

A FACT SHEET ON THE COMING CRUNCH

HAS the crunch finally come?

It looks like it. Earlier shortages—energy, sugar, copper pennies, beluga caviar—were minor inconveniences compared to this one.

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Is it just temporary?

Far from it. To put it bluntly, the era of unlimited rocks for everyone is over.

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Why now?

You can only rape the ecosystem for so long before it takes revenge. Just a few years ago most Americans were digging rocks out of their lawns and gardens and *throwing them away*. There was a feeling that the supply of rocks was endless.

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Didn't anyone see what was happening?

Malthus warned that while the food supply increases arithmetically, population increases geometrically. But even Malthus (who had a one-track mind) failed to note that the supply of rocks does not increase at all! In fact, the great majority of rocks in existence today were formed billions of years ago, and have been wearing out "geometrically" ever since.

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What does all this mean to me?

Less and less rock to go around. In 1876, there were 11 million tons of rock for every man, woman, and child on earth. Today the figure is 6.5 million, and it is still dropping.

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How important are rocks, anyway?

That's like asking how important is air? Or water? The ecosystem is a fragile interface of disparate elements. According to one estimate, if all the rocks were suddenly removed from our planet by a giant vacuum cleaner, nine out of ten people would fall into large holes and probably sprain one or both ankles.

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Can modern technology help?

Perhaps—but that's a *big* perhaps. Scientists have found a way to manufacture synthetic rocks that cannot be distinguished from the real thing unless you stand up very close. But this breakthrough is still in the pilot stage. The raw material that goes into synthetic rocks is premium gasoline, and in the present "state of the art" it takes roughly 12,000 kilowatts of electricity to convert one large barrel of gasoline into a rock about six inches in diameter. This makes the whole thing economically unfeasible. To bring costs down, scientists have tried using regular gasoline, but this produced a softer rock, with a consistency that one researcher compared to an "oily mud pie." Another possible approach is to improve the gas-to-rock ratio by turning out smaller rocks. Unfortunately, these look silly to some people. For no good reason, the same people who get ecologically aroused about big rocks go into giggling fits when the subject of pebbles comes up.

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What can I do to help?

Stop wasting rocks. One excellent first step is to gather together all your used or worn rocks and wash them in a solution of one part water and one part soap. Then dry your rocks with a soft towel, wrap them neatly, and mail them (before 8 A.M. or after 10 P.M.) to the less fortunate children of the Maldive Islands, some of whom have never seen a rock.

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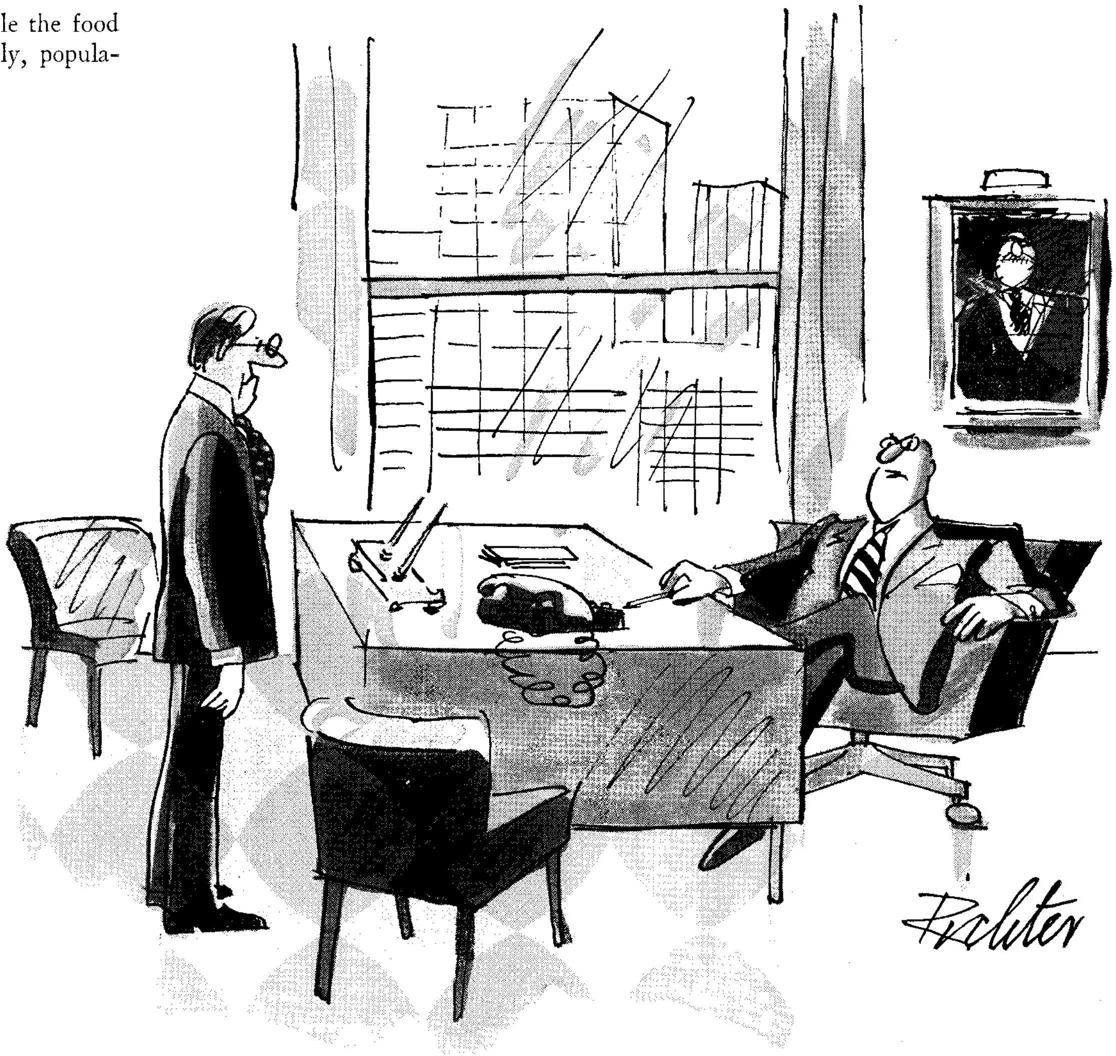
Is there any hope for the future?

No.

—GERALD JONAS



"I'm not quite clear on this, Fulton. Are you moaning about your prerequisites, your requisites, or your perquisites?"

THE WORLD IN A ROOM

You bent above me in the dark room, smelling of ink and leather, or tobacco, or whiskey, your beard scratching my cheek as you kissed me and whispered, "You were dreaming."

"Daddy, where are we?"

"Nana's and Pa's."

"Is tomorrow Christmas?"

"That's right."

"Am I sick?"

"I'm afraid so. But don't worry, we're roommates tonight."

I felt the cool place where the sheet tucked around the mattress, listened to the sound of squirrels on the roof, wind in the trees, creaking beams. Sleep lulled and soothed. Headlights slid up one wall, danced across the ceiling, and vanished out the window. You were undressing. I could hear the clink of coins, the jingle of your watch chain, the thud of your shoes. Your bed squeaked beneath your weight. A match flared, went out too quickly for me to see your face, and then a single red orb, dimming and brightening, floated in the darkness. Your voice exhaled, softly. "Scobie?"

"Yes, sir?"

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, you must be thinking about something." You waited. "Do you know what I'm thinking about?"

"No, sir."

"How beautiful the light will be in this room when we wake tomorrow morning. White light, reflecting off the snow. Would you like me to tell you a story?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let's see. Once upon a time there was a little boy who was very sick—"

"That's me."

"Yes, indeed. And as this little boy was falling asleep in his grandmother's house, he thought he felt a strangeness on his shoulders, reached up, and touched . . . feathers."

"Feathers?"

"Yes, feathers. Why not?"

"Sam?" It was Mom, moving across the room in her nightgown, leaning over my bed, her hands caressing my forehead. "How is he?"

"Better," you said. "Aren't you, Scobie? I'm telling him a story."

"Well, I'll let you get back to it. Good night, darling." She kissed me. "Sweet dreams." Then she walked to your bed, bent down, and kissed you, too. "I wish there were enough room for all of us in here," she said. "Sleep well."

"Good night, Laura," you said.

She vanished, a pale blur, through the door.

"Now, where was I?" you asked.

"Feathers."

"Oh, yes. Feathers. So the little boy left his bed and stood in the moonlight. There, stretching behind him, were wings. He couldn't believe his eyes, but flexing his muscles, he raised the wings, like a bird. They were real. He walked to the window. Snow glittered outside, sloping down toward the sea. He opened the window and stood on the ledge, then pushed away, flapping his wings, and started to fly, awkwardly at first, but more gracefully and self-confidently as he rose higher and higher into the cool night air. When he looked down, he saw his grandmother's house, a miniature house, the blue lights on the fir tree in the driveway, the pure white lawn, the beach, the sea, the lights in town. Around and around he flew, happier than he'd ever been, so high in the sky, circling the house, breathing the air. . . ."

I struggled, for a moment, to stay with you, but your voice grew fainter, as if you were walking away through a mansion of empty rooms.

Laura, there was a time when I awoke in this room as excited as a child waking on Christmas morning. The walls slowly brightened, shades of gray lighting my model boats, wood carvings of sailors, the frayed spines of my books. I didn't know why I was excited. Then I remembered. I had met you the night before. I sat up in bed, thinking of my drive home alone through the green night, the voices on the radio, and my overwhelming joy as I joined the singing and slapped the steering wheel. Of course, I had known you for years, but until that night I had never really noticed you. At birthday parties and picnics, playing charades and games in the playground, you had simply been one of the little girls hiding in each other's hair. Pipes rattled and coughed. If I blinked, I thought, my room might disappear. I could smell breakfast in the kitchen. I rose and dressed, then walked through Pa's den, the stare of the stuffed green owl, and down the stairs to the kitchen. Mother glanced up from the sink and smiled. "Good morning, Sam." I kissed her on the cheek and poured myself a cup of coffee. Through the window, I could see the water changing color as sunlight rushed into the sea. I sipped my coffee, both hands clasping the warm cup. The flowered wallpaper absorbed the sun. The kitchen seemed made, for a moment, of light. "Mother?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you remember Laura Donahue?"

"Of course. I always liked her mother. So considerate. They moved into town, didn't they?"

"I saw her last night."

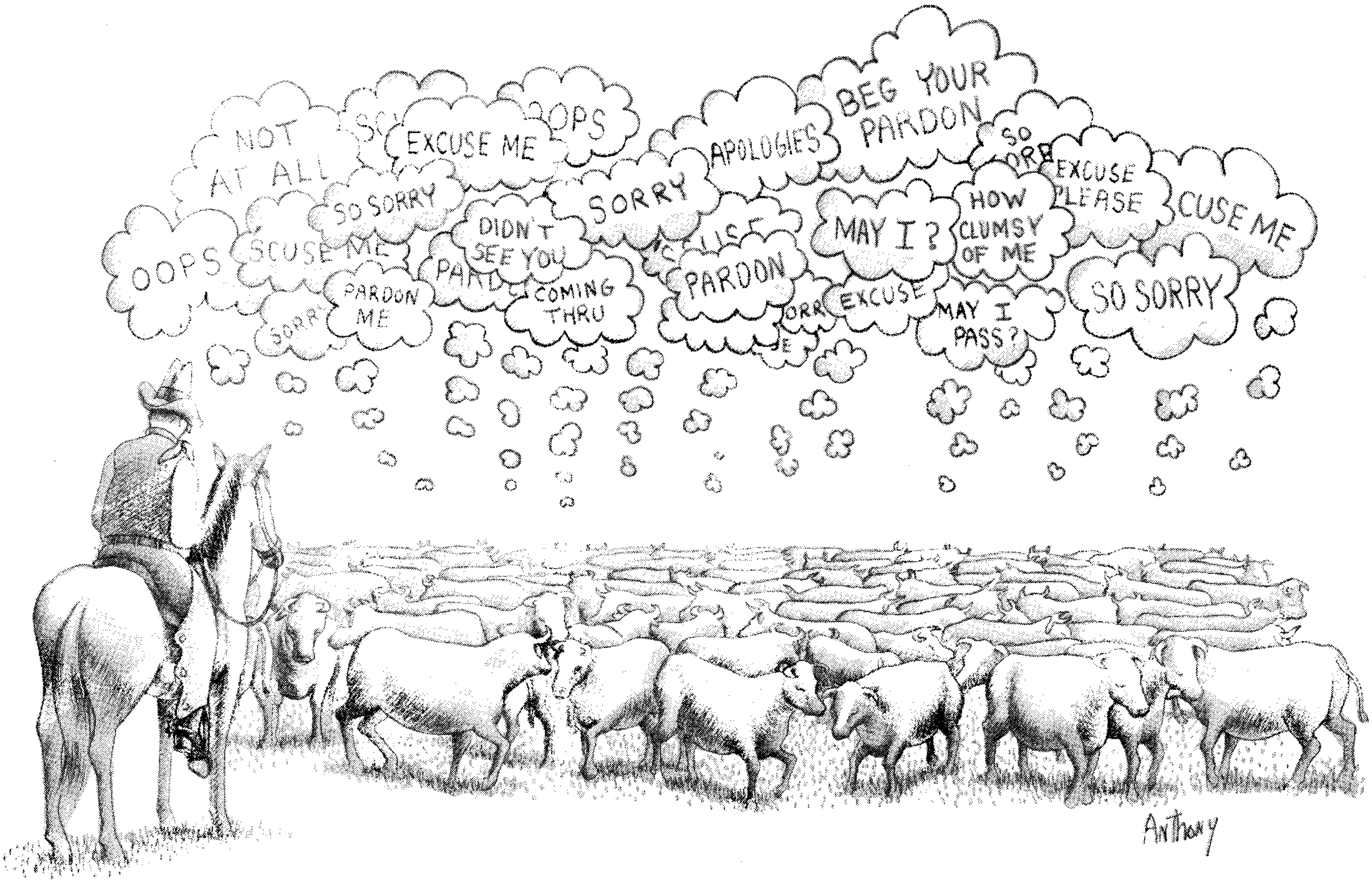
"Oh? How nice. Is she well?"

"She's beautiful."

"Beautiful?" Mother straightened above the sink, one hand flying to her breast, her eyes almost bleached into bone by the sunlight.

Once, you took me down to the sea, set sail that bellied out, taut with wind, held the tiller between your legs, and taught me the balance on plunging, heaving waves that left me walking, to this day, like a sailor. The sunlight was cold, my clothes were wet, the air smelled of salt and canvas and brine and rope, the air echoed the snapping lines, the thumping hull, the swooshing wake. Your legs firmly spread, you were trusting and testing the strength of what you had built, that small blue boat, that dolphin of wood. I could have stretched forward like a figurehead and broken the green waves with my hands. I looked over the terraced walls of water. Land was a memory. Waves slapped the boat. Light fingered down, weaving a world of smaller worlds. High above us, seagulls circled and cried. Waving your hand, you shouted something, your words snatched and tossed by the wind. I crawled toward you over the pitching deck, trying to hear. Your voice rose again, louder, closer. "The light, Scobie!" you shouted, pointing. My hands clawed the deck, I scrabbled like a dog on ice, I saw the distant land, women on the lawn, waving. "The light!" you shouted. "The light!"

Late for the party, I climbed wide steps to a porch, paused, brushed my shoulders, straightened my tie, rubbed my shoes up and down the back of my black trousers, then pressed the brass button at the side of the door. Sudden light pushed back the darkness, the opening door framed me in music, a young woman with red lips smiled and took my hand. Inside, I nodded as if I were listening, my eyes moving from body to body, looking for you, until I found you, sitting on the arm of a couch, a drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other, talking to friends. What was there about walking through someone else's house that made me so



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happy? Taking a drink from the bar, I wandered toward you, stopping to greet friends I had not seen since high school, faces and voices already distant, almost embarrassing. "Good evening, Laura." You looked up, and I knew from the cautious pleasure in your smile that you had seen me arrive, waited for me to come and speak. "Hello, Sam," you said, introducing me to the people clustered around you, more names and faces I vaguely wished to escape—men dressed, like myself, in dinner jackets, women waving away cigarette smoke and smiling anxiously, as if they had all forgotten their glasses and could not see. I glanced at you. You were glancing away. How many times, I wondered, had we approached each other, never realizing I would someday sit down beside you on a couch, a drink balanced on my knee, and try to think of something to say. Are you enjoying college? Do you support Roosevelt? Do you think we'll enter the war? Your silence, your waiting smile, seemed to take my uneasiness into account.

"I remember you used to make beautiful model boats," you said.

"Model boats, yes."

"Have you stopped?"

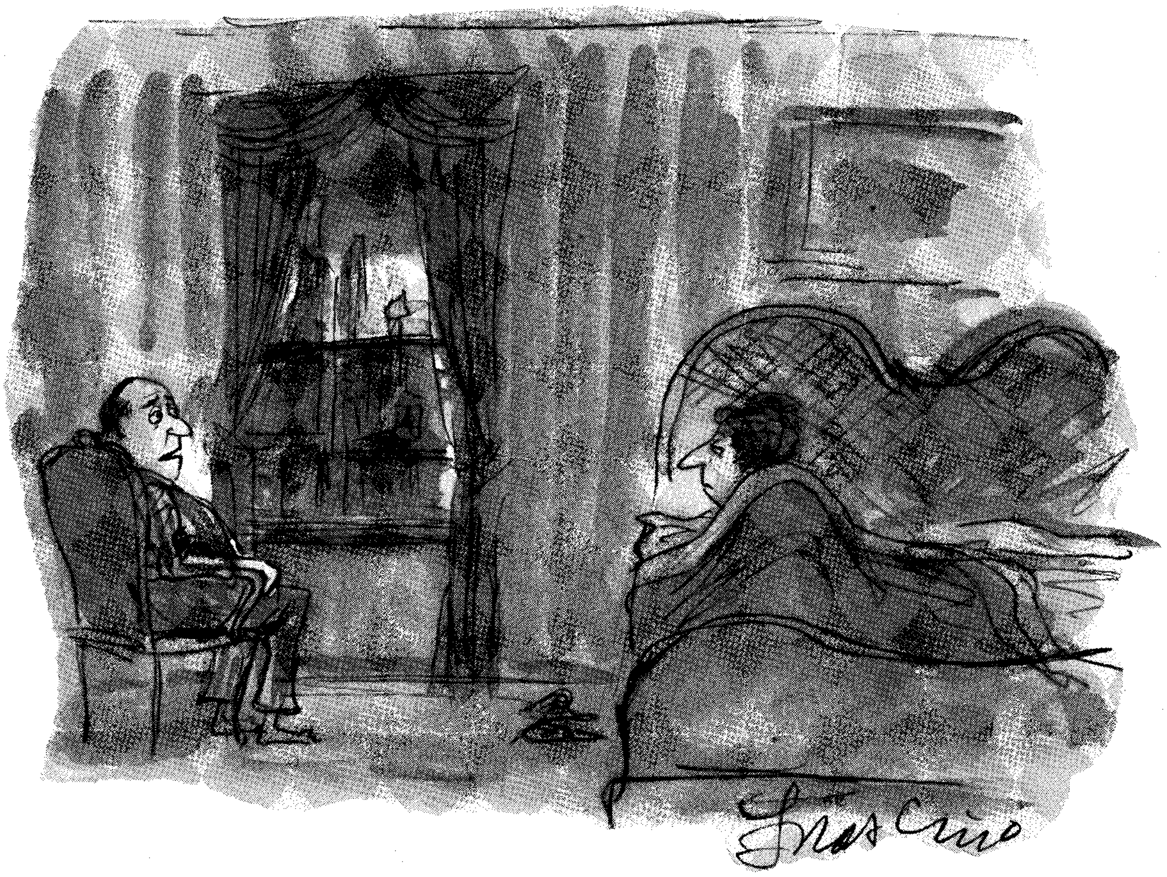
"No, no, I'm afraid not."

"Good," you said, firmly. "I'm glad."

The music ended in the next room, applause and laughter mingled for a moment with the rattle of ice cubes and glass, the stuttering conversations, and then the band started another song, a foxtrot, and I heard myself asking you to dance. As we walked together across the living room, you took my arm. The weight of your hand burned through my sleeve.

YOU stood before the dining-room wall, your head tilted to one side, as if you were looking at a painting, then took a step forward and gently pressed your palm to the plaster, listening, it seemed, for a heartbeat. The ship's clock was ticking softly on the mantelpiece, the faucet was dripping in the kitchen. Standing back, you raised the huge sledgehammer above your head, swinging the weight in circles, leaning with the force, your shoulders hunched, your legs spread, then suddenly stepped forward like a baseball player and brought the hammer smashing into the wall, shattering the plaster, shaking the house. Bricks, battered and chipped, broke away from behind the plaster. Dust billowed, swirling around your feet like snow. Again and again the hammer rose above your head, again and again it tore at the wall, again and again the house shook as if it were about to collapse. Stains of sweat spread across your back and under your arms, sweat beaded your forehead, sweat glistened on your arms. Your shoulders were quivering and your chest heaved so heavily I thought it might burst. Slabs of brick fell from the wall and crashed to the floor, exploding in dust. You were swinging the hammer higher and higher, faster and faster, splintering the wall, chips flying and bouncing about the room. Then a hole the size of your head appeared, a patch of blue sky, the willow outside. Panting, you swung the hammer at the edge of the hole, extending it downward in the shape of a door. Taking one last swing, you smashed the wall out into the garden. The room flooded with light, so bright I had to close my eyes. When I looked again, you were stepping through the door of light, laughing.

MOTHER's birdseed lay on the snow, patterned by the footprints of birds and squirrels. I was sweating inside my overcoat. Touching my fingers to my lips, I turned my face up to the sky. Somewhere, I thought, the flakes must originate, they must have existed in someone else's mind before falling through mine. I breathed deeply, bringing into my lungs, even deeper, into my heart, the bitter tang of the cold air. I caught a snowflake and watched it dissolve in the palm of my hand. You walked toward me, shrug-



"Election Day is dawning, and I'm still undecided."

ging through the snow, your eyes bright, your cheeks flushed, your hands red and cold as they touched my face. You leaned against me, light as snow. The sky curved over the sea, a frozen waterfall. A few birds sang in the trees. As we sat down, I felt within me the pushing body of another life. I saw an evergreen shaped by the snow, a white hunchback veined and boned with branches, heard the thumping rush of sliding snow—an occasional branch shaking free. "Laura, what did you think of me when we were kids?" I asked.

"That you were a snob," you said, laughing.

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Never talking, never coming close, so distant."

"I didn't feel superior," I said. "I just liked being alone. That's the only way I could get anything done."

"Done?"

"Accomplished, made."

"You mean your model boats, or painting, or homework, or what?"

"Everything."

"All I know is, in those days *everyone* thought you were a snob. You still are, in a way. Aloof."

"Laura, why are you saying these things?"

"I'm sorry. I don't know. I guess I wanted to see you moved, upset, anything."

"So I'm phlegmatic as well?"

"You never *talk*."

"I don't think the way you do. Why try to understand what you can't see with your eyes? Maybe I'm stupid."

"No, Sam, no. Anyway, you brought it up. What did you think of *me*?"

"I can't remember."

"See, I was right. You didn't even notice the rest of us."

"I can't remember, that's all. You were always giggling . . . you had pigtails, and you called everyone Greta Garbo."

"What?"

"'Good morning, Greta Garbo,' you'd say to me, running down the corridor and giggling."

"Oh, Sam, you're making this up."

"No, I'm not. But you've changed."

"Well, you've changed, too." You smiled.

"Laura, I think you're the first thing I've ever remembered," I said, realizing it was true. Sitting in the snow, your chin resting on your knees, your green eyes reflecting the color of the sea, you were as vivid as childhood, yet strangely ethereal—a sound, a touch. You had cheeks that seemed to be shadows. Eyes behind your eyes, eyes I could not see, looked through the eyes I knew. You smiled, then stood, brushing the snow from your coat, and started walking toward the house, where Pa, angrily scraping ice from the drainpipes, had been watching us from the top of a silver ladder, his jealousy and sadness rising from him like clouds of breath in the cold air.

IT was snowing on the statues. The city, the wrinkled surface of roofs shivering beyond the trees, melted the snow like water, but there in the park the marble faces of the naked soldiers paled, smoothed as if by fingers, their dead eyes filling, their empty hands filling. Children in bright coats chased each other around and around the statues. You held my hand, motionless, aging, your leather coat and gloves and hat and shoes turning white, your recent absence, a kind of snow, still heavy on my back. I felt I was in a bedroom loud with ticking clocks, a bedroom filling with snow. Your seriousness seemed a scolding, a father's finger raised in admonition. Your hand was powerful, holding mine, as we walked together between the statues, unspeaking, our feet leaving parallel paths of footprints behind us, small marks of passage as intimate as the footprints of birds on a beach. Your body's voice spoke through your hand, I heard the peace you felt moving shyly, chastely into my blood. The blind eyes of the statues watched us walk in circles. The children had left. Their small footprints were filling with snow. The trees looked like white umbrellas opened above the benches. We traced the perimeter of the park, looking for something, I couldn't imagine what, perhaps a way out, the gravel road leading to the city, perhaps a way in, a way into the center of the statues, the invisible circle the statues formed, a way into the snow, a way into each snowflake. I could tell from the pressure of your hand that you had forgotten I was there. You were walking alone. An ocean stretched between you and the white house in which you had been born. You were standing at the edge of the ocean. The falling snow covered you like a robe of white feathers. Your eyes were filling with snow, your empty hand, stretched to catch a snowflake, filled with snow.

“LAURA, I like your poems,” I said. “Very much.”

You looked to see if I was lying, anxiously, not wanting to know. “Aren’t they . . . silly?”

“I like them. I like what they’re about.”

“Who’s your favorite writer?” you asked, abruptly, like a teacher.

“C. S. Forester.”

“Honestly, Sam, I mean who’s your favorite *best* writer?”

“Edgar Rice Burroughs. Who’s yours?”

“Fitzgerald,” you replied, pouting. “He lived right down the street from you. Did you know that?”

“No.”

“Well, it’s true. Did you really like my poems?”

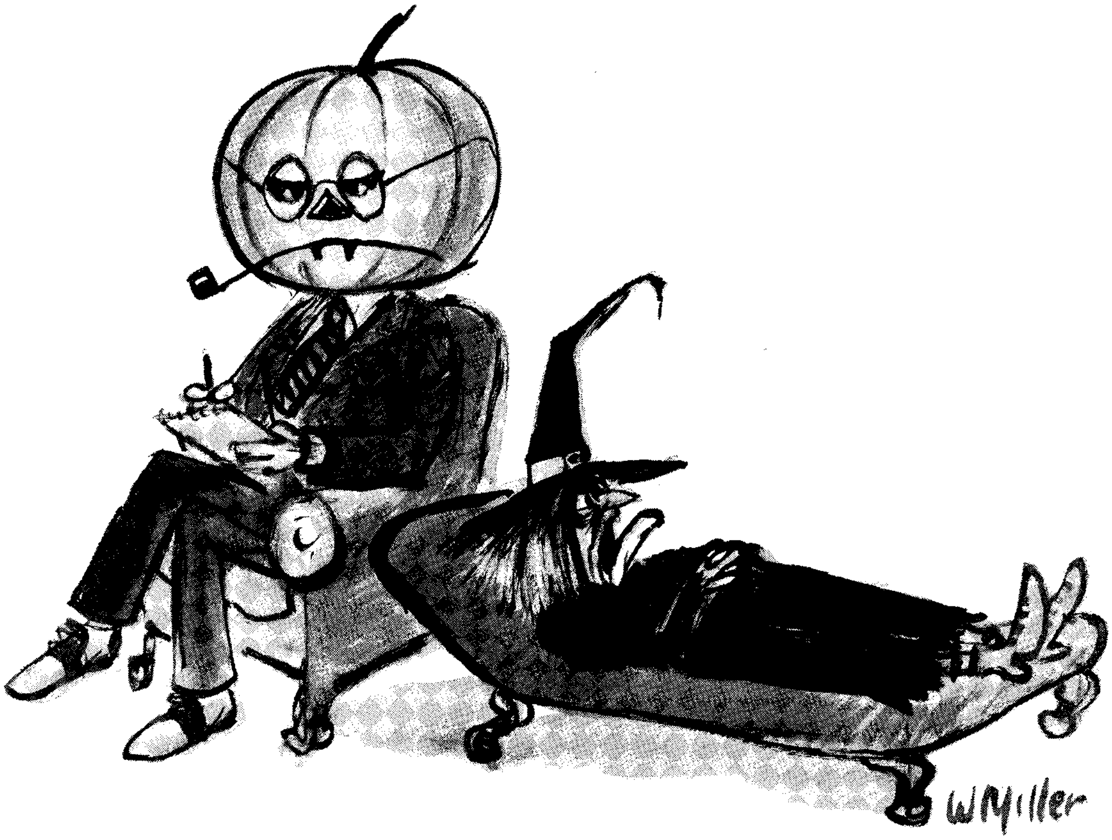
“Yes.”

I walked to the window and stared at the small cars moving along Park Avenue, the lights coming on in the tall gray buildings, the violet air seething above the city. I could smell your perfume. Your shoulder brushed my arm. Behind you, the apartment waited, the quiet refuge of your mysterious parents, paintings and books crowding the walls, photographs of boxers framed and hanging, a sideboard burdened with bottles, and the various hallways leading to closed doors. Someone coughed. We both turned. “Oh, Daddy, this is Sam.” Your father stepped forward and shook my hand, his coat open and revealing, draped across his expansive belly, the gold chain of his watch. His eyes, scrutinizing me suspiciously, were yours. “Hello, sir,” I said, feeling coarse. His white hair fell back from his forehead in waves, his pink, clean-shaven cheeks glistened, his delicate hands poured drinks, expertly as a scientist mixing chemicals. “Do you box?” he asked, passing me a Martini.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, good.” He patted me on the shoulder, his eyes so angry I knew he wished I were dead. Then the anger disappeared and he was smiling kindly, leading me to the chair by the fire. “I used to box myself. Brooklyn. Nineteen-twenty. Knocked hell out of Max McGuire. ‘Elephant,’ they called him. I got him with a one-two left and a right hook he never saw coming. Bam. He collapsed like a bag of beans. Excuse my language. I’m usually very decent, aren’t I, Laura? What I’d like to know, Sam, is what you plan to do with yourself.”

“I’M trying to paint the light of the desert,” you wrote. “The way the light moves across the sand, the black tents, the women with jars on their heads, the camels asleep on their knees. But the light seems to involve a smell, the thinnest fragrance, a memory of night, I suppose, and I can’t paint the smell, I mean I can’t find a corresponding color. Also, there’s a sound the desert has, a kind of airy whisper, for which there is no color—no color I can discover. So, you see, difficulties abound. Your old father loses battles daily. I wake up filled with that light, yet by night I’ve lost it all, lost all but the desire to feel it again. Last week, I bought a nightingale that won’t sing. Mornings, you might find me standing before the birdcage, gently coaxing. Last month, I built an ornithopter, a blue wooden bird that won’t fly. Evenings, I walk along the river, past the dark boats, their sails folded, the creaking ropes, the fires on the beach, the light from windows breaking the small waves into thin rectangles of surf. Women carry pink-and-yellow parasols above their heads, the knotted ivory handles clasped in their hands like flowers. Sometimes after work I fly my Spitfire on the lawn of the Embassy. First I must turn off all the sprinklers, much to the chagrin of the gardener. Naturally, I cut an eccentric figure, turning in small circles as my magnificent flying wonder cuts larger and smoother circles through the sky. I am reminded of childhood, my afternoons at home, Nana and Pa sitting on the porch, talking and watching me run back and forth across the lawn pulling a kite or trying to catch a renegade model airplane. I could hear their voices as one hears voices over a dune. The air was always warm and filled with the smell of burning leaves. How’s school, Scobie? Your report card suggests complete ineptness in mathematics. Why? And are you really on the football team? What position? I was, in my time, a loping halfback. My legs were so skinny no one could tackle me. I was a hero, a star. Why won’t my ornithopter fly? Have you ever noticed the way light passing through pine trees becomes cold? Sometimes I think the motivating force in my life has been the desire to escape pine trees. On the desert, as on the sea, the light is pure, unfettered by melancholy vegetation. I was promoted this week. Distinguished dip-



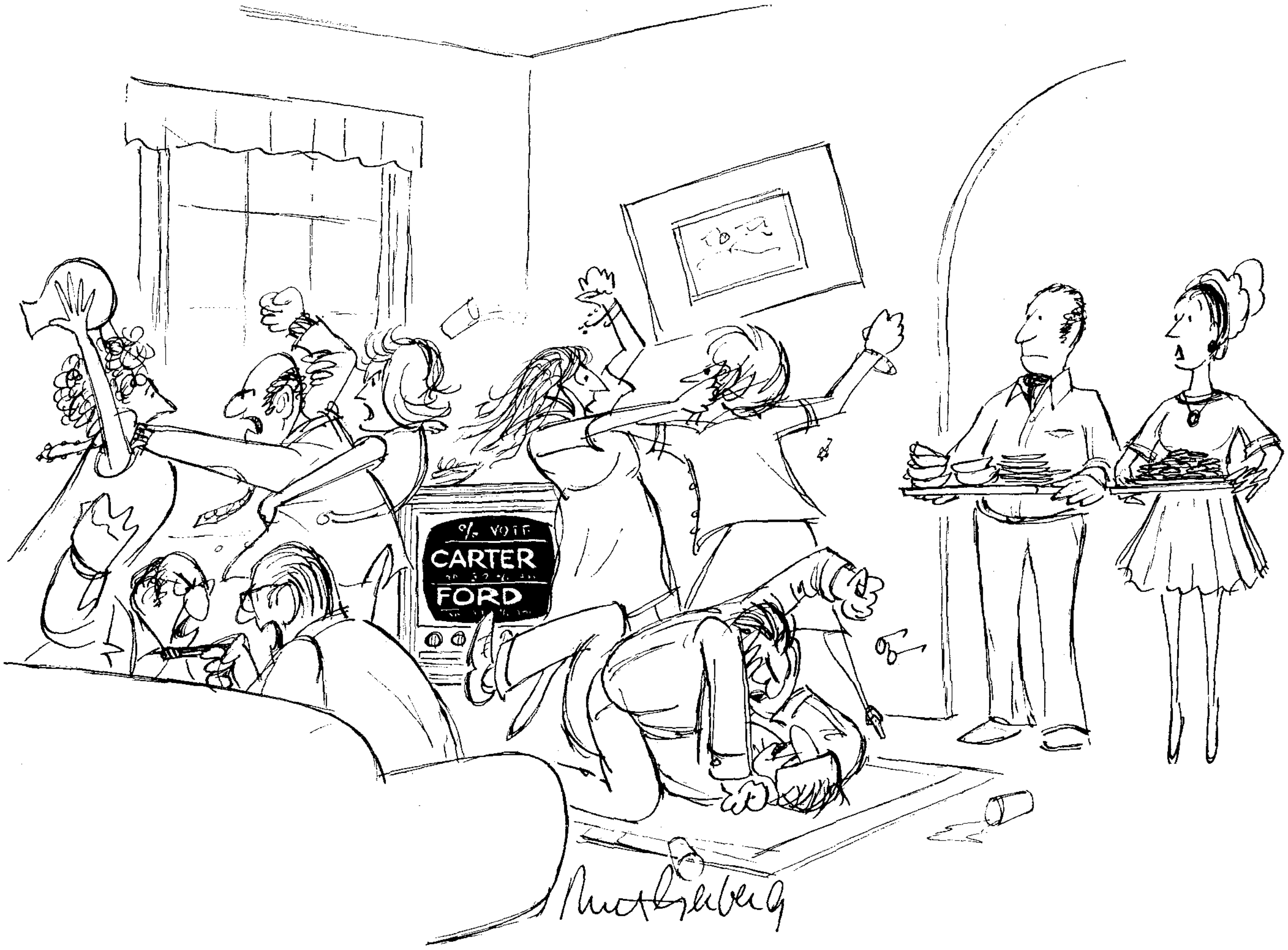
lomats shake my hand, grinning like doctors, then wipe their fingers on their velvet lapels. I'm planning another model boat, approximately the size of a pack of cigarettes, which, God willing, should be ready to sail across the mantelpiece in about ten years. You know, when I was your age, this day—my sitting at a desk, in an office—seemed very far away, if not inconceivable. But I knew I would travel, I knew I would walk across the map, from color to color, continent to continent. I had a vision of a stone wall in sunlight, a perfect patch of beauty. I felt that someday I would turn a corner, in a city far from home, and find that wall, that warm blade of sunlight. If you asked me today, I'd offer you a drink. We'd sit together on the crumbling veranda, ice tinkling in our glasses, and watch the sunset. Just before dark, I'd turn to you and say, 'It never works out.' And you would stare at me as if I had just told you I was not really your father. Yet I approach corners today as anxiously as twenty years ago. My silence is a way of preparing myself. Did I ever tell you that your great-grandfather was once arrested for threatening to shoot a policeman? Well, he was, rising to his full height on Brooklyn Bridge—which, by the way, he helped build—and raising his small fist (he was a printer—greeting cards, wedding invitations) and promising the puzzled policeman, 'I'm General Richardson and if you lay a hand on me I'll have you shot!' Resisting arrest, threatening an officer. He once said, glaring down the dinner table, deaf and drunk, 'What this goddam family needs is a goddam writer.' Painters, he thought, were worthless. But he himself drew the most beautiful portraits of clocks and bridges. Anyway, the one thing I learned playing football is: when in doubt, fall to the ground and writhe dramatically. You will be carried from the field, honored, without having lost your life to stop some two-hundred-pound fullback, built like a Pontiac and twice as fast, from scoring a touchdown."

THE grass in the park wasn't quite green, but the trees were full, and there were groups of softball players out on the fields. Here and there, couples sat on blankets, reading or talking. The shadows of trees stretched and rippled across the pond and the rowboats. You stepped to the edge of the pond, holding your wide-brimmed hat on your head, and stared at your reflection. I lay back in the sun and closed my eyes. Children swimming in the pond laughed and called "Marco Polo!" I heard your dress rustling as you settled beside me, reached up and touched your hair. It was warm from the sun. "The children are beautiful, Sam," you said. "But all I can understand is their laughter." I rolled over, leaned on my elbow. Would I ever have children like that? Would they have secret games they played in the park? The rowboats gracefully circled the pond. Behind them, through shades of shadow and light, the thick moving foliage of trees, I saw beggars lining the street like a row of dark statues, their hands stretched out before them. A parade passed along the street, soldiers and sailors, flags and bayonets, trumpets, drums, and girls in gold flashing their slim white thighs beneath the sun. Old men were fishing in the pond, small boys were sailing their sailboats. I lit a cigarette, enjoying the hot rush of smoke, breathing deeply, exhaling a swirling white plume. The park was a painting I had somehow entered. Perhaps, if I stood and walked away, I would leave myself sitting in the painting. Perhaps the painting was already hanging on a wall in a giant's house, a giant's museum, and I was being watched by giant eyes. That's the way I felt. Someone was always watching me, there was always another, invisible presence filling the air between me and the world. That I was painting myself into a landscape, I had never doubted. But that someone else was painting the landscape—that I had never suspected. Only faith could keep me sane, faith so fragile that if I reached out, held the corner between my fingers and pulled, the park would peel away to reveal a wall. Sunlight would soothe the faded plaster, the spider's web, the cracked mirror. In glittering fragments, I would see myself spinning a cigarette over the grass, the question in your eyes as they searched for mine: "I wonder where we'll be in twenty years."

"Together," I said.

IN the school auditorium, I stepped to the edge of the stage. Your eyes, dim orbs in a face bleached as bone, stared at me, then shifted, almost imperceptibly, so that you were looking over my shoulder through the glass wall at the green football field and sloping hillside and thick blue trees. Voices coughed and murmured. Spectators surrounded you, knees pressed together, hands folded in their laps. Their faces, in the slanting sunlight, were translucent as a baby's fingers. I saw a flower, a lace handkerchief, a beaded purse. I swallowed, clearing my throat, trying not to embarrass you. Your eyes gazed at the ceiling. I opened my mouth. Words stumbled into the silence. I swallowed, the pages of what I had written trembling in my hands, and spoke again. This time, white doves flew from my mouth, flapping above your head, rising to the ceiling. Startled, you looked at your knees. The sunlight caught your glasses, two small mirrors in which I saw myself perched on the edge of the stage. My throat dry, my knees knocking, I continued reading. You blushed. I stared down at the paper in my hands, entering the words, reading myself aloud, forgetting now that I stood before an audience. Exposing myself suddenly seemed so comfortable. Even my embarrassment pleased me. I was the loud voice at the dinner party, the drunk at the funeral, the beggar at the opera. Though I still sensed the listeners around me, I imagined you and I were alone in the large room and that my words were echoes, footsteps in an empty church, each word a step in a complicated, slightly obscene dance. Feet shuffled, skirts rustled. I clung to my papers. As I neared the end, I allowed myself to look up, once, quickly. You were leaning out into the aisle, one hand cupped behind your ear, the other lifting invisible balloons. Louder, you gestured. *Louder.* My voice rose into the remaining words, cut short by rumbling applause. A hundred glass mannequins stood and clapped. You stared at the ceiling, watching the doves, blushing.

MY hands trembled to your face, pale eyes the green of sea, and gently stroked, as if you were stone, residing warmth, as if I were seeking the memory of sunlight. You took my hand and led me through the empty halls, vaulted stone, up the winding tower staircase to your room, echoing view of roses and sunlight. We undressed, our clothes collapsing in circles at our feet. You whispered something I could not hear. Your hands were cool and dry, your hair smelled of the ocean, you arched the soft curve of your belly, pliant as a pillow. Buried in



"Oh-oh. Divisiveness."

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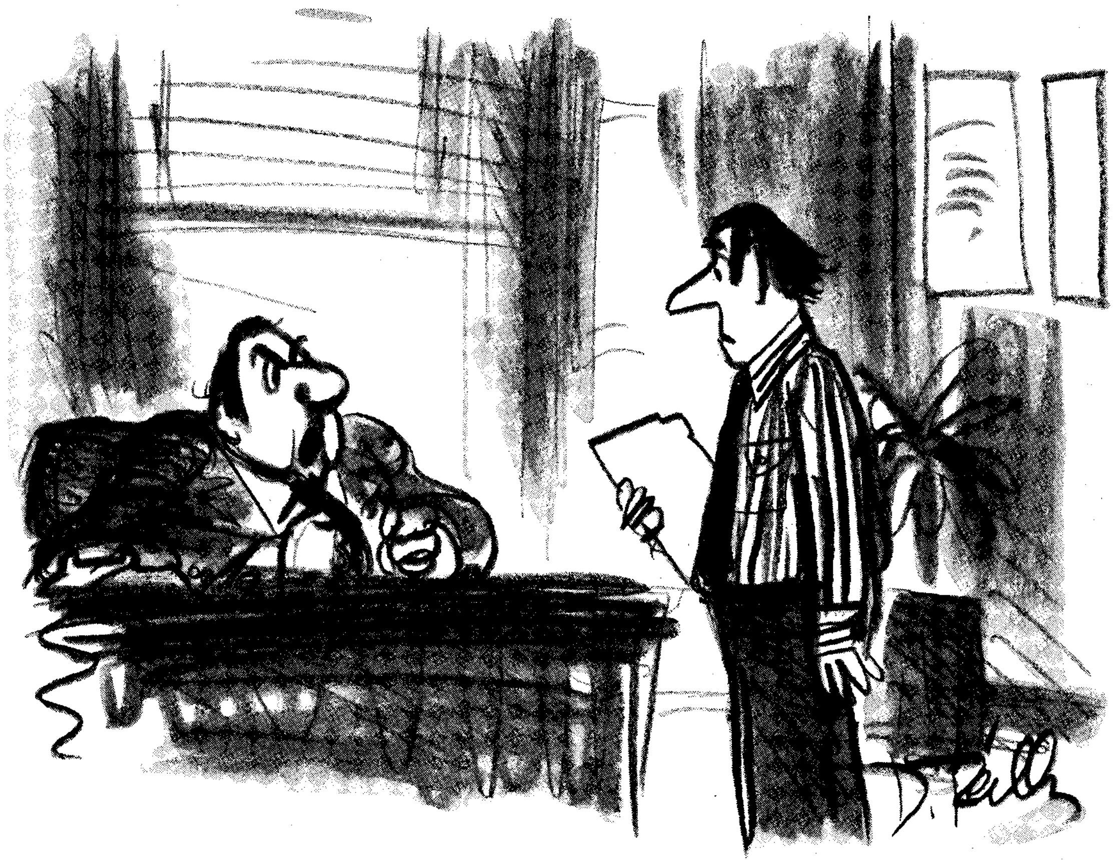
your hair, I tasted salt. I held you in my arms and spread your legs with my knees. You smiled and cupped my head in your hands. Your wide shoulders and small breasts, taut with cold and desire, bent in shadow and rippled above the narrow bed. We loved inexpertly, our bodies fumbling to find each other's needs, not knowing our own, then lay in silence, listening to the distant, thudding tennis balls. Your dress lay crumpled on the floor. Your breathing beat against my ears. Our tongues touched, slid together, said nothing. I kissed you as if I were kissing you goodbye. You responded with an easy softness that surprised me. Without opening your eyes, you kissed the air. The sheets were hanging on the floor by your shoes, there was a half-empty glass of water on the bureau. Your eyes followed an invisible bird across the window. You rubbed your toes along your ankle. Your tongue tasted of ash. You smiled, the sun in your hair, pulled me onto your belly, wrapping your legs around me, pushing my chest away with clenched fists, grabbing my neck and pulling my lips to your breasts. Then, suddenly, you were still. "Are you all right?" I asked, touching your shoulder.

"I'm on the ceiling."

"Please, Laura, are you all right?"

"I'm on the ceiling." You laughed. "I'm on the ceiling."

A NURSE crossed the tile floor, her thick shoes squeaking, and slammed open the shutters. Light whirled and hummed, an old music I could not place. The nurse returned to the bed, her hands flying wildly as she plumped your pillow, straightened your sheet. "Hello, Dad," I said. I could not see your face, it was hidden behind the wide nurse, who now turned and winked. She passed me, a starched white rustle, and disappeared, closing the door behind her. I looked back at the bed. You were lying with your eyes open, your head resting against the pillows. You had not heard me. My legs and arms seemed to swell. I realized I was holding my breath, afraid to move, yet you sensed me, for slowly your head turned, slowly your profile, the small chin and child's nose, collapsed into the shadow of the hand you raised to shield your eyes from the light. I quickly crossed the room to your bed and pressed my face to your cheek. You smiled and pointed to the window, blushing. The white room revolved around me, light moving through the hush of the traffic outside. Eyes behind your eyes, eyes I could not see, looked through the eyes I knew. What had you seen that could send you so far back into yourself? The door opened and the nurse entered with an enamelled tray. Smiling, she placed it on the bedside table and rolled up your sleeve. You did not move except to raise your arm and grin at me. The nurse took a hypodermic from the tray, stuck the needle into a vial, and drew in a full measure of clear liquid. She dabbed your arm with cotton. I could smell the alcohol. The glistening silver needle punctured your arm and disappeared. The nurse slowly pressed the liquid into your muscle, then quickly removed the needle and patted the prick of blood with her cotton. The needle clattered onto the tray. You rolled down your sleeve. The nurse left, the door closing behind her as firmly as an oven. Again, you blushed, relaxing back into your pillows. You rubbed your cheeks, closed your eyes, lay perfectly still, breath-



"So, the creative people don't want to move to New Jersey, eh? Well, then, let's get ourselves some creative people who do want to move to New Jersey!"

ing. I listened, then leaned closer and smelled your skin. There were two small freckles on your chin. They were identical, reddish-brown, snuggled in a crease. Had I forgotten them, or had I never noticed them? They're beautiful, I thought—like planets, or flowers. You slowly breathed, your chest rising and falling beneath the sheets. "Dad," I whispered. You smiled and your hands swam toward me in the blue light. I bent and kissed your smooth, salty knuckles, the mosaic of pale-green veins, grasping your wrist with my lips and gently tasting you. You were silent, asleep, lost in your skull, luminous house of hallways and doors. I rose along the muscle of your arm to your shoulder, your warm neck, your unshaven chin. My tongue moistened your dry, parted lips. "Dad," I whispered again, but you slept, unhearing. I stood and walked to the window, leaned out into the clear afternoon. Below, in a garden, two children were squatting on a gravel pathway, a boy in a sailor suit, a girl in a gray skirt, playing a game with pebbles and sticks, intent as gods. Their voices reached me, tossed by the breeze. The windowsill was hot beneath my elbows. I rested my cheeks in my hands and stared at the children. Then a woman appeared, scolding, gathered them up and led them down the pathway to the street.

THE door to the doctor's office opened. A young man stepped out. I could not remember his name. "Sam," he whispered, passing me, "The next letter's 'Q.' " I added "Q" to my imaginary chart. Another young man, Sandy, walked into the doctor's office. The door closed, as did my eyes. I projected the chart onto the inside of my forehead. "A, D, T, C, R, Q . . ." The rest was a blank. I opened my eyes and waited, trying not to think. Through the single narrow window I saw the tall city buildings, the jagged blue sky. The other young men waiting in line, talking in low voices and shuffling their feet, seemed to be old friends. I thought I recognized a face, a hand, a laugh, a footstep. Some were dressed in Brooks Brothers suits, others in crumpled khakis and tweed jackets. The door opened and Sandy emerged. He stopped and whispered, "S." I added the new letter, repeating the entire sequence to make sure I knew it all. Bob, or Rob, stepped into the doctor's office. Once again, the door closed. Without my glasses, I could barely see it—the door could have been a hole, the beginning of a tunnel. One more person stood between me and the office. Two more letters. I looked at my hands. Grandpa's gold ring flashed on my finger. Someone lit a cigarette and the nurse's voice called, "No smoking, please." On the green wall hung posters of battleships heaving through waves and smiling sailors waving from a beach. Somewhere, a radio was playing Billie Holiday. I started to whistle, remembered where I was, and stopped. Laura, if only you had been there, if only I could have seen you, then I would have had no qualms about lying to the doctor. As it was, guilt was my worst enemy. The door opened. Bob, or Rob, whispered, "Z." I thanked him and put the new letter in place. One more. If you had been there, I could have said, "We'll live in a house by the sea." Or I could have said, "Tonight, after this is over, let's go dancing." You were my passage to another life. I was waiting in line for a ticket. All I had to do was convince the doctor I could see well enough to be an officer. Behind me, the nurse was typing. I stared at the poster of the battleships and tried to believe I was one of the waves, cool and rolling in the sunlight. If I concentrated hard enough, I would become the wave. I knew it so well. I knew everything it felt. It was only a matter of concentration. The door opened. "L." I stepped into the doctor's office. He was a thin, bent man wearing a blue suit twice his size. His hands were white, his fingers dry as he touched my chest, listened to my heart. "Why do you want to be an officer?" he asked.

"So I can afford to get married," I said.

The doctor laughed so suddenly he choked, standing and reeling back toward his desk, dancing in slow motion across the linoleum floor. When he reached the desk, he leaned on the flat varnished surface and closed his eyes like a woman, his thin face flushed and covered with sweat. I stared at him and laughed, too, seeing myself blinking blindly, a squirrel caught in the headlights of a car. "So I can get married," I said again, laughing harder.

YOU were there, but you were not there. Your presence moved like a ghost from room to room. Through the open door, I glimpsed your bureau, and your bathrobe, and the yellow light swirling toward your new shoes on the tile floor. When I entered, you had just left. I turned your cufflinks, the loose change, over in my hand. A clock was ticking, loud as my heart. The house was filled with what you had made, paintings and cabinets and tables and boats—perfect objects. The desert surrounded the house, lapping, like the sea, at the white walls, murmuring, like waves, beyond the pink houses, harems, boulevards leading nowhere, the marketplace dark as coffee, the evening voices rising from the balconies, prayers from towers that scratched the sky. The light seeped like blood across the carpet. I opened the drawer of your bedside table, discovered condoms. I might have lain down, borrowed your condom, filled it with my sperm, but then you would surely have walked into the room, a manila folder under your arm, brown suit crumpled, looking for a wrench, and your face, framed by my arched knees, would have assumed an expression I could not imagine. So I locked the bathroom door and masturbated, raised the liquid bones to the light, then dried my hands and returned to the living room. You were probably in your office, smiling good night to your secretary, Sue Benson, or covering a legal pad with drawings of airplanes, or you were walking home past the resentful sentries, or talking, hands in your pockets, to the homesick Ambassador. Now the living room spoke more of your absence than your presence, and I began to understand that my desire to be you was greater than my need to be you. If only, I thought, a beautiful woman were to open the door, find me bent above this table arranging words like a man studying a map of his life, or pondering the next move in a game of chess, or solving a jigsaw puzzle. The ticking of the clock grew louder, more insistent, dragging my eyes away from the table, up to the beige couch, the leather armchair, the watercolor of a sailboat at anchor, the squat Grundig, the brass trays. I looked and looked but could not see the clock. There wasn't a clock in the room. Frightened, I pushed back my chair and started to stand. The door opened, quietly. You walked into the room, a manila folder under your arm, your brown suit crumpled, and looked at me, briefly, smiling, before lowering your face, shyly, and saying, "Scobie old chum, you'll go blind in this light." You drew the curtains, turned on the lamps. The hidden clock ticked louder and louder. Stooped above the table, one hand resting on my words, the other on the back of my chair, I realized the noise was my heart, beating so loudly I was sure you must hear it. Straightening, I ran my little finger along my eyebrow, and smiled.

"HOPPER, Whistler, Vermeer, Bellini, Boudin, Monet." I shrugged, sipping my wine. "Lots of people."

"What do they have in common?" you asked.

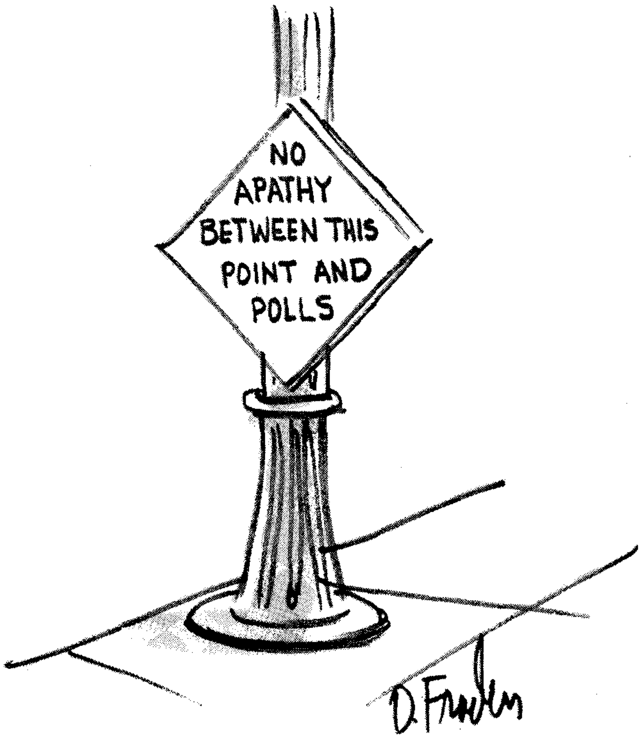
"I don't know, Laura."

"They must have something in common. I love Fitzgerald and Twain because they both see something else, another drama more beautiful than our own, playing within our life. I mean, they love what they know. What do your painters share?"

I laughed, tipping back in my chair, my hands on the edge of the crisp white tablecloth, and stared at you as if you had just turned a double somersault above the table. The restaurant, buoyant with laughter, made me feel I was falling—not accelerating but floating, like a feather in sunlight. You touched your silverware and stared at the rose in the middle of the table as if it were a photograph. Were you a little girl again, running across the street, the light filling your yellow dress? Was your father sitting in a cool, dark room, listening to the radio? Was your mother hanging flapping white sheets on the line, her hair whipped by the wind? Or was I imagining our own children watching us? Your waiting, puzzled smile reminded me of Mother, the way she would smile, later that night, when I returned home to this white house by the sea. I smiled and took another quick sip of wine.

"Sam? Are you listening?"

"Yes." Why had you withdrawn into a voice I could not recognize? "Yes, I'm listening. I don't know what my painters share. The light, maybe. A way of making it comforting. And a love for detail, I suppose. The small things—a dog barking in the background, the dirt on a woman's fingers as she pours the water." But speaking, I found myself fading away, dissociating myself from my words, which I could not even hear anymore. Instead, I watched your face as you listened. Your head was tilted to one side, a finger pressed against your chin, and your eyes, I realized, were not listening, but were watching me, moving from my eyes to my chin to my hands. Neither of us spoke, neither of us listened, we both let the other look. What I saw was a young woman in blue sitting at a table, her elbows on the white tablecloth, her eyes sparkling in the wavering candlelight. She leaned slightly to one side, the shape, the feel of her body suggested by the changing folds in her dress. Her hands looked like the hands of an older woman. They too had a story to tell. She had grown up thinking all men were fathers. The candlelight created shadows where wrinkles would someday age her face. Then she shivered to life, laughing. I must have said something funny, or you must have seen in my face the expectation of laughter and, fearing you had not heard what I said,


NO APATHY BETWEEN THIS POINT AND POLLS
D. Fradon

laughed. One of the waiters dropped a tray. China and silverware clattered to the floor, startling us both. I felt the corners of my mouth tighten and pinch. Was I making all this up? Or was it really happening?

WHEN I arrived, Nana jumped up from the couch, where she had fallen asleep, and thought for a moment that I was you. "Sam, I can't believe you're here!" she exclaimed. "It's just like a dream." Her girlish excitement preceded me into your bedroom, then receded, a conversation with the air, as she hurried to the kitchen. Pa ignored me, moving restlessly about the house, his thick hands attacking imaginary tasks. Later, Nana returned to the bedroom, stood in the doorway, plucking her sweater, peering. "You should go to bed, dear."

"Yes."

She moved closer. "Are you writing?"

"Yes."

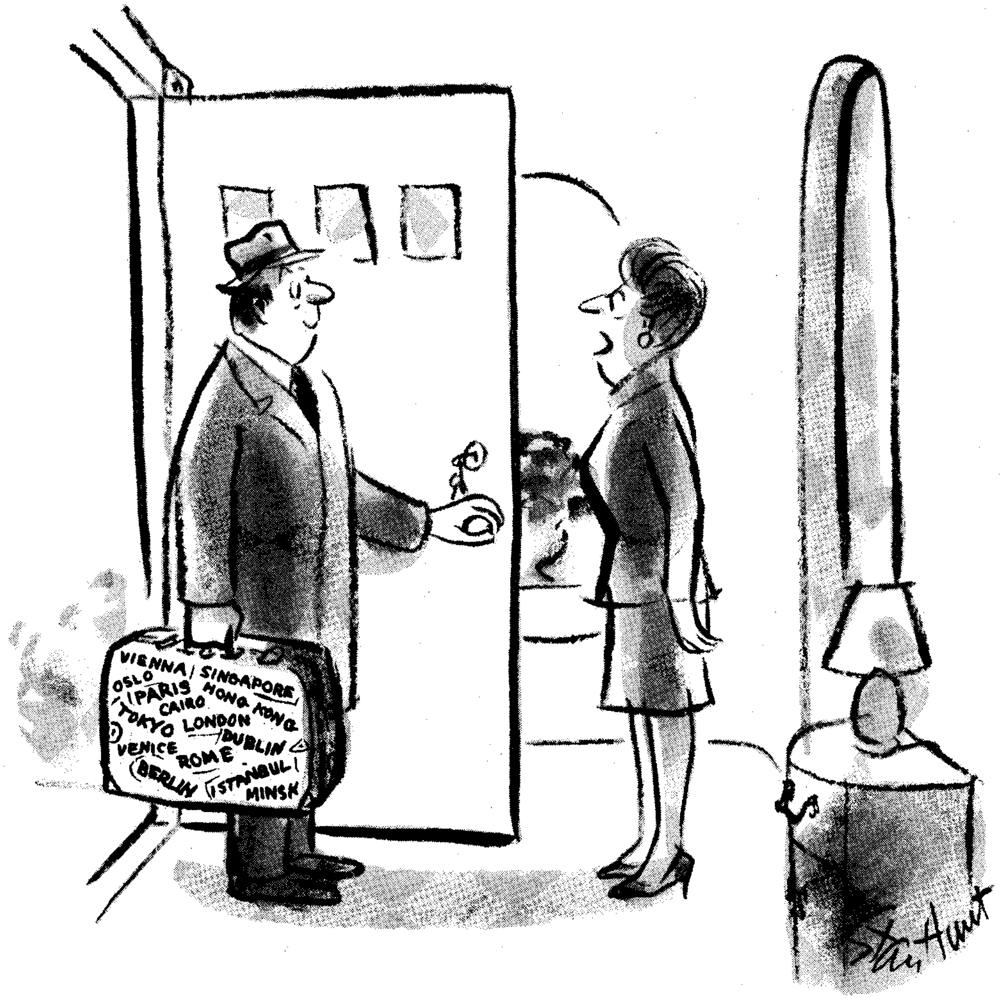
"What?"

"A letter."

"Oh."

Now it is midnight. Through the window, I can hear the rushing, soothing murmur of the sea, the sifting, chafing pebbles. When you were young, lying in that bed, what did you hear? Nana and Pa talking in the living room? The creaking old house as it sailed into dreams? Sometimes I feel I could spend my life in this room, surrounded by both our childhoods. My Fanner-50 pistol is here, in the drawer that always sticks. Your model airplanes, wood carvings of sailors, and Uncle Wiggily books are here, crowding the bookshelves. The room smells of rain and fresh sheets, dew and cedar. The lamp casts a perfect oval upon the desk, and within the oval is this paper, the shadow of my hand moving from margin to margin. I tell myself I am translating the silences in your head, but I could also be imagining your entire existence. Only you might be able to explain the difference, and your thoughts remain locked in secrecy. I must guess at them, the way, as a child, in this same room, I once guessed at the contents of a Christmas present. Do you remember? I was sick, and you carried the present in from the living room. It was an Indian war bonnet. I never could have guessed. I couldn't even see your face. It dissolved in the bright, white light. Tonight, I am back where I began, in your room, staring through the window at the sound of moths pinging against the screen. Beyond the black shapes of the rosebushes, I see the headlights of a car rounding the corner at the foot of the hill, flooding the driveway, dimming into darkness. The motor ticks under the hood. The door opens and the light blinks on inside, illuminating the face of a young man, dark-haired, bearded, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a dinner jacket. The door slams shut, footsteps crunch across the gravel, a key scrapes at the front door of the house, and the music of crickets reaches a crescendo and falls silent before I realize it's you, feeling, for the first time in your life, the possibility of my existence. You walk into this room, light a cigarette, inhale deeply, balance the cigarette on the edge of the ashtray, exhale, push up your glasses, and lift a copper bird from the desk. Finely textured wings, veined and thin as tissue paper, curl in the light, reflecting gold circles. The bird, beak open, tries to breathe the light or sing into the light, a stillness poised in silence. Resting the bird on the desk, you walk to the window, draw the curtains, whistling Gershwin as you move around the room, pausing to wind the ship's clock, stare at the rigging on the miniature frigate, examine the drying waves of the seascape propped on an easel in the corner. Then you undress, slip between the sheets, turn off the light, smoke a last cigarette, toss in bed, settle, sleep, and dream of the woman who is to become my mother. In your dream, she is holding me up to the light. I am a waving, squirming baby, and from that great height in her arms I can hear you laughing.

—HENRY BROMELL



"Well! Where the hell have you been?"

•

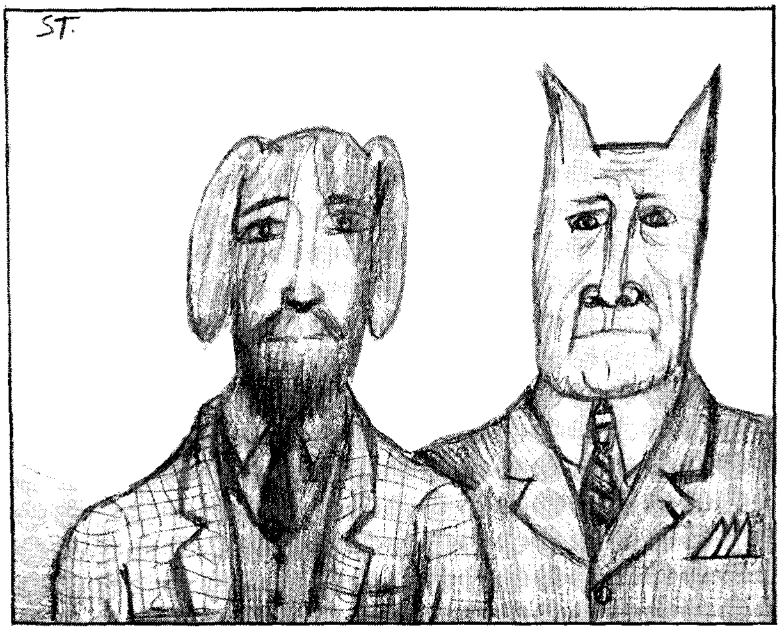
ASSEMBLY

Nomads gather in autumn
driving herds to the great auctions
of animals on the gold earth
by then there is blood in the trees
nights are already cold
daybreak white
some of them open stalls by the river
and hang up for sale
loose pelts of different animals
and fur garments stitched with sinews
at moments during the summer
in upland pastures among birds
some play instruments
others sing clapping their hands

—W. S. MERWIN

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

DIN-DIN



IN a way comparable, perhaps, to that by which in reading the newspapers and watching the TV news I rather suddenly became aware of the word "Sunbelt" and the portent of the increasing population shift thereto, I have become aware lately in my television viewing of the prevalence of pet-food commercials on the home screen. Hardly before I realized what was happening, it seemed that I couldn't turn on my set without being confronted by pet-food ads. Now that I have become acutely conscious of the pet-food commercials on the air, it seems to me almost as though dogs and cats and their eating preferences are beginning to take over television, with human beings and human activities slowly falling back to a humbler place in the scheme of things.

In fact, if one concentrates on the content of the pet-food commercials it can easily appear that human beings are on the way out in the Darwinian sense, too. In the pet-food commercials, the pets are increasingly shown addressing the viewer directly on their own behalf and without human prompting. The animals are also shown talking together and engaging in all sorts of other behavior usually considered exclusively human. Thus, in one pet-food commercial a cat answers a ringing telephone by tipping the receiver off its cradle with a paw. A representative of the local supermarket is on the line, and the cat orders up dinner by saying "Meow" into the mouthpiece. The supermarket man recognizes immediately that the cat is ordering a cat food called Meow Mix. In a similar commercial, a cat is *singing* its order for Meow Mix:

I want tuna,
I want liver,
I want chicken,
Please deliver.

Commercials for Purina Dog Chow show dogs responding to on-the-air interviews on the subject of dog dinners. One of the dogs, a poodle, when queried on its taste preferences, observes, in a bowwow voice, "I think Dog Chow's richer flavor is definitely richer." Another dog says, when pressed for comment, "Dog Chow's heavy on nutrition, man!" And yet another exclaims, "Uh, the new, richer flavor—superb!" Dogs are shown manifesting their approbation in other human ways, too. In a commercial for a Ralston Purina dog food called Dinner Mix, an m.c.'s voice asks an assembly of dogs grouped as an audience four tiers deep how they feel about dry dog food, and the dogs promptly raise their right paws and say, "Uh huh, yeah," to show their approval. And when the same dogs are asked about Dinner Mix they all clap their paws together in a round of enthusiastic applause. In commercials for Purina Cat Chow, a succession of cats move their paws in dancing rhythm to an accompanying tune and are heard singing, in chorus, the words "Chow! Chow! Chow!" Presumably, they not only sing but also read music. In some of the pet-food commercials, the animals are represented as being quite literate. For example, the opening shot of a commercial for Cadillac canned dog food shows a dog wearing glasses and quietly reading a book before it is interrupted by a call to a dinner of Cadillac.

As representations go, probably the most sophisticated inhabitant of the world of pet-food commercials is the cat Morris, which appears in the commercials for 9-Lives cat food. This cat is shown as being a choosy sort, especially in its eating preferences, and, through a human voice-over, is given to uttering its thoughts in a sort of interior monologue, mostly on the subject of cat food. The screen personality of Morris is one of advanced finickiness, displayed particularly in scenes in which the cat turns disdainfully away from the prospect of eating common cat food when its mistress (the audience sees only a pair of legs) cries coaxingly, "Din-din time!" The cat Morris also expresses its disdain of various attempts by its owner to entertain it—for example, by giving it an elaborate cat box—in a world-weary voice that I, for one, consider a bit fruity. In the commercials, Morris is stirred from boredom by an offer of 9-Lives, which it eats avidly, but after finishing the stuff the cat is shown as reverting to an attitude of languid archness. Not only is this cat represented as having a human character but it has even been endowed, it seems, with traces of some underlying psychic complex, manifested by a generally put-upon air and a little peevishness where the ladies are concerned. That's humanization with a vengeance. In aural effect, the disdain of Morris is dramatically offset, in the pet-food commercials, by the voice of a talking cat in a commercial for Cadillac cat food. This cat, as it keeps dipping a paw into an open can of Cadillac cat food and then eating from its paw, is represented as being of an unmistakably sexy female make-up, and is shown as saying, in a coy, whispery voice of gold-diggy seductiveness, "Oh, can't *wait* to get my paws into a can of Cadillac."

In pet-food commercials, the animal kingdom has made such inroads into the turf of human communication that not only have the pets assumed human capacities but human beings have been transmogrified into animal form. In a commercial for Gravy Train dog food, the scene is a kitchen. Two women are there, but they are wearing dog costumes and speak to each other through large dogs' heads. One of the two is a next-door neighbor who has just dropped in with a neighborly request. She exclaims, "Oh,

WOLF'S POINT, 1831

(After a Painting by L. C. Earle)

It's dark but, far away on the horizon,
The sky is opening
And spilling a very white light
Onto the river; it spreads over the water
Up to the foreground of the picture, where
Two canoes are brought up beside each other,
And then they drift apart;

There's the white light making its way
Slowly up the Chicago River; on both banks
We have violet silhouettes:

Large isolated trees, an inn, the post office,
And Saganash Hotel. There are the wide
Boats that were last night run up on land and
They are like brown lions on their bellies
Drinking at a riverbank.
There are two canoes; in one we see two

Seated figures dressed in deerskin and a third
Man standing, wearing a broad hat, and he is
Speaking to two other men, hunters just across
The water seated in their yellow-gum canoe.
What is the man who's tall and standing
Calling over the water to the other two?

He is yelling to them about the morning chill.
He wears a shawl; the light has advanced itself
In this landscape and is just now
Touching the fingers of his extended left hand,
The bowl of his pipe, his beard, and sharp nose.
The smoke from his pipe rises and then streams
Just above the purple treetops to the north.

In the Saganash Hotel you can
Hear the water outside slapping the pine wharves,
Within the largest room of the inn that's
Across from the Saganash,
A hunter has while sleeping
Flung his large red hand over onto the face
Of a woman asleep beside him,
And without waking she lifts an arm that's
Been falling from the bed and strikes
A porcelain washbasin, it falls off a table
Hitting the boards of the floor,
And this man and woman are wide-eyed,
Sitting up naked in their bed

In a blue October morning.

Across the river,
At the Saganash Hotel, there are
Other settlers sleeping under bearskins; they are
Still peaceful like the dead Sioux who are buried
High up in the wind
On birch and green hickory scaffoldings.

—Norman Dubie

• •

Marge, Harry's boss is coming for dinner, and I ran out of food." The other dog-woman tells her neighbor not to worry. Helpfully, she produces a package of Gravy Train for the festive table. They discuss the meaty taste of Gravy Train. The scene then dissolves to the dinner party. All are sitting around the table dressed as dogs, Harry's boss included. Harry's boss is impressed by the dinner and, in a doggy voice, compliments the hostess: "Hmm! This Gravy Train is delicious crunchy dry!" And Harry, enthusiastically agreeing with his boss, declares through his dog's head that his own portion is "delicious with its gravy, too." Whatever the future of dog-costume dinner parties, all this reinforces one's vision of a general power shift to the Petbelt.

THE advance of the prepared-pet-food industry in this country is certainly striking in economic terms. Fifteen years ago, the business was a relatively modest one; while canned dog and cat food was sold in the supermarkets, it wasn't accorded much space, and people often had to hunt around for it in obscure corners of the store. (In those primitive days, pets were getting by largely on table scraps and loving it.) By 1965, however, the amount of money Americans spent on commercially prepared pet food had risen to seven hundred million dollars. Since then, the business has grown to the point where people are spending two and a half billion dollars a year on this commodity.

Today, the sale of pet food has expanded so greatly that, instead of a few feet of shelf space, whole aisles of supermarkets are sometimes given over to the display of dog and cat food; in fact, the annual dollar volume of pet-food sales in the supermarkets has reached three times that of prepared baby food. Pet foods account for five per cent of all money spent in supermarkets on dry groceries. According to a survey by the A. C. Nielsen Company, the market-research organization, the average chain supermarket is devoting a hundred and eighty-two linear feet of shelf space to the display of pet food. Strolling down supermarket aisles, citizens look over and take their pick from a vast variety of products with names like Mighty Dog, Alpo, Kal Kan, Strongheart, Laddie Boy, Henny Pen, Jo-Bo, Chuck Wagon, Puss 'n Boots, Lovin' Spoonfuls, and Tender Vittles. In the course of a year, customers are buying, at an average price of thirty-two cents a pound, about seven and a quarter billion pounds of pet food. The supermarket people often speak of the movement of pet food out of their stores in terms of tonnage, and there are a lot of tons involved—probably eleven million tons in the last three years alone. In a generally difficult economic period, the sales of pet food keep advancing steadily. In 1975, the total dollar volume of pet food sold in the supermarkets was fourteen per cent over that in 1974, compared with an increase of about ten per cent for fresh meats, fish, and poultry consumed by human beings. Even allowing for inflation, that represents boom times for the pet-food business. A recent article in the trade publication *Progressive Grocer* quoted a buyer for

a New England grocery chain as saying, "If you look at dry-grocery volume in other departments, you see there's a recession going on—but not in pet foods." And a 1974 article in *Progressive Grocer* quoted the manager of a supermarket in Omaha as declaring his pet-food section to be "the highest-volume aisle in the store." That manager went on to say that, despite higher prices, the growth of his pet-food sales "never seems to stop." The article also quoted a buyer for a major supermarket chain in the East as saying, "We've expanded our department now by four to eight feet in the past year, so that it now fills an entire side of a seventy-two-foot [multi-shelved] gondola."

While available statistics may not quite serve to confirm one's strong individual impression—derived from all the pet-food commercials and the pet-food takeover in supermarkets—that a pet population explosion must be occurring in this country, there has unquestionably been in recent years a marked increase in the number of pets. Completely reliable statistics in this area are rather hard to come by, but according to current industry estimates there are now between fifty-seven and seventy million cats and dogs in this country—thirty-five to forty million dogs and twenty-two to thirty million cats. With the decline of the postwar baby boom, the increase in human population in this country has levelled off to about one per cent a year. But for some years the pet population appears to have been increasing at the rate of about three per cent a year, and it shows no sign at all of slackening off. The number of dogs in the United States now far exceeds the number of human beings in Canada, which is a mere twenty-three million.

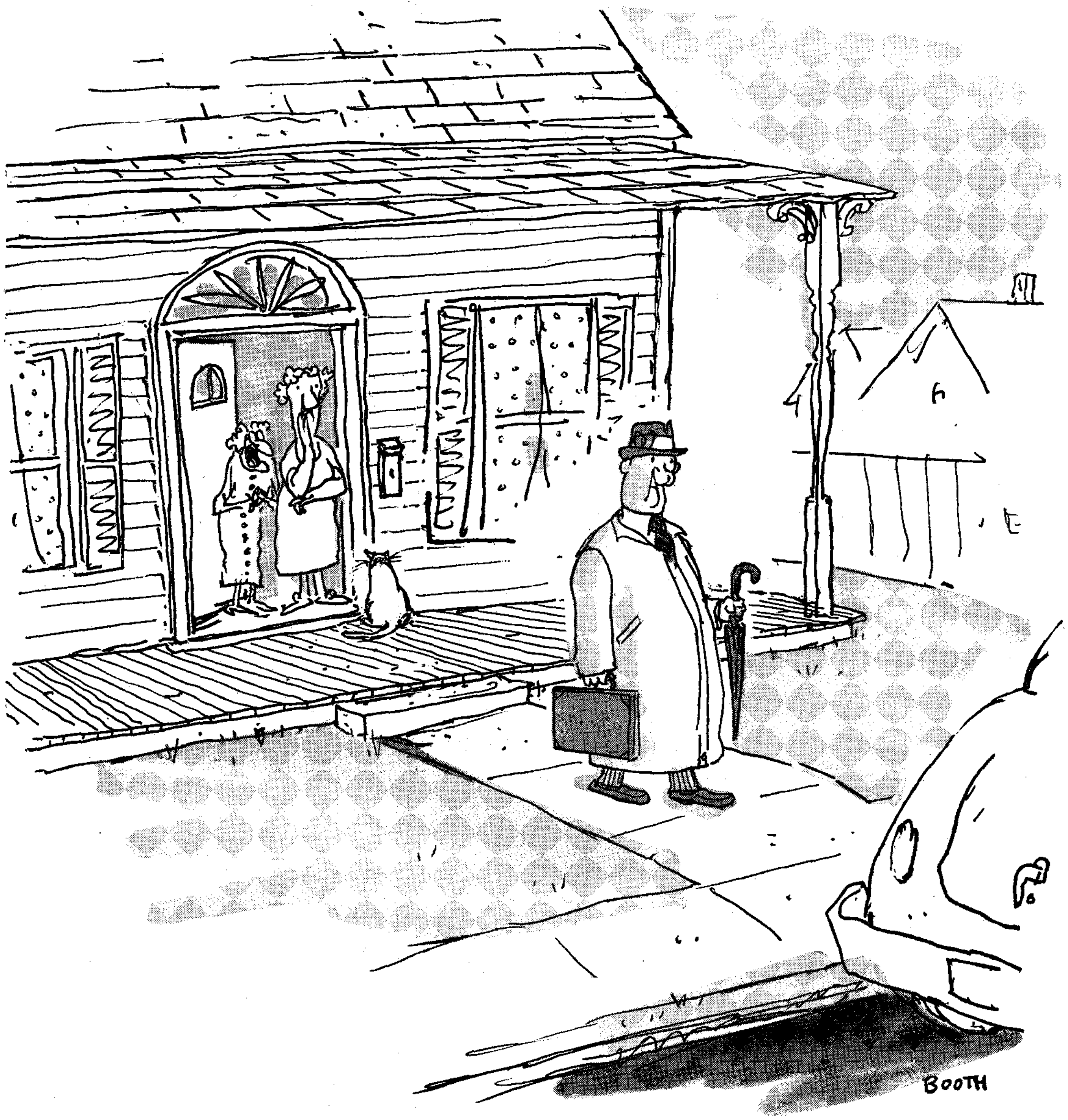
If one compares the sales figures of the pet-food industry over the last decade with the population figures for pets, it seems that the increase in the consumption of pet food has been a lot greater than the increase in the number of pets consuming the pet food. At an average rate of three per cent a year, the pet population increased by about fifty per cent between 1964 and 1974. But the retail value of pet food sold increased in the same period by two hundred and fifty per cent. Even allowing for the very real effect of inflation, the disparity between the rates of increase in pet-food sales and in the pet population is obviously large. It can probably be explained in part by various alterations in people's household habits in this country. For example, the traditional habit of feeding pets largely on scraps has been affected to some extent by people's habit of buying their meat in supermarkets rather than from local butchers. The family butchers would often supply them with all sorts of odds and ends for their pets; now the plastic-wrapped meat they buy in supermarkets is precut and already trimmed of much of the fat that customers used to pass on to their dogs or cats. As one man at the Federal Trade Commission remarked a while ago, "when you've picked up a TV dinner at the local supermarket, there's not going to be much left over for Fido." Then, of course, it is more convenient for pet owners to open a can or other container than to cut up whatever table scraps may be available. But a great deal of the huge increase in the sale of pet food appears to be attributable to the strenuous promotional efforts of the pet-food manufacturers, whose television ads, with their shots of dogs, puppies, cats, and kittens in adorable action, not only have helped persuade pet owners to buy their products but may even have influenced many people to go out and buy pets so that they could dish out for them the pet food being advertised.

Never in the history of television, with its news coverage emphasizing wars, invasions, fires, bombs, and political chicanery, and its dramatic programs emphasizing shoot-'em-ups and missions impossible, has love been promoted so assiduously as in the pet-food commercials. The whole panorama of pet-food advertising is awash with sentiment, tail-wagging, enthusiastic woofing, contented purring; it oozes domestic coziness. As a document prepared for the Pet Food Institute, a trade association of pet-food manufacturers, sums things up, the modern pet symbolizes "family unity, peace, warmth, and love."

In view of all the love and harmony that overflow the home screen and even soak into the names of the pet foods themselves (Lovin' Spoonfuls, Tender Vittles), one may visualize the promoters and actual producers of pet food as a genial and benign group—as eager to discuss and exult over their industry to outside inquirers as they are to depict their products on the airwaves. But this turns out not to be quite the reality, as I discovered recently when I approached a number of pet-food companies in hopes of having their officers discuss the pet-food business. In fact, I found those officers to be, collectively, a remarkably silent and secretive fraternity.

For example, attempts to obtain information from the officers of the huge Ralston Purina Company, of St. Louis, whose production accounts for thirty per cent of the country's entire annual pet-food business, were unavailing. Having absorbed, through my home screen, so many commercials for Purina products, such as Dog Chow, Cat Chow, Meow Mix, Dinner Mix, Special Dinners, Tender Vittles, and Choice Morsels, and having read in *Advertising Age* that in 1974 alone Ralston Purina spent more than fifty-two million dollars to advertise the virtues of its pet foods, I had somehow expected that the people out at Checkerboard Square, as the company calls its headquarters, would be happy to talk about their extraordinary success. But I found them—the promoters of the slogan "All you add is love"—most uncommunicative. It is possible that this air of Fortress Purina is the result of a certain amount of publicity which people in the pet-food industry could consider adverse—for example, various allegations in the press that some of the poor have been reduced to eating pet food as a regular part of their diet. Last December, the *Times* carried on its Op-Ed page an article by an assistant professor of preventive medicine at Virginia Commonwealth University which asserted that "human consumption of pet food is widespread in the United States." That is not the sort of statement that makes a pet-food manufacturer happy, obviously. Suggestions have also appeared in the press from time to time that the enormous amount of pet food sold in this country represents a diversion of food energy into the mouths of pets when many millions of people are starving throughout the world. The pet-food manufacturers have undoubtedly preferred to ignore these suggestions because countering them would necessitate dwelling upon the fact that most pet food is "not suitable," as they put it, for human consumption, and the manufacturers are extremely reluctant to go into details that might make their products seem rather less yummy than in the pet-food commercials. There are other considerations, too, that probably encourage corporate uncommunicativeness outside the ad campaigns, one such consideration being the possibility of problems with government regulatory bodies over advertising claims. But probably the major reason for secrecy is corporate competitiveness (even where it might be of the character described by Ralph Nader as "more and more over less and less"). Under the circumstances, I considered myself lucky, after many tries, to be accorded a rather guarded interview with an executive in charge of the pet-food division of General Foods; to be permitted to chat with a couple of pet-food account executives at a couple of advertising agencies; and to obtain a document or two from the Pet Food Institute.

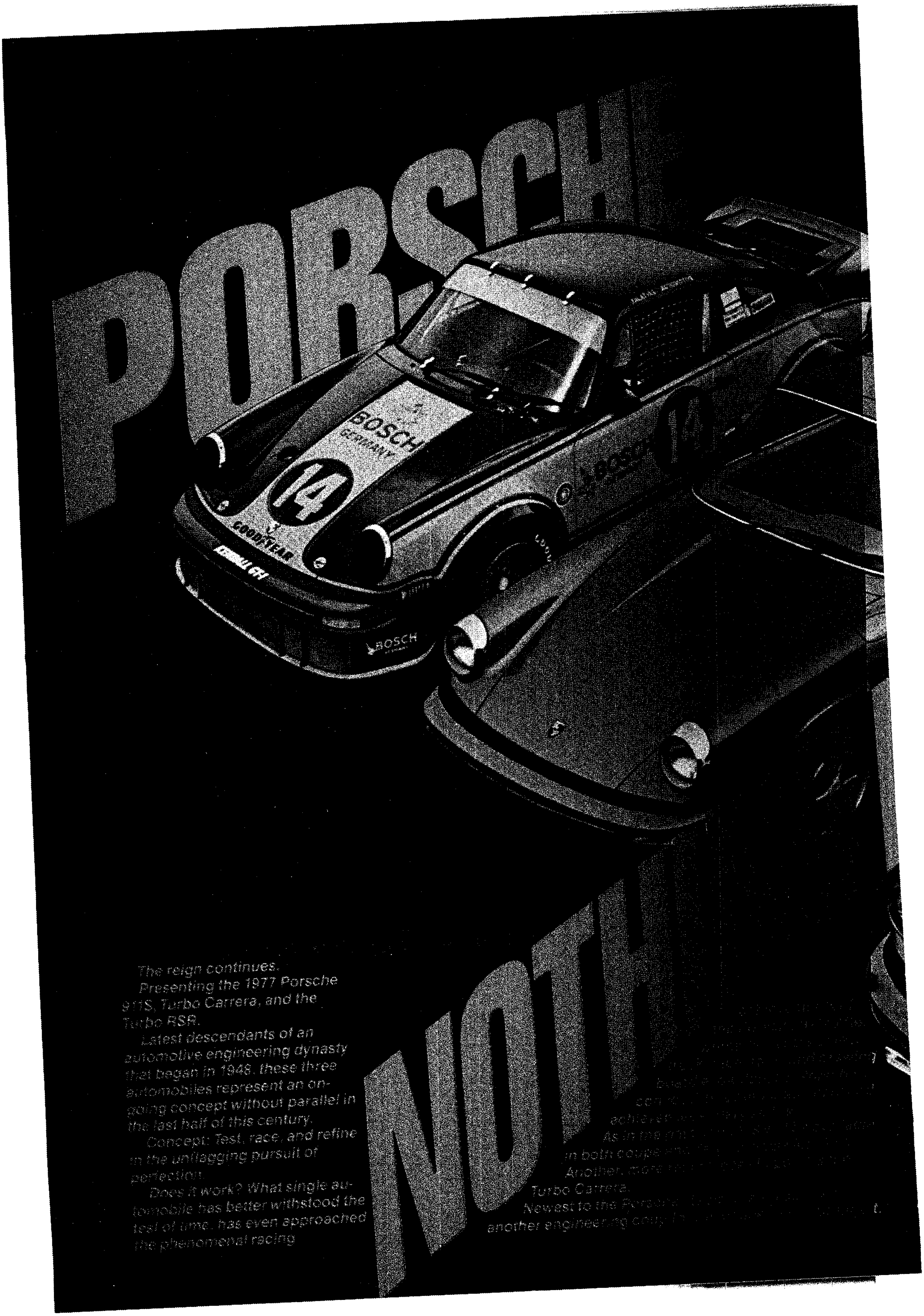
One of the companies I



"Gram isn't one to say 'I told you so.' But if you recollect your wedding day some thirty-odd years ago, Gram did say you weren't getting the biggest slice of pie in town."

A rare way to celebrate Thanksgiving: the rare taste of J&B.

J&B
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD.
THE PRINCE OF WALES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH



The reign continues.

Presenting the 1977 Porsche 911S, Turbo Carrera, and the Turbo RSR.

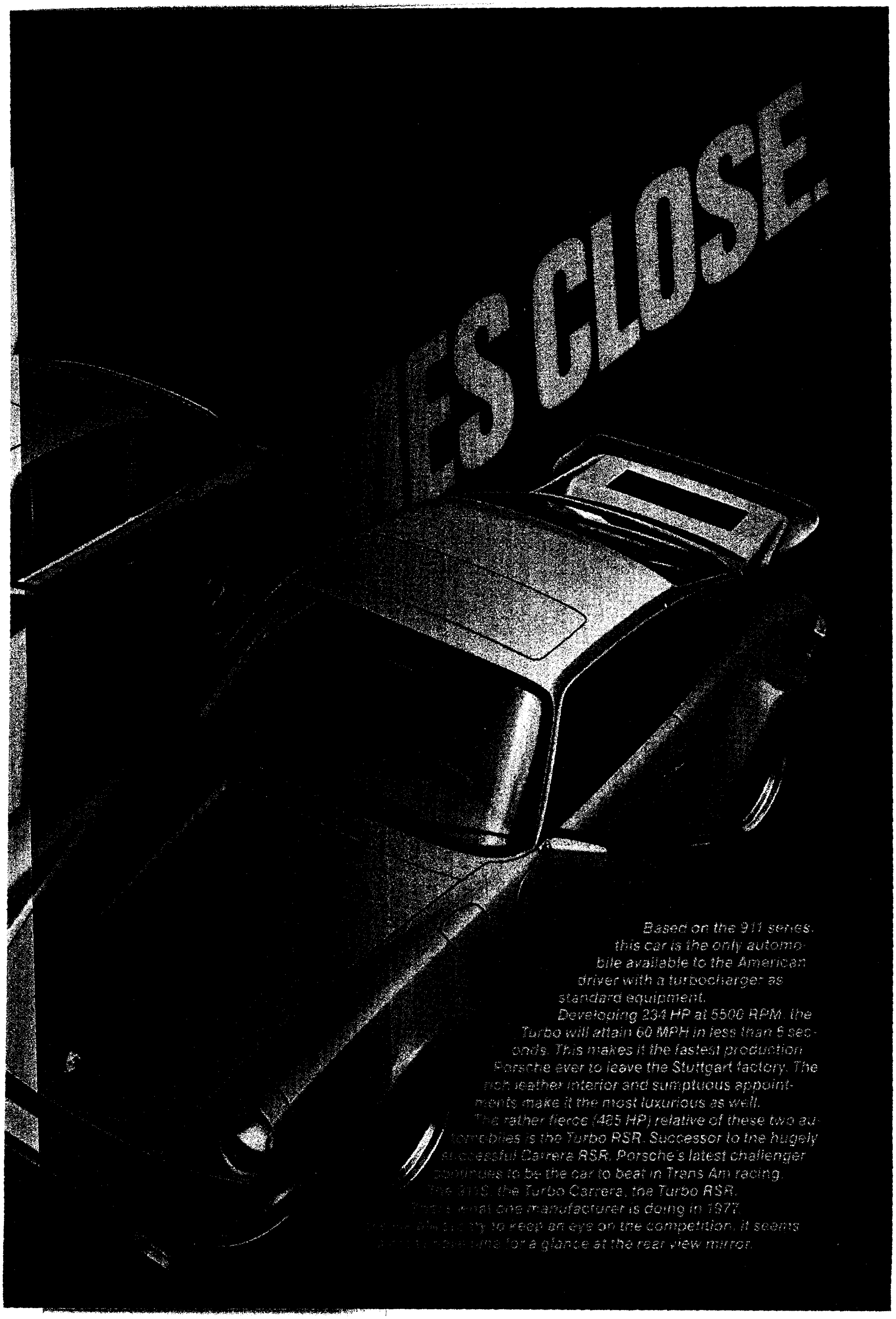
Latest descendants of an automotive engineering dynasty that began in 1948, these three automobiles represent an on-going concept without parallel in the last half of this century.

Concept: Test, race, and refine in the unflagging pursuit of perfection.

Does it work? What single automobile has better withstood the test of time, has even approached the phenomenal racing

[illegible] con[illegible] achieve[illegible] As in the [illegible] in both coupe [illegible] Another, more [illegible] Turbo Carrera.

Newest to the Porsche [illegible] t. another engineering coup [illegible]



Based on the 911 series, this car is the only automobile available to the American driver with a turbocharger as standard equipment.

Developing 234 HP at 5500 RPM, the Turbo will attain 60 MPH in less than 6 seconds. This makes it the fastest production Porsche ever to leave the Stuttgart factory. The rich leather interior and sumptuous appointments make it the most luxurious as well.

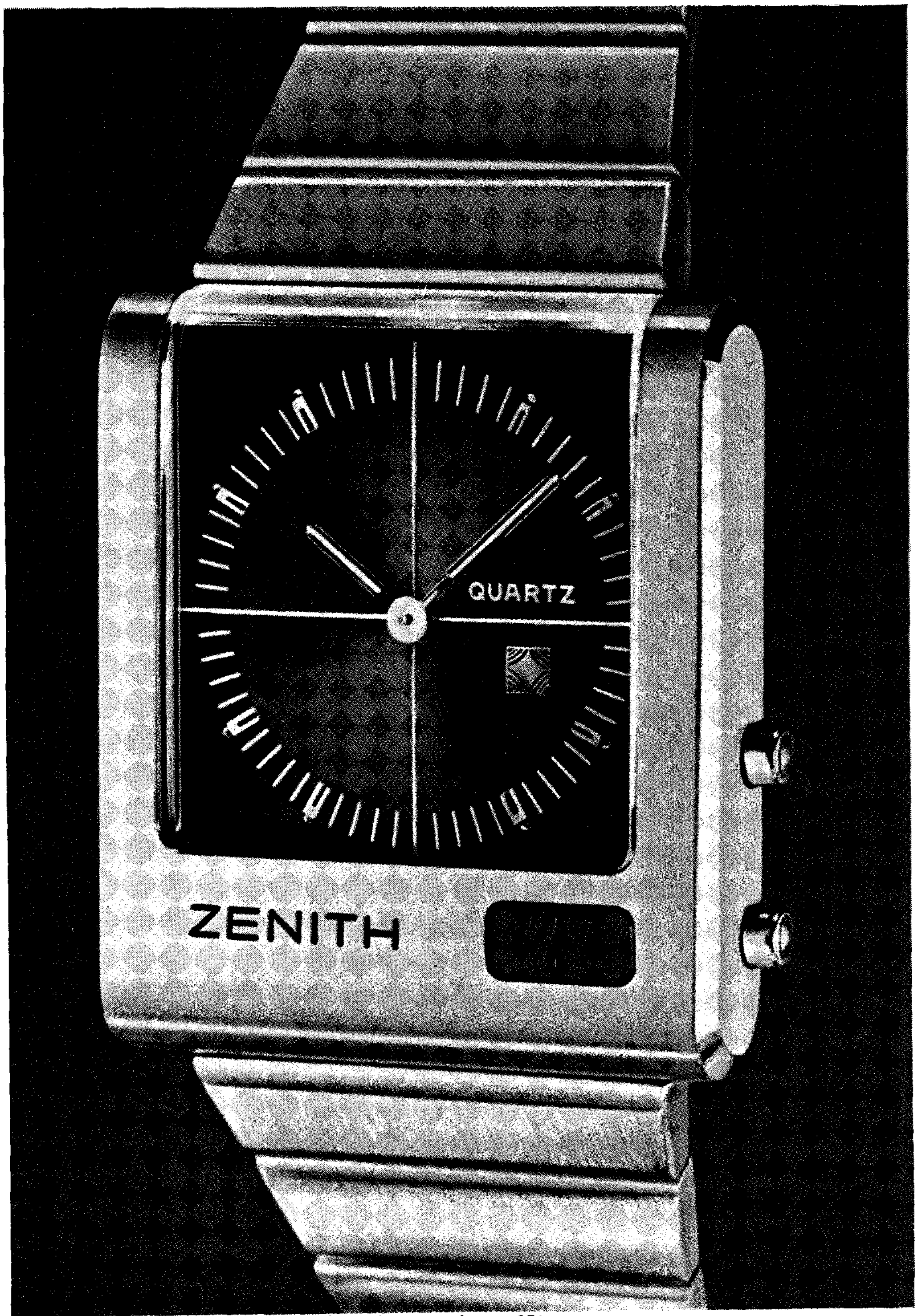
The rather fierce (485 HP) relative of these two automobiles is the Turbo RSR. Successor to the hugely successful Carrera RSR, Porsche's latest challenger continues to be the car to beat in Trans Am racing.

The 911S, the Turbo Carrera, the Turbo RSR.

That's what one manufacturer is doing in 1977.

[illegible] try to keep an eye on the competition, it seems [illegible] time for a glance at the rear view mirror.

Announcing a new kind of watch from a new kind of watchmaker. Zenith.



Model shown above available in limited quantity during 1976.

This is TimeCommand.™

The first quartz watch of its kind in the world.

It was designed and patented by Zenith with two time display systems instead of one. Two display systems, working together electronically, give you the full benefit of quartz accuracy in a way no single-system watch can.

A new way to look at time. Zenith's TimeCommand was designed to present time in its most logical form. Hands, always visible, show you the hour and the exact minute without pushing a button.

But when you need to see time with second-by-second precision, the digital display (L.E.D.) shows the passing seconds on command. The date also appears on command. And, in addition, TimeCommand can be synchronized precisely with an official time signal.

Zenith's advanced circuitry and quartz control system give you accuracy to within one minute a year, under normal usage.

A new way to change time zones. The accuracy of most watches can be lost while changing settings for a new time zone. TimeCommand resets electronically, with absolute push-button precision. As the hands automatically reset themselves, a memory circuit continues counting the seconds. You don't lose an instant. TimeCommand's memory doesn't lose track of the date, either.

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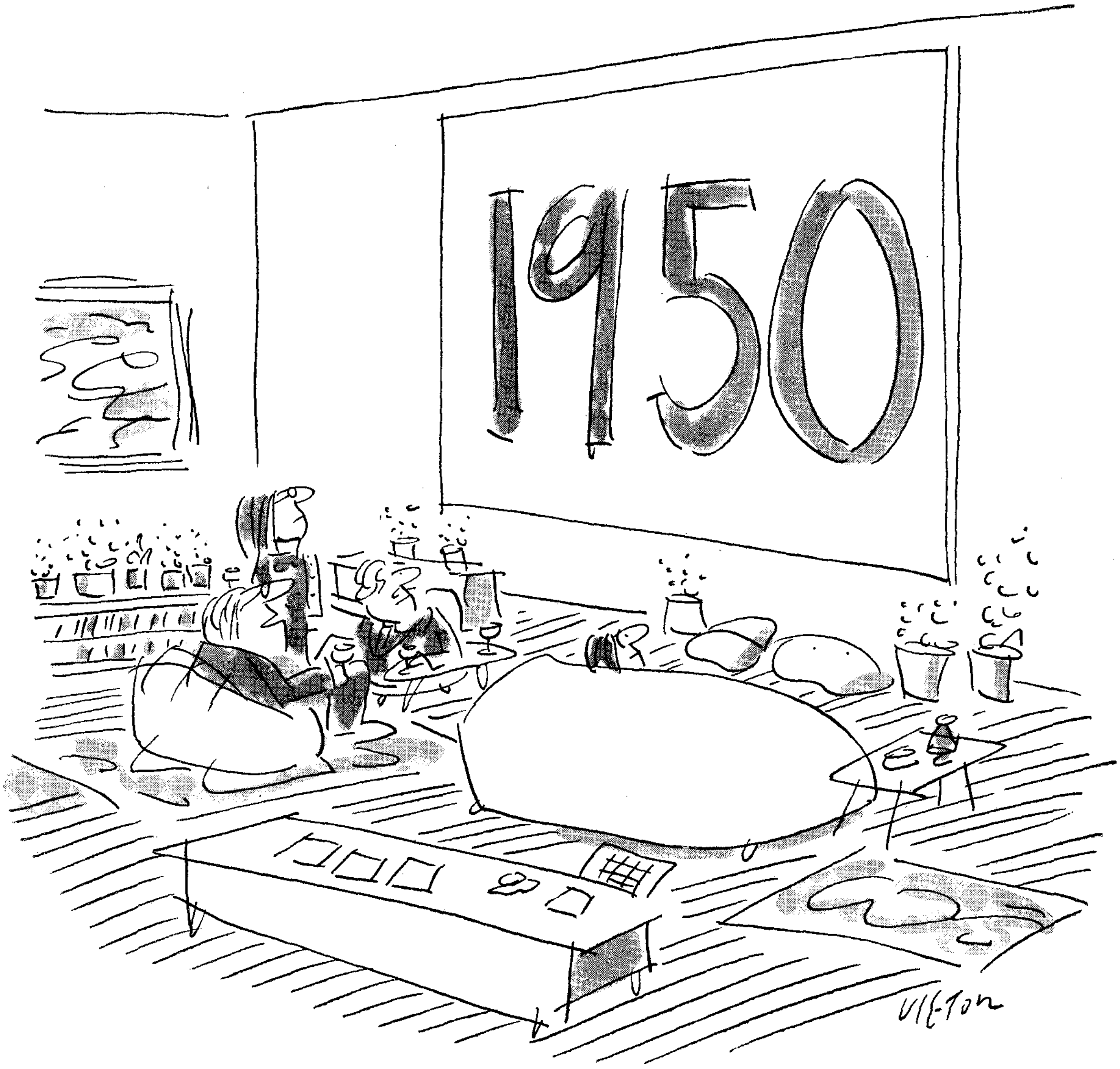


"It's a little fiftyish, but we like it."

• •

had approached, unavailingly, for information on the merchandising of pet food was Allen Products, with headquarters in Allentown, Pennsylvania. I had been particularly interested in talking to officials of Allen, because the company is the manufacturer of Alpo, a premium-priced canned dog food. Beginning in the mid-sixties and continuing until the economic recession took the edge off its competitive lead in its section of the business, Alpo was promoted into possibly the most spectacular success in the pet-food business. I had been seeing the Alpo commercials ("Doesn't your dog deserve Alpo?") on television for years; featuring dogs happily gobbling down bowls of Alpo in the presence of well-known television personalities, they seemed to be on from early morning until late at night—from the "Today Show," in which Barbara Walters would turn from interviewing a celebrity such as Henry Kissinger to give an onstage dog a good feed of Alpo, to the "Tonight Show," in which Ed McMahon seemed always to be sticking some dog's nose into a bowl of the stuff. Impressed by the obvious success of Alpo, I got in touch with a vice-president at Allen Products and tried to arrange a visit to company headquarters, and I wasn't really surprised to find no invitation forthcoming. Eventually, in lieu of going to Alpo headquarters, I paid a visit to a records room at the Federal Trade Commission, in Washington, where various odds and ends of information about American corporations and the regulatory activities of government lie available to citizens patient enough to apply themselves to the drudgery of plowing through acres of files. It happened that Allen Products, which at the beginning of the sixties was a small and not conspicuously successful processor of pet food, had been acquired in 1964 by Liggett & Myers—for the big tobacco corporation, like many other tobacco companies about the time the Surgeon General issued his famous 1964 report on the relationship of smoking to health, was embarking on a process of corporate diversification for the purpose of reassuring its stockholders. The tobacco business is a high-profit industry, and the Liggett & Myers people evidently sensed—as it turned out, with remarkable business acumen—that Alpo, properly promoted, could be sold every bit as profitably as cigarettes. The success of Alpo after Liggett & Myers acquired Allen Products was so pronounced that in 1969 Liggett acquired another pet-food company, Ready Foods Corporation, which put out low-priced brands of canned dog food called Vets and Perk. The name Ready Foods was then changed to Perk Foods. In 1973, the F.T.C. issued a complaint charging that this acquisition of Perk Foods violated the Clayton Antitrust Act in that it tended to lessen competition and create "a monopoly in the production, distribution, and sale of dog food in the United States." Liggett & Myers denied the charges, but nonetheless, after extensive hearings, an administrative-law judge in the F.T.C. issued an initial decision finding Liggett & Myers in violation of the anti-trust laws and ordering the corporation to divest itself of Perk Foods. That decision is under appeal, and I have no great interest in the eventual outcome of the litigation; rather, my interest lies in what the F.T.C. files tell about life in the pet-food industry.

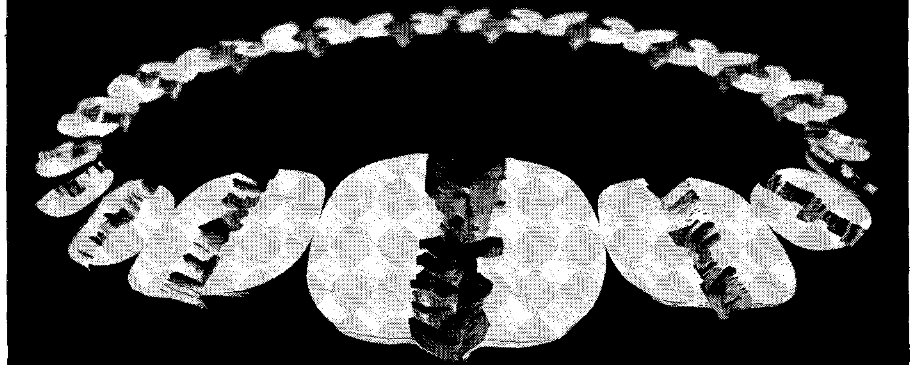
LEAFING through the voluminous record of hearings and exhibits in the Liggett & Myers case, I began to derive some sense of Alpo's promotional strategy in the sixties. At the time Liggett & Myers acquired Allen Products, canned dog food was (as it still is) easily the most expensive vari-

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A WEAKNESS FOR WORDS THAT BEGIN WITH "S." LIKE SABLE. SATIN. AND SAKS FIFTH AVENUE.

Glamour? Some girls are born with it. While others just know how to get it. Now, Emilio Pucci has given me (and Formfit Rogers) an exclusive on it. My camisole, signed in lace by Pucci, is white, black or grey. 32,34,36 sizes, $16. My dance pants match, natch, in white, black or grey. 4,5,6,7 sizes, $14. Both, in a satiny crepe tricot of non-cling nylon. Daytime Lingerie Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

We understand you at Saks Fifth Avenue

There is a store



where you'll see The Grand Canyon etched deep, deep into nineteen polished links of 18-karat gold. The necklace is from a collection you could find only at this store. The necklace, $3,300. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.

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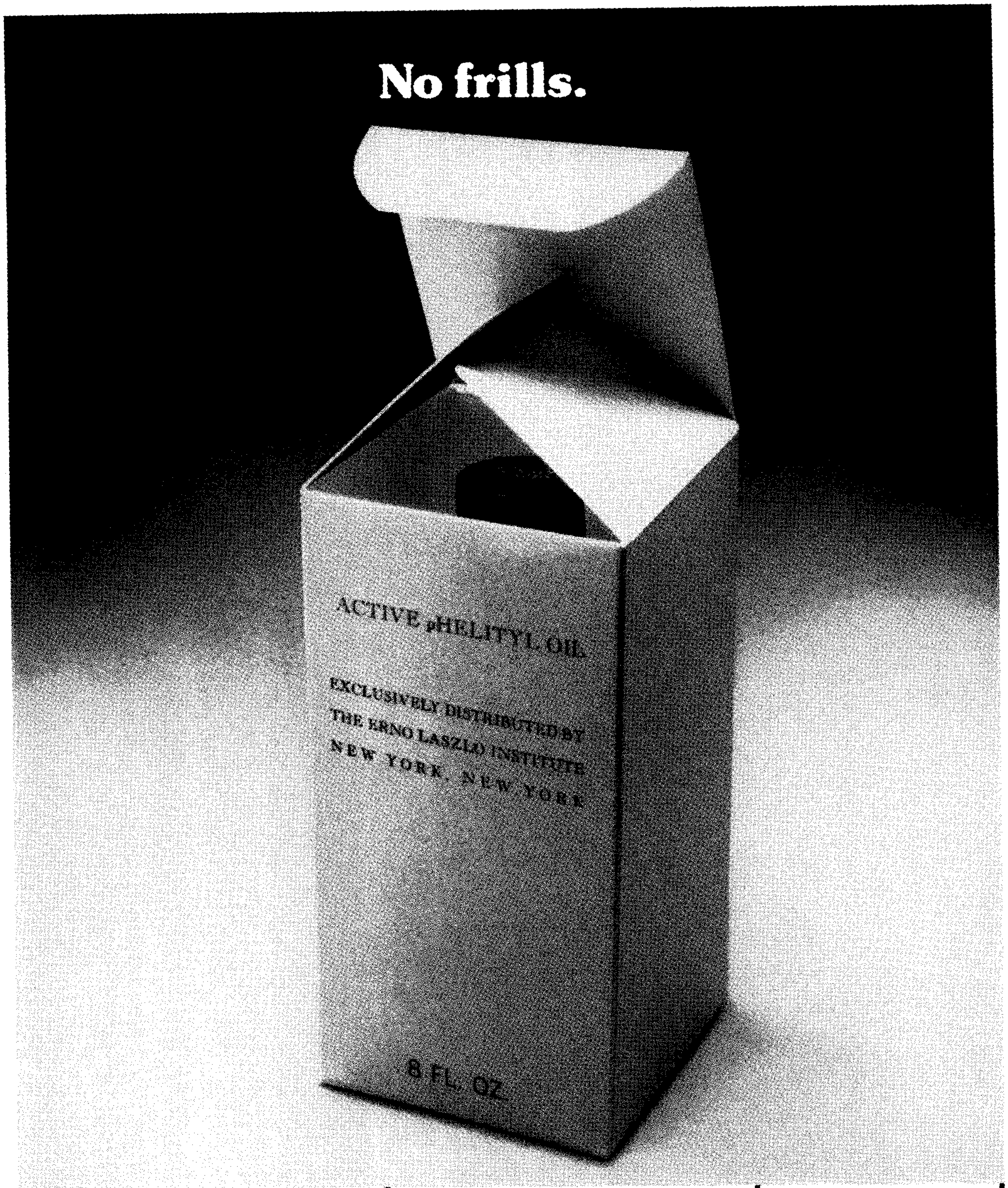
ety, and, of the canned dog foods on the market, Alpo was recognized as a premium-priced product even in the higher-priced range. It was being sold not only in competition mainly with Kal Kan, a premium-priced canned dog food put out by a subsidiary of Mars, Inc., the big candy-company conglomerate, but also in competition with any other products in sight, including Ken-L Ration, a less expensive canned dog food, put out by the Quaker Oats Company, which at the time Liggett & Myers got into the dog-food business was the dominant brand on the market. With the corporate backing of Liggett & Myers, whose merchandising men had wide experience in dealing with the big supermarket chains, Alpo entered heavily into the battle being carried on by what the F.T.C. administrative-law judge characterized as "a handful of large companies [employing] . . . a variety of massive advertising strategies . . . in an attempt to pre-sell their products, win supermarket shelf space, create brand loyalty, break down competing brand loyalty, and, thereby, gain a larger share of the consumer's dog-food dollar."

In 1964, according to the F.T.C. record, the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, in a report to Liggett & Myers on the state of the dog-food market in general, cited surveys that "define the best dog food market as households in the upper-income group with school age children present." This group, in fact, appeared to be a principal Alpo sales target. Alpo was also promoted with the aim of persuading dog owners who bought the far cheaper brands of dry dog food to become classier and switch to buying Alpo. To advance the cause of Alpo, Allen Products greatly increased its advertising budget, especially for television, and instead of concentrating on spot advertising, as it previously had, it went heavily into network television advertising on a national basis. The claims made on national television implied that Alpo, at a higher price than the products of competitors, provided superior nutrition and was more appealing to dogs because it was an all-meat product, in contrast to brands that contained other ingredients, such as cereal. The slogan for a whole line of Alpo canned products (Alpo Beef Chunks, Alpo Liver Chunks, Alpo Lamb Chunks, and such unchunky fare as Alpo Rib of Beef) was a simple and commanding one: "Your dog needs meat. Alpo is one hundred per cent meat." Alpo sold at about twenty-

No frills.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Eight brilliant diamonds embrace a pure gem of sparkling color.
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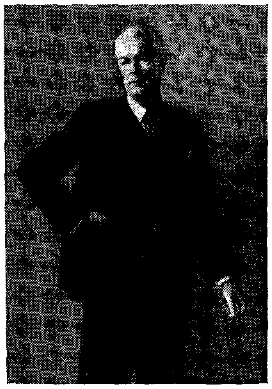

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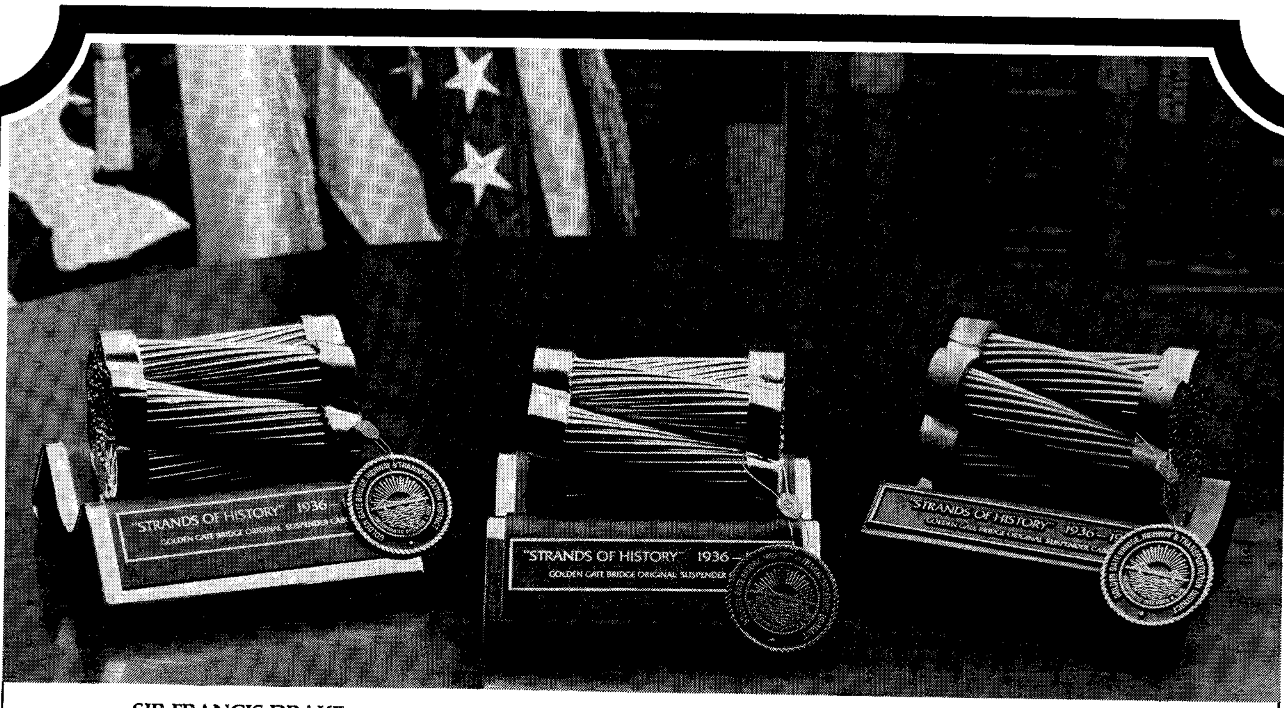
five cents a can in 1970, which was more than twice the price of some other brands; Vets Regular, for one example, sold at ten cents a can. Actually, all brands of pet food that are labelled as complete and balanced diets for pets, for sale at whatever price, are required by federal and state regulations to conform to certain basic minimum nutritional standards. But the Allen Products ad campaigns on television celebrating the virtues of its all-meat, more expensive dog food were enormously effective, and between 1964 and 1969 Alpo sales went from sixteen million dollars a year to a hundred and twenty-five million dollars. So successful was the promotion that a document prepared for Alpo by the advertising agency Weightman, Inc., attempted to foresee the likely reaction of Alpo competitors. In a memorandum entitled "Alpo Growth Plans for 1965," the advertising agency warned, "Big competitors may jump on the 'all-meat' bandwagon or—as seems more possible—attack it by bringing out 'moist' products." This was a reference to the development of the packaging of pet food in semi-moist, burgerlike form in paper, foil, or cellophane pouches. The Weightman memorandum also speculated on the possible Alpo advertising reaction to such a development:

> If the latter is the case, ALPO may launch an all-out attack against the biggest chink in the "moist" armor—the fact that moist products contain about 25% sucrose.
>
> Sucrose, or sugar, is not meat, does not represent quality, and is not recommended by veterinarians for a large part of a dog's diet, since quantities of sugar can actually prove harmful to a dog.

The Weightman memorandum added, prudently, "This approach must be handled with extreme caution, if used, since ALPO itself may later bring out a similar 'moist' product containing sucrose."

The Alpo campaign rolled on successfully. By 1966, the Weightman agency was able to report that "Alpo's all-meat theme has registered" among the customers, and that "Alpo's biggest gains [have] been at the expense of the cereal-based canned dog foods," and it looked forward to increasing the emphasis in its advertising and sales strategy on coping with the competition of semi-moist products. This led to a kind of meat war in dog-food promotion. The issue was put starkly in yet another memo by Allen's agency:

> Of the many different selling approaches in dog-food advertising today



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE EDITION
Nickel Plated **$40.00**

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REDWOOD EMPIRE EDITION $35.00

STRANDS OF HISTORY™

A PART OF THE ORIGINAL GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

The San Francisco Bridge Company proudly announces the presentation of a unique and distinguished collector's item: an authenticated section of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Since its completion in 1936, the Golden Gate Bridge has served as a world-renowned symbol of American ingenuity and enterprise unmatched in history.

On the occasion of the bridge's 40th anniversary, the Bridge District has completed installation of new suspension cable designed to insure the safety of the bridge through the next century.

Believing that most Americans have a special affection for the Golden Gate Bridge, the San Francisco Bridge Company has preserved the old cable as mementos for people everywhere to cherish for years to come.

Those who love fine Americana will have a special appreciation for these magnificently designed four-inch, four-pound pieces. Whether you select elegant 24-carat gold, nickel plate, or the original International Orange of the Golden Gate, these handsome settings will be a unique addition to your home or office.

The world famous design firm of Walter Landor & Associates has created a base of elegant teak for the International Orange of the Redwood Empire Edition. For the gold or nickel plated Sir Francis Drake Edition, the firm designed an M-shaped base of 12-gauge, hand-polished steel covered with the finest quality glove-soft leather. Both bases bear the inscription, "Strands of History—1936-1976—Golden Gate Bridge Original Suspender Cable."

A specially minted bronze medallion, bearing the official seal of the Golden Gate Bridge Highway and Transportation District, is affixed to each cable length, and authenticates its origin. A collector's number, stamped on the reverse side of the medallion, insures the uniqueness of each piece. To avoid disappointment, please fill out and mail the reservation coupon today.

Please reserve the following settings, for a total price of $________.

Edition		Quantity
REDWOOD EMPIRE:	International Orange	______ @ $35.00
	Gold Plate	______ @ $50.00
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE:	Nickel Plate	______ @ $40.00
	Gold Plate	______ @ $50.00

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Unique wood frame for a superb work of art

Day or night, these are the *superbly distinctive* watches you'll admire on the wrists of trendsetters. Hand-crafted, of rare ebony or mahogany, each finely grained wood frame accents the 18 karat rectangular cases. Typical of the many unusual Baume & Mercier watches in the International Collection. Strapped in black or brown leather. Each $800.

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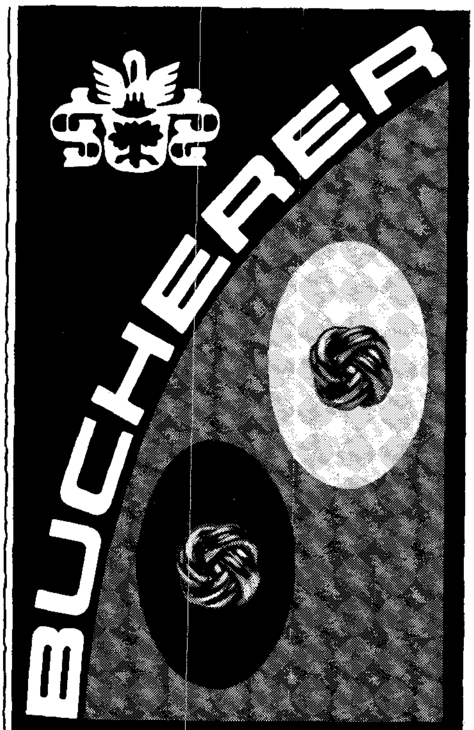
one theme dominates the entire market: MEAT! Meat is the name of the game. It is the lodestone that advertisers are either claiming . . . or trying to better.

Alpo's competitors began making great efforts to promote the semi-moist brands of dog food—most of which contained a high proportion of soy meal or cereal as well as sugar—by attacking Alpo's grip on the market for high-priced dog food. General Foods, which put out a semi-moist dog food called Gaines-burgers, was advertising it as "the canned dog food without the can." The makers of other semi-moist products were promoting them with such slogans as "Dogs think it's meat, but it's more" and "More nourishing than the sirloin steak you'd eat yourself."

Alpo, striking back at the semi-moist-dog-food campaigns pretty much as Weightman had proposed, came up with a subsidiary slogan—"No sugar added." Its television ads also took to warning dog owners, in sincere and pointed fashion:

> Burger dog foods . . . can contain as much as twenty per cent sugar. There's also up to thirty-five per cent vegetable matter. How much real beef, or meat by-products are in a burger? Well, it would take at least ten burgers to equal the beef and meat by-products in one can of Alpo Beef.

By 1969, when Alpo was spending five and three-quarters million dollars on advertising, compared to a million and a half dollars in 1964, Weightman was able to claim, in an "Alpo 1969 Plan," that Alpo had become "No. 1 in many markets" of dog-food buyers in this country. At the Quaker Oats Company, the producers of the cheaper Ken-L Ration canned dog food, which had previously been the leader in canned-dog-food sales, were a bit worried. A study prepared for the Quaker Oats people on the Ken-L Ration sales situation confessed that "it's difficult to find something to say that's new and interesting" about Ken-L Ration in competitive advertising "due to the maturity of the category." A letter from the J. Walter Thompson agency to Quaker Oats complained that, because of the particular formulation of Ken-L Ration, "we are not able to claim as Alpo does . . . 'All meat, 100% meat' ad infinitum," and that " 'the all-meat product with no cereal or grains' is just not as strong as what Alpo is saying." The agency recommended, among other remedial courses of action, "immediate, exhaustive research among regular Alpo users to attempt to define



If these discretely striking earrings look like infinity knots, it's because of their everlasting beauty. Their simplicity lets you wear them on almost any occasion. They are finely designed in 18kt. gold and made for women who appreciate the better things in life. For pierced ears, $98. Clip-ons, $110.

Major credit cards. (212) 757-8140
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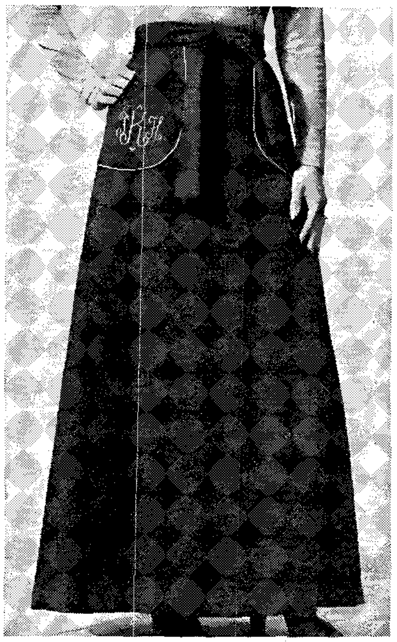

For the holidays. A long wrap skirt in bonded wool. Contrasting piping frames pockets with same color in a monogram, if you wish it. Navy/green, navy/red, grey/black or camel/brown. One size fits 6-14, $38.00. Add $2.30 for postage and handling. Add $5.00 for the monogram, underlining the last initial.
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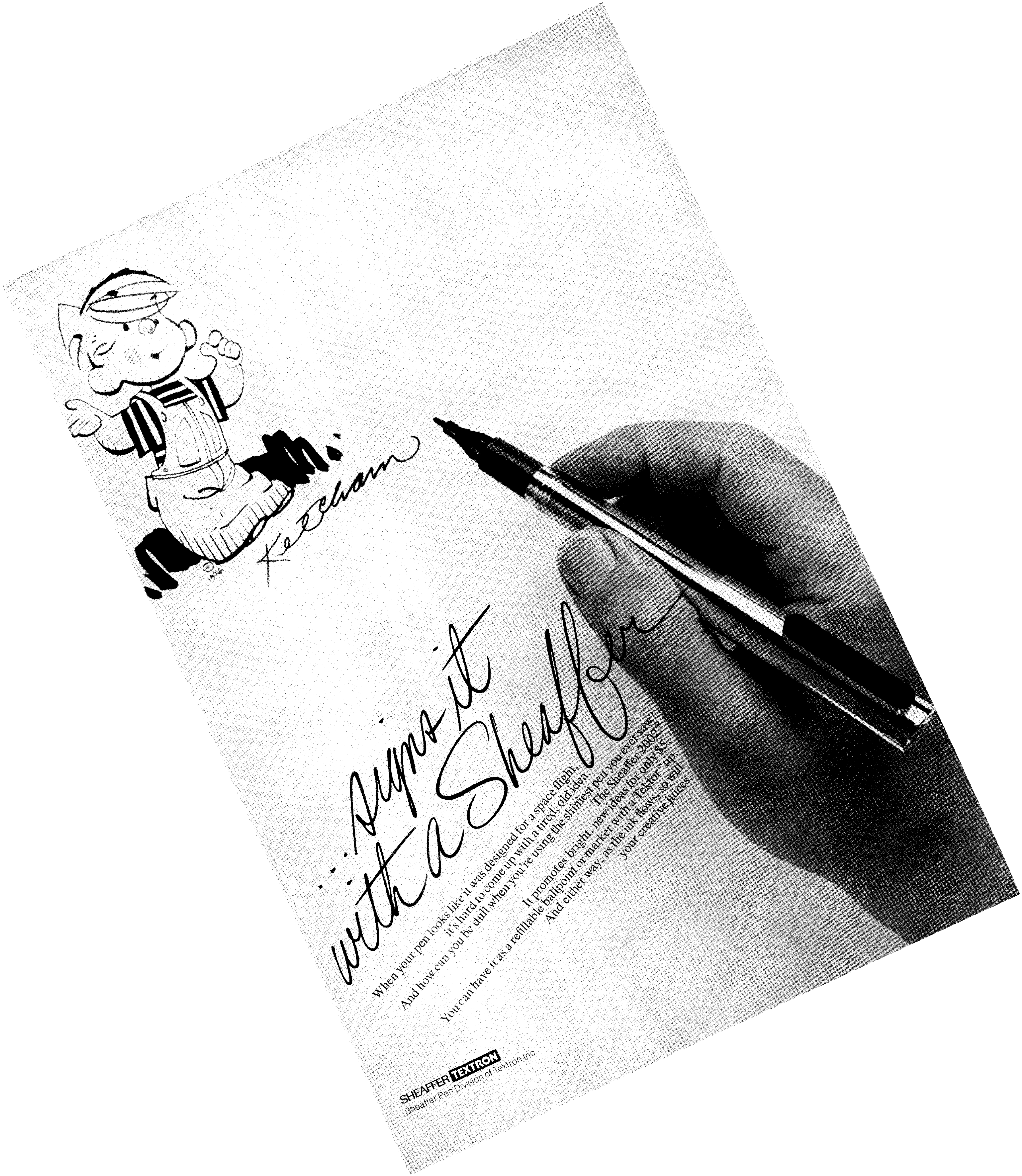

...signs it with a Sheaffer

When your pen looks like it was designed for a space flight, it's hard to come up with a tired, old idea. And how can you be dull when you're using the shiniest pen you ever saw? The Sheaffer 2002.™

It promotes bright, new ideas for only $5. You can have it as a refillable ballpoint or marker with a Tektor™ tip. And either way, as the ink flows, so will your creative juices.

SHEAFFER **TEXTRON**
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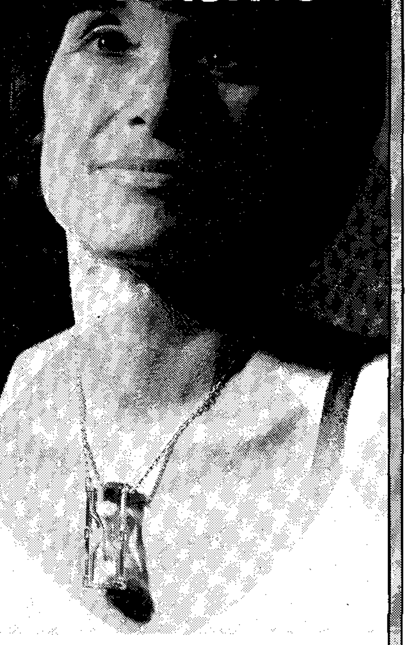

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Match your choice with a stunning hour glass ring in 18K gold set with 29 stationary diamonds weighing 0.75 carats, $1500.

Order by mail.
All major credit cards accepted. Please include credit card # and expiration date.

Also available at
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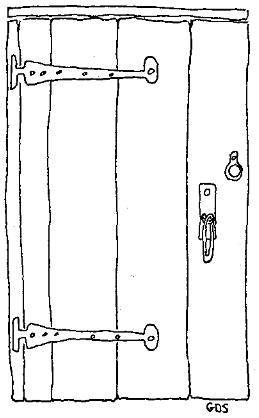
possible Alpo vulnerabilities that can be exploited in our next effort."

Certainly the huge Alpo promotion was not without problems that the competition might exploit. From the mid-sixties on, the Alpo promotional people had to contend with a growing set of "vulnerabilities," which included published reports on a number of veterinary studies of dog nutrition purporting to show that a diet made up exclusively of high-protein food—just what the Alpo ads on television were proclaiming as the ultimate in nutrition for dogs—might have adverse effects on the animals' health. One study claimed that digestive upsets and bone changes occurred in puppies that were fed diets consisting primarily of meat and meat by-products; moreover, such diets were said to exert ill effects on older dogs with liver and kidney problems. Another study concluded that there was no evidence to prove that animal protein was an essential constituent of a dog's diet at all. Ominously for the Alpo people, it looked as though such allegations were going to result in some sort of action by the F.T.C. to put restrictions on the claims that pet-food companies could make about the benefits of all-meat dog food. In the "ALPO 1969 Plan," the advertising-agency people foresaw that "F.T.C. Guidelines now in process" might change the face of pet-food advertising, and declared, "We want to hammer home the ALPO 100% meat story as strongly as possible before that happens."



In 1969, the F.T.C. did in fact issue a set of advertising guidelines for the pet-food industry, which obliged the Alpo people to modify their claim that Alpo was "100% meat" to the claim that it was "100% meat and meat by-products." Later, in a "1971 Marketing Plan" for Allen Products, the Alpo agency hinted at one possible contributing cause of the new activities of the regulatory spoilsports at the F.T.C.: "a substantial publicity campaign against 'all meat' diets aimed at veterinarians and professional breeders by General Foods and Ralston Purina." In any event, Ralston Purina had been systematically running down the worth of "all meat" canned dog food in television ads for its cereal-based Purina dry dog foods. To this, Alpo had retaliated with television commercials in which dogs chose bowls of Alpo over the dry stuff, and in which a Purina dry dog food was being chewed not by dogs but by cows. Yet the Alpo people had to recognize that the opposition was becoming stiff.

To counteract the effects of the opposition ad campaigns and the growing criticism of all-meat doggy diets by veterinarians and professional dog breeders, the Allen people, to satisfy the new F.T.C. guidelines, and to meet new government minimum standards for the nutritional content of pet foods, increased the vitamin-and-mineral content of Alpo in 1970, and proclaimed that the new formulation provided a "balanced diet" for dogs. Also, they were obliged to make a change in the challenging phrase "Your dog needs meat." One section of the new F.T.C. guidelines noted, "The quality of [a pet food] is not necessarily dependent upon its meat content, or upon the amount or nature of other ingredients derived from animals, poultry, or fish which it may contain. Accordingly, it is improper to represent that a dog or cat has a nutritional requirement for such an ingredient." Alpo changed the slogan "Your dog needs meat" to "Your dog *loves* meat."

If Ralston Purina had indeed engaged, as the Alpo marketing memo charged, in a campaign to disparage all-meat diets for dogs, this did not for a moment prevent Ralston from spending large amounts of money on television commercials for a canned dog food called Purina Meat Plus, which was extolled as "meat and meat by-products with no cereal added." Ralston not only boasted that Purina Meat Plus was "better than any other meat for dogs" but claimed that it was "so good, dogs chose it six to one in a recent test over leading competitive varieties"—a clear put-down of Alpo. The broadcast of this claim stimulated Ralph Nader to write several insistent letters to the president of Ralston Purina asking for the precise details of these remarkable test results, but he received only the information that the test had been conducted "in accordance with standard testing procedures." When Nader then wrote to the president of Allen Products telling him about this, and asking *him* whether he considered the Purina Meat Plus test reliable, he was coolly informed that the question "cannot be intelligently answered" and that "it is Allen Products Company's policy not to engage in disputes with

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The Zenith 584 is a quality-built stereo system that sounds a lot more expensive than it actually is.

One important reason is Zenith's precision engineering. The Zenith 584 holds total harmonic distortion to a low 1.0% or less (power bandwidth 100 to 10,000 Hz), and it delivers 2.5 watts of power per channel (min. RMS) into 8 ohms. That's a lot of performance for the money.

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To help assure you years of dependable performance, the Zenith 584 has a precision automatic turntable. It features the famous Micro-Touch® Tone Arm with Dual-Radius Diamond Stylus and Cue Control.

If you want a quality-built stereo that sounds a lot more expensive than it actually is, Zenith has your stereo. The Zenith 584 – just one of the complete line of exciting Zenith Allegro sound systems, precision-engineered to please your ears and your budget.

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The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

Model H584W.
Simulated wood cabinet
with richly grained Walnut finish.

the
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by Pride of England®

THE LOOK FOR FALL IS VESTED . . .

Getting it all together . . . the famous English rampant lion woven on a classic pin stripe is the tie that you will choose most for any occasion . . . your best investment in good looks for fall . . . from the Pride of England collection by Briar tiemakers . . . woven of luxurious imported polyester $10.00.

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wallachs

For your convenience there are 24 fine stores in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island

our competitors"—a nice gesture of industrial solidarity amid the tumult of the dog-food wars. In addition to the various commercials on the tube that denigrated the appeal of Alpo to dogs by citing the results of the mysterious Purina test, the Purina people rallied another hostile force against Alpo by pouring millions of dollars into the promotion and advertising of a new premium canned dog food, called Purina Flavor Plus. For a while, in 1970, Purina Flavor Plus did take a little of the edge off Alpo's bounding sales growth. But after a year or so of energetic promotion, on which the Ralston Purina Company spent ten million dollars, Ralston had to recognize that it was pretty well beaten on the brand, and by 1971 the Alpo people were able to report proudly the "virtual demise" of Purina Flavor Plus as a competitive consideration.

By this time, ten million dollars was about what it took to offer a serious challenge to established competition in any major area of the pet-food business; even Ralston Purina's money was no guarantee that it could upset the Alpo lead in the premium-priced-canned-dog-food area. But the Ralston Purina people had all sorts of other arrows in their corporate quiver. Having spent so much advertising money disparaging Alpo and its all-meat identity, they now tried to lure meat-conscious Alpo customers into their fold by mounting a great ad campaign that proclaimed Ralston Purina's Chuck Wagon—a cereal-based dry dog food that happened to contain not a speck of meat—as "meaty, juicy, and chunky."

Alpo's answer to this impertinence was to develop a dry dog food called BeefBites, which was aimed directly at Chuck Wagon customers. The Liggett & Myers organization put BeefBites on sale in test markets in upstate New York, but it seems that the Ralston people were ready for the test. According to the F.T.C. administrative-law judge's summary of evidence in the Liggett & Myers-Perk Foods antitrust proceedings, "Ralston Purina 'swamped' the area with advertising and 'free' coupons for the very purpose of making the test difficult to 'read.' As a result, L. & M. had to spend still additional funds for more testing, and to this date L. & M. has not been able to determine if BeefBites can be marketed successfully."

Other big companies were ready to challenge Alpo's dominant position, too. One of them was the Campbell Soup Company, which had thus far been a stranger to the pet-food game

For You - Wooly, Warm Alpaca Coat

Alpaca Curl outercoat is striking in looks, practical in warmth. Made for Langrock in Denmark. Sizes: Reg. 38 to 46; Long, 40 to 46; Short, 39 to 42. $325.

Major credit cards accepted.

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MAXWELL
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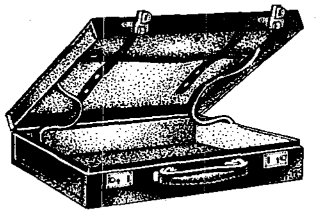
TO H.M. THE QUEEN
BOOTMAKERS

MAKERS OF BOOTS · SHOES · SPURS · LEATHER GOODS



ENGLISH
space **CRAFTSMANSHIP**

Every man requires a small *space* in which to keep that which is of particular importance. For centuries our craftsmen have been perfecting the art of enclosing that *space* beautifully, functionally and securely.

Taking 700 cubic inches of English space (17"x11"x3¾"),† they build round it a sturdy plywood frame which they cover with finest English Cowhide in black or tan, hand-stitching throughout. Attaching two strong satin finish cast brass lever locks and stout solid leather handle, they finally fit a large document pocket and line throughout with fine grained leather, green for the black case and amber for the tan.

We will despatch to you one of these magnificent traditional attaché cases, *embossed with your initials*, by Air Freight, within 21 days, for the inclusive cost of $275 (which does not include domestic customs duty.)

To: Henry Maxwell & Co Ltd, 177 New Bond Street, London W1.
Please send me a black/tan* attaché case, embossed with the initials / / * for which I enclose my cheque for $275

Name. . . . .

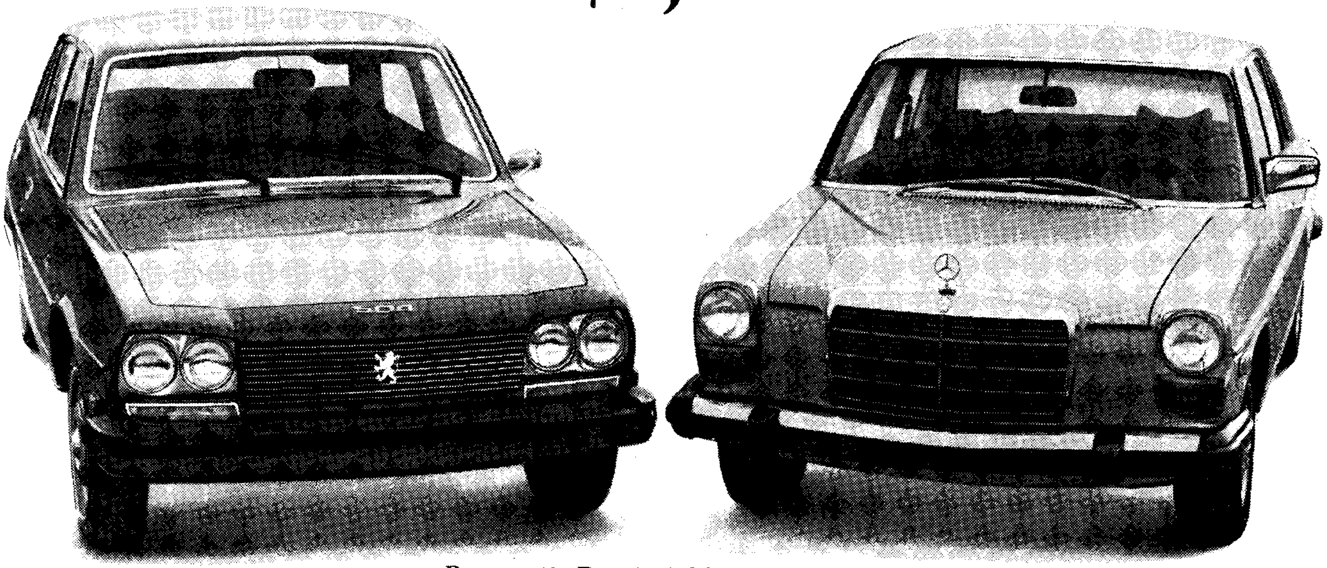
Address. . . . .

. . . .

. . . . Zip . . . .

* *Complete as appropriate* † *Internal measurements*

There are two makes of diesel car sold in America. Ours lists for some $3,000 less.



Peugeot 504 Diesel	**Mercedes 240 D**
List Price: $8,260*	List Price: $10,278*
	Options: 1,121
	Total: $11,399
Wheelbase: 108.0"	Wheelbase: 108.3"
Front headroom: 39.7"	Front headroom: 39.1"
Front legroom: 40.9"	Front legroom: 42.0"
EPA estimated fuel mileage: 35 mpg highway, 27 mpg city**	EPA estimated fuel mileage: 31 mpg highway, 24 mpg city**
Velour upholstery.	Vinyl upholstery.
Rack and pinion steering.	Recirculating-ball proportionately powered steering.
Sliding sunroof standard.	Sliding sunroof $378 extra.
Electric front windows standard.	Electric windows (front and rear) $308 extra.
Metallic paint standard.	Metallic paint $435 extra.

*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices, East Coast P.O.E. Dealer preparation included. Optional equipment, delivery charges, and taxes extra.

**Actual mileage depends on where and how you drive, optional equipment, car maintenance, and other variables.

The price difference between our Peugeot Diesel and a comparably equipped Mercedes 240 D is, perhaps, the most obvious difference between them.

Both cars are similar in size and roominess. Both can be had with many of the same comforts (although, with Mercedes, you'll have to pay some $1,100 over the base price to have them).

Both cars give you power-assisted four-wheel disc brakes for fast, sure stops. Both give you four-wheel independent suspension and steel-belted radials for a smooth, stable ride.

Both Mercedes and Peugeot give you the benefit of decades of experience with diesels. Since its first production diesel in 1928, Peugeot has built more than a million light diesel engines.

Both the Peugeot Diesel and the Mercedes Diesel give you all the operating economies of an engine that has no carburetors to be adjusted and no spark plugs, points, or condensers to be replaced. And of a fuel that averages nationally 6¢-7¢ less per gallon than unleaded gasoline.***

The significant difference is, Peugeot gives you all this for some $3,000 less (counting Mercedes' $1,100-plus extra charges for essentially the same kind of equipment that's included in Peugeot's list price).

So if you're considering a Diesel, be it a sedan or wagon, consider the Peugeot first. Because a diesel car is even more economical when you can get it for thousands of dollars less.

***National average computed by U.S. government, May, 1976.

PEUGEOT
A different kind of luxury car.

For the dealer nearest you, call toll free: 800-243-6006 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500.)

but was attracted to the high profits being garnered. Campbell now plunged in against Alpo by putting out a premium-priced canned dog food called Recipe, which it backed by extremely heavy national advertising, featuring the dog Lassie, on television, along with lavish four-color ads in magazines. However, the Recipe campaign against the Alpo market at this stage appears to have been less successful than the Campbell people had hoped. While the Campbell campaign for Recipe was being pursued against Alpo, the producers of Kal Kan, which was Alpo's principal competitor in the all-meat-dog-food field, and whose strongest markets were in the Western United States, substantially increased their advertising outlays and promotional efforts on behalf of Kal Kan in order to—as the Alpo people saw it—steal away Alpo's customers in Eastern markets. The Alpo marketing plan for 1971 summarized the Alpo advertising and promotional strategy for dealing with this incursion:

> Make inroads into . . . Kal Kan, in their largest [Western] markets, thus forcing them to switch dollars currently being used to expand into ALPO's major Eastern markets back into these [Western] markets.

This strategy seems to have had some effect. Toward the end of 1971, in a document headed "Alpo Dog Food Budget Review," Allen reported that Kal Kan was continuing to make sales gains against Alpo in the East but at a slower rate than formerly, and said, "We appear to have halted their growth in the West for the moment."

It is perhaps germane, in contemplating the pet-food battlefield and the weaponry employed by the contending forces, that the Alpo people opposed their competitors not by modifying the comparatively high price of their products but by ordering up, at enormous cost, more and more television commercials to do the opposition in. The pet-food war was a war fought on television screens, and as the television campaigns to fight the competition grew ever more expensive, the competitors had to be ever fewer and richer. This notion did not fail to strike the administrative-law judge in the Liggett & Myers-Perk Foods proceedings. "The record shows beyond any question," he wrote in his decision, "that entry [of competition] into most categories of dog food [merchandising] is largely determined by the ability to match the massive advertising expenditures of the industry's giants."

It was as though the advanced price

KAISER BIRDS AVAILABLE AT THESE FINE DEALERS

ALABAMA
Dothan—Foxmire Jlrs.
Florence—Meffords Jlrs.
Huntsville—The Book Shop
Tuscaloosa—Sam Jackson

ARKANSAS
Corning—Ruth Jlrs.
England—Danley's
Fort Smith—The Gas Light
No. Little Rock—The Bamboo Tree
Pine Bluff—Gift Gallery

CALIFORNIA
Menlo Park—Julie's

COLORADO
Colorado Springs—Garden Valley Gifts

DELAWARE
Wilmington—Carl Doubet, Jr.

FLORIDA
Altamonte Springs—Jacobs Jlrs.
Clearwater—The Showcase
Clearwater—Jacobs Countryside Upper Level
Ft. Lauderdale—Viking Import House, Inc.
Jacksonville—Methodist Hospital Gift Shop
Orlando—Jacobs Jlrs.
Palm Beach—Boynton Flower Shop
Tampa—Barquet Jlrs.

GEORGIA
Atlanta—Alford's—Northlake Two Shopping Center
Atlanta—Davison's Northlake
Atlanta—Davison's Cumberland
Atlanta—Davison's Downtown
Atlanta—Dobbs House Gift Shop—International Airport
Brunswick—Dubs Jlrs.
Macon—Belk-Matthews

ILLINOIS
Elgin—Kolberg's
Ottawa—The Doralon Shop

INDIANA
Hammond—Barton Imports
New Carlisle—Watson's

IOWA
Dubuque—Skowronek Jlrs.
Marshalltown—Hellberg's Watch & Diamond Shop

KENTUCKY
Clinton—Mendels Gifts
Murray—The Showcase
Paducah—Nagel & Meyer
Versailles—Mason Antiques Gift Shop

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge—The Lamp Post
Lafayette—Maison de Hallmark
Ruston—Baldwin's Jlrs.
Shreveport—Southfield Plaza Gifts

MASSACHUSETTS
Chestnut Hill—Stowell's
Norwood—Regina Gift Shop

MINNESOTA
Duluth—New Horizons
Edina—Piccadilly Circle
Minneapolis—Adolphsens Gift & Jlry.
Minneapolis—Jacob's
Minnetonka—Blue Bird Gift Shop
Rochester—The Iridescent House
St. Paul—Blue Bird Gift Shop
St. Paul—Shapira's Gifts

MISSISSIPPI
Clarksdale—The Gift & Art Shop
Columbus—Harrison Jlrs.
Hattiesburg—The Diamond Shop
Jackson—Albritton Jlrs.
Meridian—Lynns, Inc.
Ocean Springs—Salmagundi of Ocean Springs
Vicksburg—Maurines Village Gallery

MISSOURI
Creve Coeur—Finishing Touch Galleries
Kansas City—Jaccard's—Kansas City
St. Louis—Chateau De Decors

MONTANA
Bozeman—Millers Jlry.

NEBRASKA
Omaha—Audrey's Gift Shop

NEW YORK
Brooklyn—Summa Galleries
Nanuet—R. E. Neil Co.
New York—Cardel Ltd.
New York—Peter DeNatale, Inc.
Rockville Center, L.I.—Imperial China

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheboro—Hollensworth Jlrs.
Durham—Belk-Leggett
Fayettesville—Belk-Hensdale
Gastonia—The Fancy Fox
Wilmington—Belk-Beery
Winston-Salem—Belk-Hensdale

OHIO
Cincinnati—Frank Herschede Co.
Youngstown—Charles Carolyne, Inc.
Englewood—Paramount Classics

OKLAHOMA
Miami—Suzannes
Oklahoma City—Jan Marie Galleries
Oklahoma City—Rosenfields

OREGON
Salem—Das Haus Am Berg

PENNSYLVANIA
Coatesville—Hoxie Jlry.
Northampton—Gillespie Jlrs.
Wayne—Wayne Jewelers & Silversmiths
Williamsport—Neyhardts

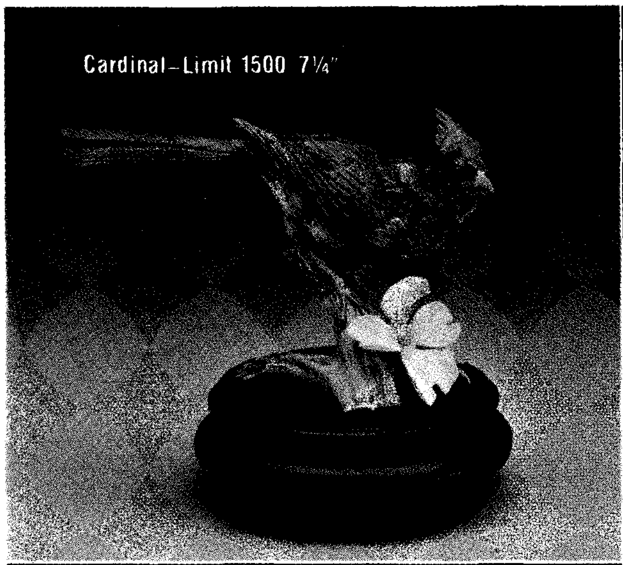
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston—China Hall
Columbia—Sylvan's
Greenville—Belk-Simpson
Myrtle Beach—The Jolly Roger

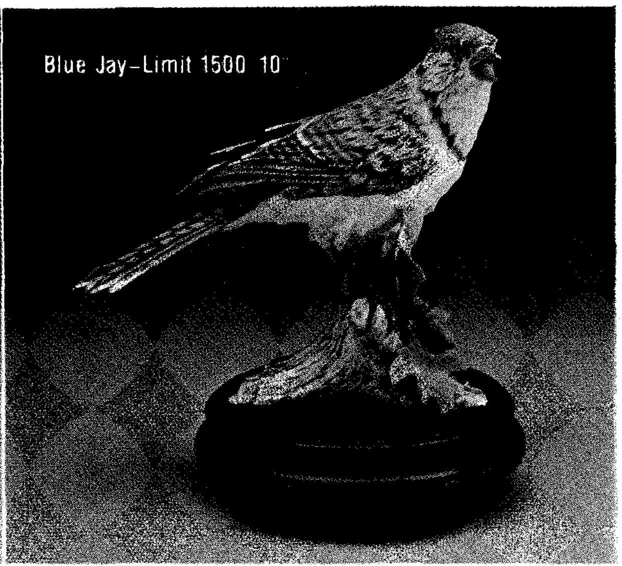
TENNESSEE
Chattanooga—Rone Regency Jlrs.
Cleveland—Tom Moore Jlrs.
Gatlinburg—The Gazebo
Gatlinburg—The Country Store
Goodlettsville—Rone Regency Jlrs.
Hixson—The Hour Glass
Knoxville—The Candlelite
Knoxville—Court Gallery
Memphis—Goldsmith's
Memphis—Walter Cline Jlry.
Memphis—Blossom Shop
Memphis—Rendezvous
Nashville—Phillip & Buttorff

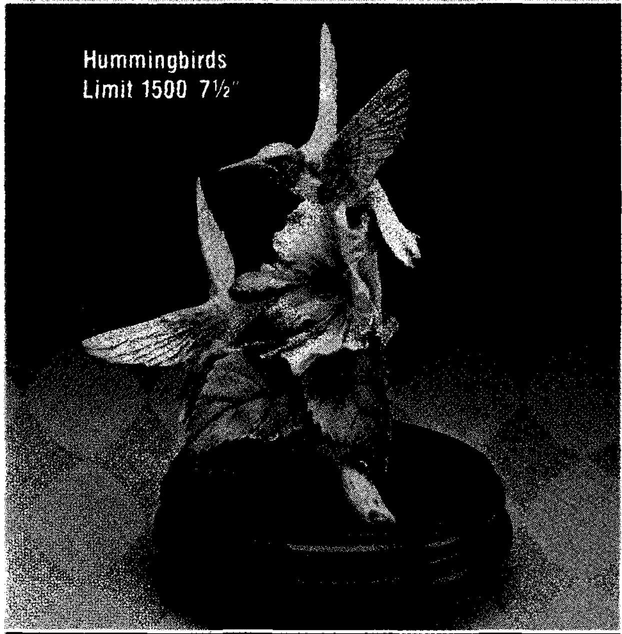
TEXAS
Arlington—Corrigan Jlr.—Six Flags Mall
Austin—Corrigan Jlrs.—Hancock Center
Dallas—Continental Gift
Dallas—Corrigan Jlrs.—Fairmount Hotel
Dallas—Corrigan Jlrs.—Republic Bank Tower
Dallas—Corrigan Jlrs.—Red Bird Mall
Dallas—Corrigan Jlrs.—North Park
Dallas—Corrigan Jlrs.—Valley View
Hurst—Corrigan Jlrs.—Everett Mall
Irving—Corrigan Jlrs.—Irving Mall
Mesquite—Corrigan Jlrs.—Town East Mall
Port Arthur—Chas. Nacol
San Antonio—Hertzbergs
Tyler—Corrigan Jlrs.—Broadway Square

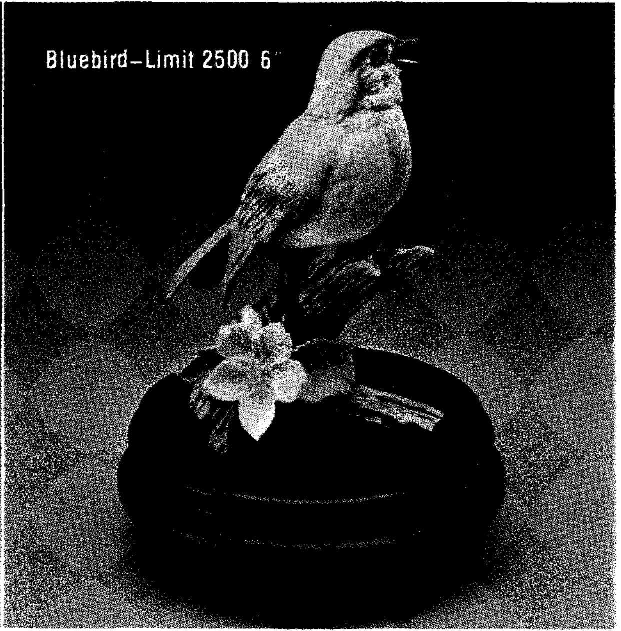
WEST VIRGINIA
Williamstown—Fenton Gift Shop
Morgantown—Dodge Jewelers

WISCONSIN
La Crosse—Edwards China Shops

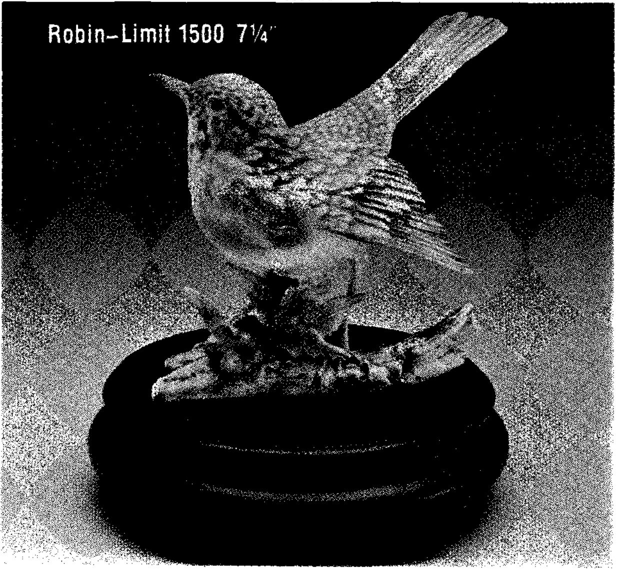

Cardinal–Limit 1500 7¼″


Blue Jay–Limit 1500 10″


Hummingbirds
Limit 1500 7½″


Bluebird–Limit 2500 6″

Sparrow–Limit 1500 5½″


Robin–Limit 1500 7¼″

A Song and Garden Bird collection in fine bisque porcelain, created by Kaiser where high quality and meticulous craftsmanship have a long tradition. Each handpainted sculpture is numbered, signed and accompanied by a certificate of authenticity.

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PORCELAIN
Bavaria
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Since 1872

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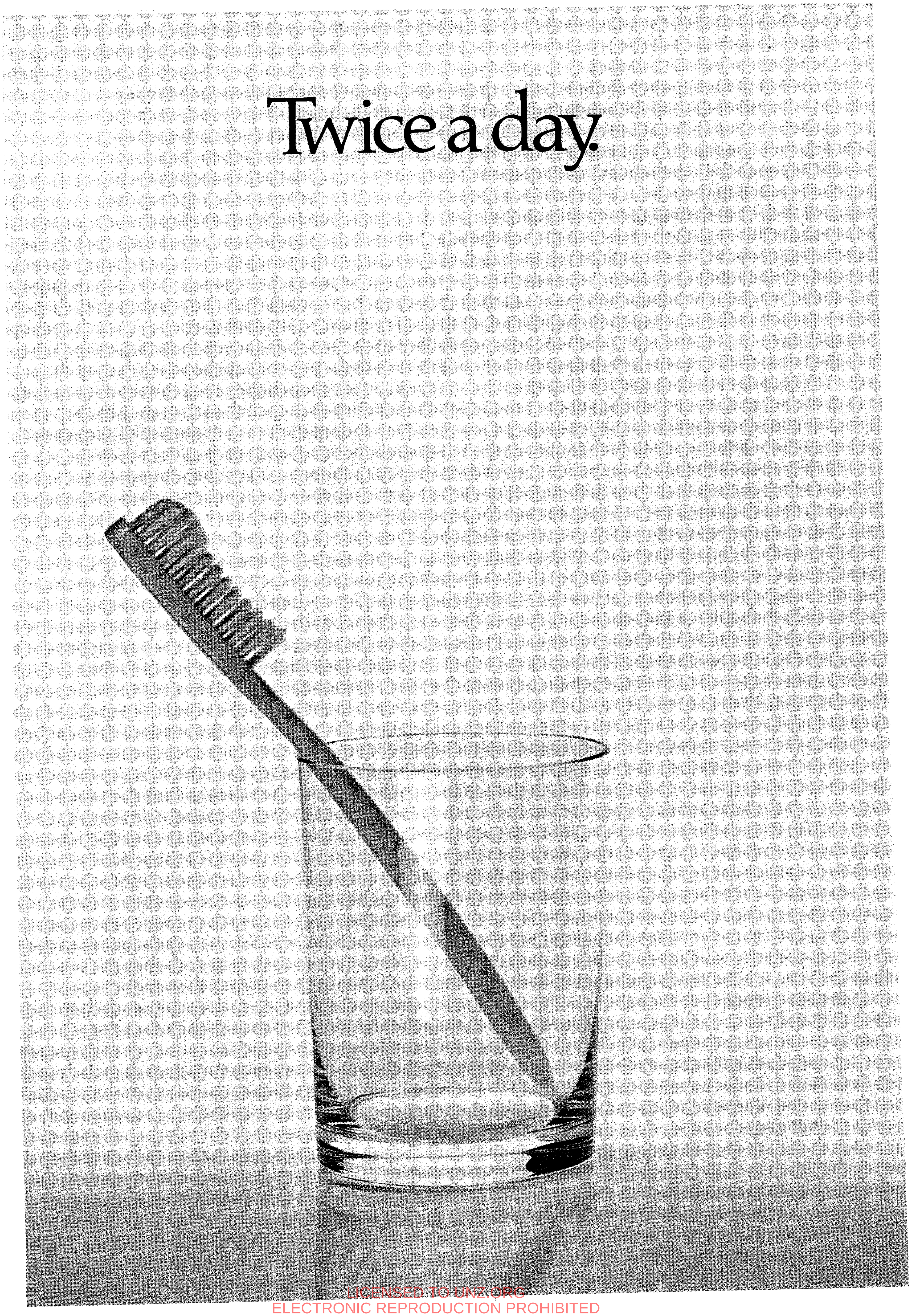
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Twice a day.

Clinique is the skin care system
women believe in
because it works.
Clinique's dermatologists
worked it out this way.
3 products, 3 steps, 3 minutes,
each morning and night.
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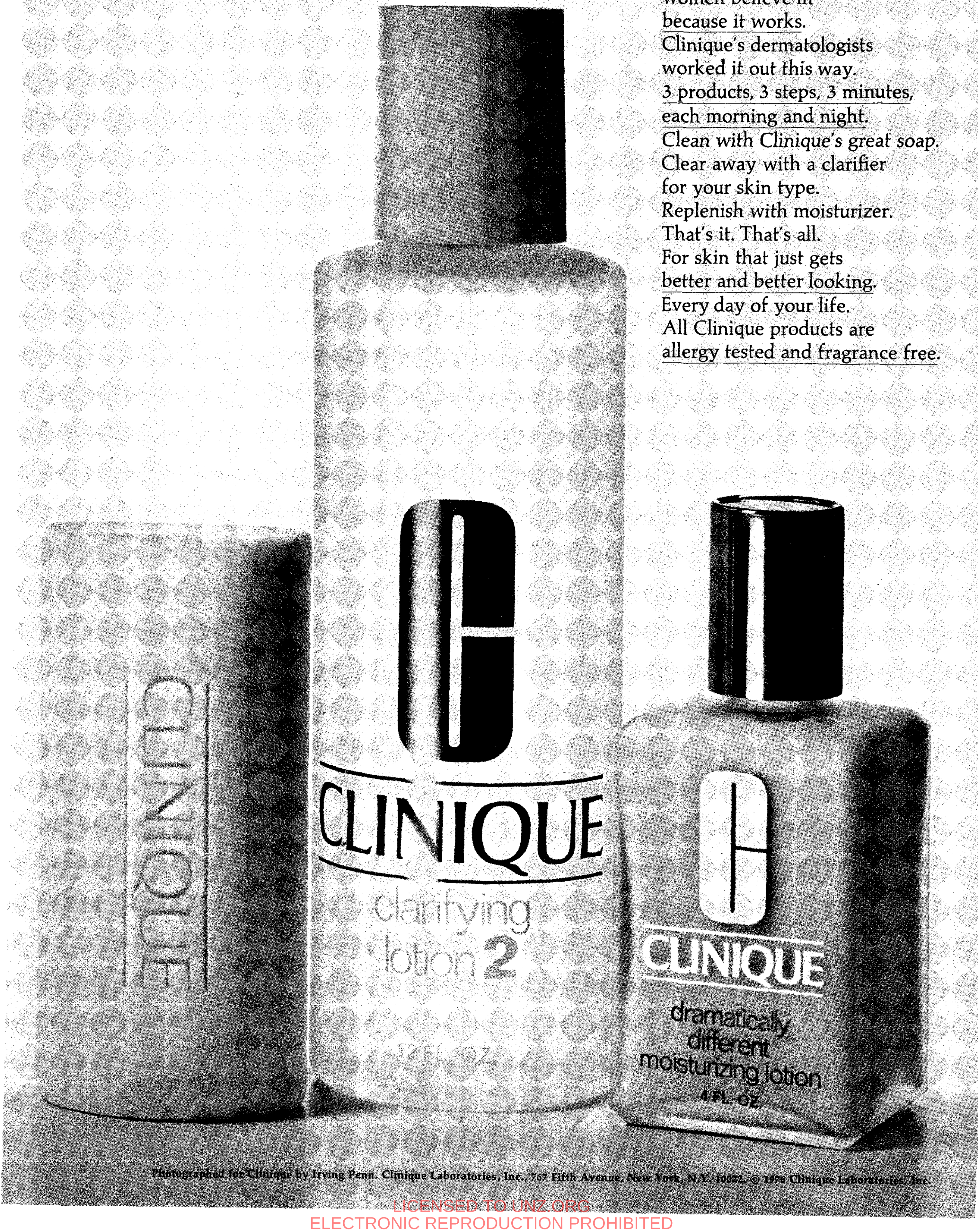
for your skin type.
Replenish with moisturizer.
That's it. That's all.
For skin that just gets
better and better looking.
Every day of your life.
All Clinique products are
allergy tested and fragrance free.


CLINIQUE
CLINIQUE
clarifying
lotion 2
12 FL. OZ.
CLINIQUE
dramatically
different
moisturizing lotion
4 FL. OZ.

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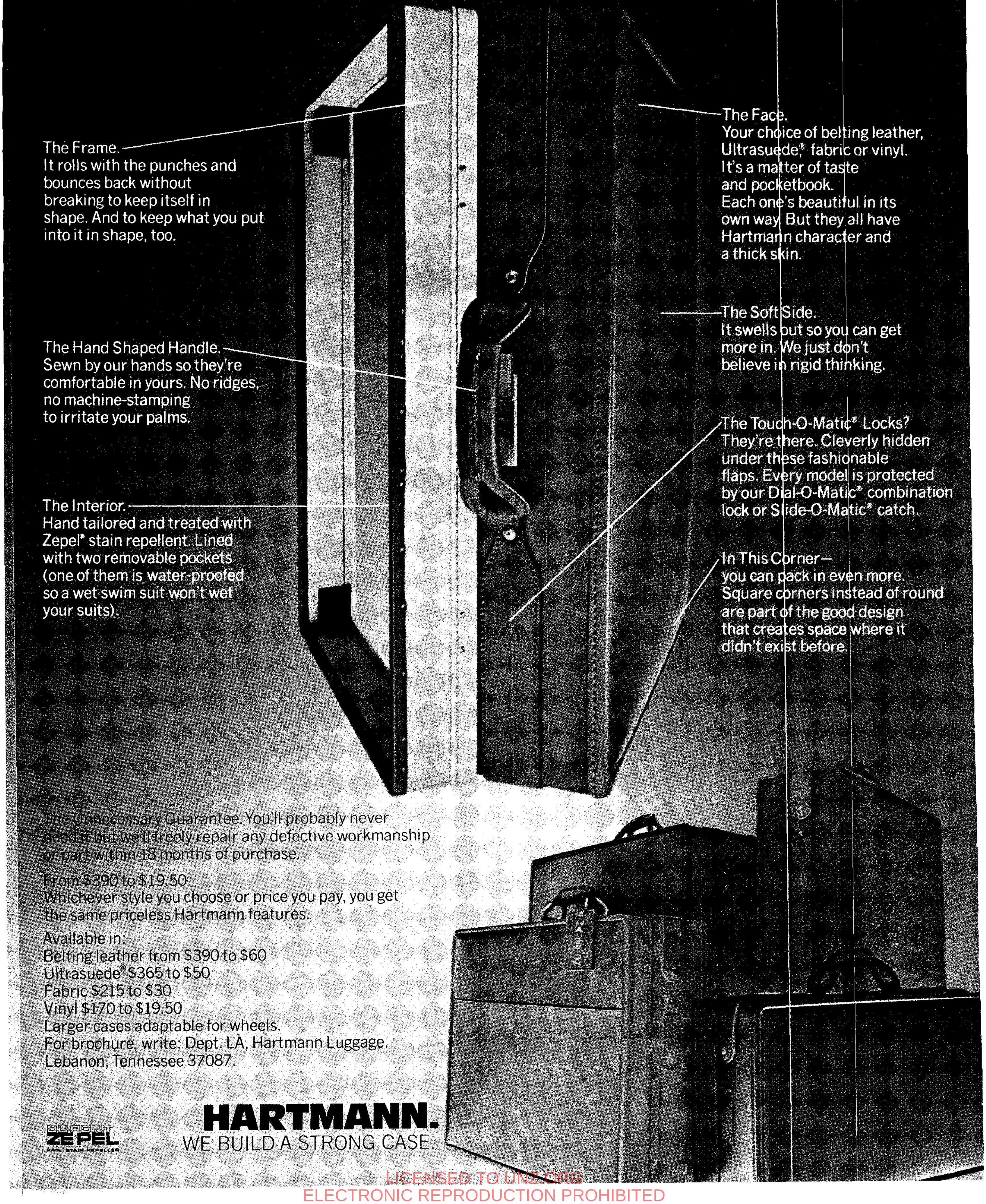
THE HEART OF A HARTMANN.
THE CASE THAT'S NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE.



The Frame.
It rolls with the punches and bounces back without breaking to keep itself in shape. And to keep what you put into it in shape, too.

The Hand Shaped Handle.
Sewn by our hands so they're comfortable in yours. No ridges, no machine-stamping to irritate your palms.

The Interior.
Hand tailored and treated with Zepel® stain repellent. Lined with two removable pockets (one of them is water-proofed so a wet swim suit won't wet your suits).

The Face.
Your choice of belting leather, Ultrasuede® fabric or vinyl. It's a matter of taste and pocketbook. Each one's beautiful in its own way. But they all have Hartmann character and a thick skin.

The Soft Side.
It swells out so you can get more in. We just don't believe in rigid thinking.

The Touch-O-Matic® Locks?
They're there. Cleverly hidden under these fashionable flaps. Every model is protected by our Dial-O-Matic® combination lock or Slide-O-Matic® catch.

In This Corner—
you can pack in even more. Square corners instead of round are part of the good design that creates space where it didn't exist before.

The Unnecessary Guarantee. You'll probably never need it but we'll freely repair any defective workmanship or part within 18 months of purchase.

From $390 to $19.50
Whichever style you choose or price you pay, you get the same priceless Hartmann features.

Available in:
Belting leather from $390 to $60
Ultrasuede® $365 to $50
Fabric $215 to $30
Vinyl $170 to $19.50
Larger cases adaptable for wheels.
For brochure, write: Dept. LA, Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087.

DUPONT ZEPEL
RAIN, STAIN, REPELLER

HARTMANN.
WE BUILD A STRONG CASE.

of Alpo were itself a secret ingredient that added to its attractiveness to purchasers. According to the F.T.C. record, when the National Can Company came out with a new brand of premium-priced canned dog food—it was called Skippy Premium—and tried to cut into the Alpo and Kal Kan market by pricing it slightly below Alpo, the challengers were careful not to set *too* low a price on their product, on the theory that potential customers might believe the brand to be inferior in quality to Alpo and Kal Kan, and avoid buying it. In fact, the new and slightly cheaper Skippy Premium never did make a dent in the Alpo market. In 1969, the United States Tobacco Company made a similar attempt to take business away from Alpo and Kal Kan, with a campaign of television commercials advertising Cadillac, an all-meat, premium-priced canned food it had on the market, as “5¢ less” than the competition. The campaign registered an unsatisfactory response from television viewers, and the Alpo advertising agency reported of the five-cents-less advertising approach, “It may be that this is simply not a believable point, and the product gets dismissed as a result.”

The Alpo people, in their advertising, directed various sneers at the inclusion of “cheaper” ingredients in other dog foods. The mere notion of the existence of inexpensive ingredients in dog food was one that Allen's advertising treated with disdain, and the Allen people saw to it that the company's views were conveyed to supermarket operators throughout the country. “You make more profit per can on Alpo. So the more space you give to high-profit Alpo, the more money you'll make,” one communication from Allen declared, and it asked scornfully, “How much brand loyalty has someone who buys 15-cent dog food?”

In 1972, with the beginning of economic recession in this country, one might have assumed that the manufacturers of premium-priced canned dog food would be tempted to accommodate themselves to the situation by lowering the prices of their products. This did not happen. Instead, in 1972 and 1973 the Carnation Company charged into the pet-food war to challenge the position of Alpo and Kal Kan with a “super” premium-priced canned dog food called Mighty Dog, which was even more expensive than Alpo. Mighty Dog was advertised in a huge barrage of commercials on television. The campaign boasted that Mighty Dog was “pure beef, no by-products”

We left Nature alone. She gave us Villa Banfi.

Possibly the purest, most natural wine you'll ever taste. Imported from Italy's premier vineyard estates.

Before the end of the year you may be able to enjoy all these fine Villa Banfi wines, each an extraordinary value:

Roman White
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Banfi
VILLA BANFI
Roman White

When it pours, it reigns.

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the ARGONAUT, of Greek registry, off Cozumel

Voyage to Mayaluum

world of the ancient Maya civilization and remote undisturbed isles of natural beauty and interest in Central America

January 10 to January 23
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You are invited to sail from Montego Bay with fewer than 150 passengers aboard the ARGONAUT, built as the world's largest private yacht. Set an exclusive course via the islands of Grand Cayman and Cozumel to the Quintana Roo region of Yucatan, then inside a great barrier reef to Belize and on to Guatemala, Honduras and her Bay Islands.

Experience remote and recently uncovered pre-Columbian sites and temples unsurpassed in the Americas. Enjoy reefs and beaches unknown to tourism.

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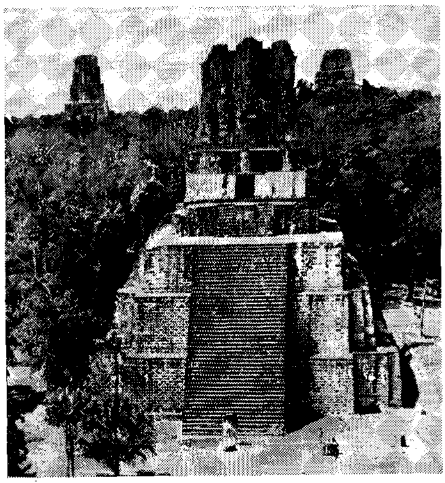
R & W passengers at Tikal

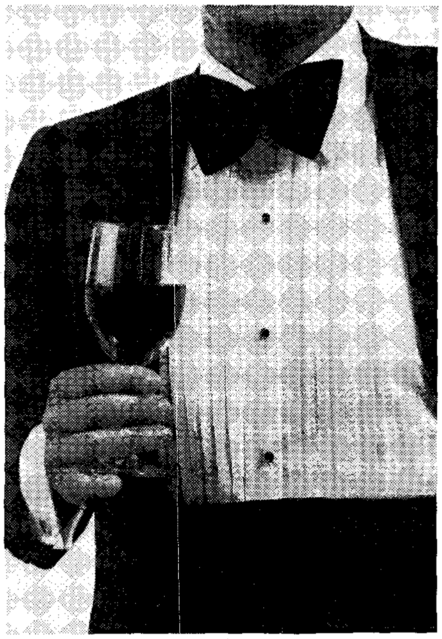


and that it "tastes better than any canned dog food." In the commercials, the superb quality of the new product was dramatically illustrated by a hot branding iron that, when thrust into an open can of Mighty Dog and then withdrawn, left a seared and smoking imprint of the legend "PURE BEEF." Viewers were invited to "smell the pure beef aroma" of the stuff packed into the cans they were urged to go out and buy. The commercials were a great success for Carnation—so great as to cause the F.T.C. administrative-law judge, in his findings in the Liggett & Myers anti-trust proceedings, to take note of "the erosion of Alpo's brand loyalty by the massive Mighty Dog campaign."

WITH the unceasing advertising barrages on television, and with the emphasis on the virtues of high-priced dog food, it was as if price had become the touchstone not only of the quality of the product being offered but also of the quality of the purchasers—as if the social status of citizens could now be judged by the expensiveness of the dog food they bought. The merchandisers of the competing companies appear to have had few doubts about who was influencing the exercise of individual choice in matters of pet nutrition. A motivational-research study of the dog-food market that was prepared in 1972 for the Perk Foods division of Liggett & Myers puts the issue of consumer free will rather unsentimentally:

> Advertising is usually down-graded by people as an effective element in their product and brand selections. They prefer to believe in the myths of their own autonomy in decision-making. . . . Advertising implies to an individual that peers value the same brand or product as he does. Therein, the individual is assured of the rightness of his choice. But such forms of advertising influence are not in the realm of the admissible.

No, indeed. Nevertheless, the pet-food manufacturers and advertisers have been eager to ascertain the outlook and social standing and buying habits of pet owners, and their precise attitudes toward their pets; and all the pet-food companies seem to have commissioned studies appraising these characteristics, sometimes in detail. In fact, the underlying tone of much of the pet-food advertising on the air undoubtedly reflects what the pet-food men conceive, through their market research, to be the spiritual and temporal tone of pet owners—particularly those with money to spend. A few such studies that I have been able to get my



CLASSIC FORMAL SHIRTS
Exclusively ours. 12 hand cut knife pleats that run the full length of the shirt. Shank buttons on removable tape. Single needle stitching. Hand ironed, hand folded. The way great shirts used to be made. Sizes 14½-32 thru 17-36. Long staple cotton in white, blue, pink, yellow, $25. Silk pleats, collar and cuffs, with luxurious cotton batiste body, natural shade only, $45. Black onyx studs and links $37.50. Silk bow tie (satin or grosgrain) $7. Silk cummerbund $12.50.
Write for free color catalog
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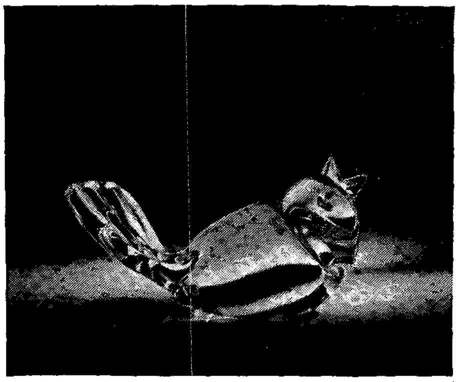
Am. Exp. & Mas. Chge. Add $1.50 post. N.Y. Res. add tax.



Crystal Songbird—one of 91 special gifts illustrated in the Catalogue

THE 1976 STEUBEN CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE IS NOW READY

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☐ I enclose $3.00 for the 1976 Steuben Christmas Catalogue.
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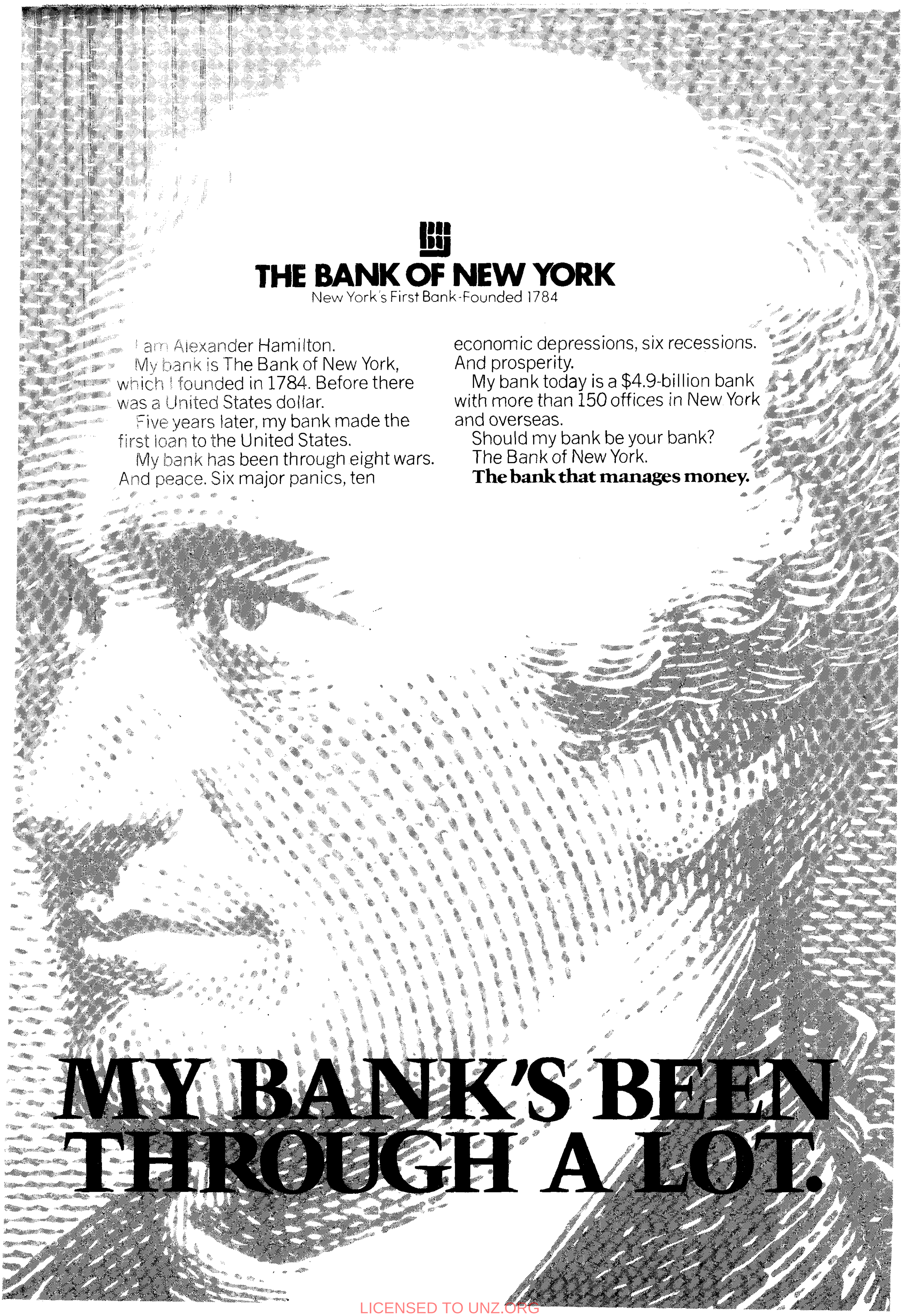
MY BANK'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

THE BANK OF NEW YORK
New York's First Bank-Founded 1784

I am Alexander Hamilton.

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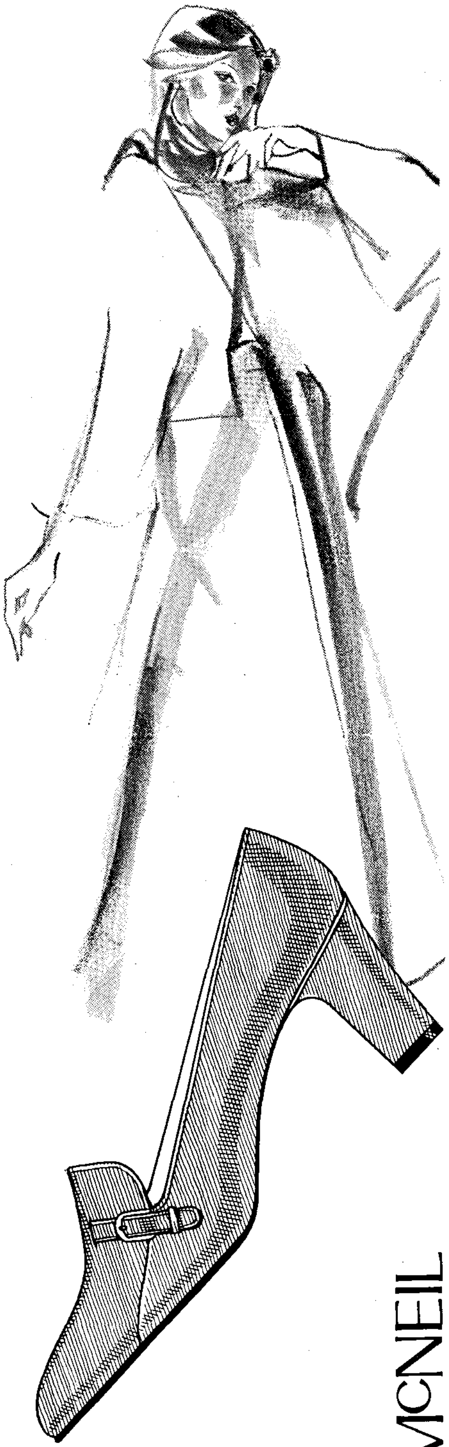

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hands on make interesting reading, even if they are sometimes a bit complex, being peppered with terms like "ego-gratification," "surrogate child," "love object," "ambivalence," and "anthropomorphizing."

One of the first things I noticed in reading this literature is that, while pets are usually owned by families, the customer is usually referred to as "she." That is, the man of the house may buy the dog, but it's his wife who picks up the dog food at the supermarket. From the point of view of the pet-food people, "she" is an individual to be watched, and "her" motivations are to be analyzed, with care. Thus, "A Study of Attitudes Toward Pet Ownership," prepared on behalf of the Pet Food Institute, observes, under the subhead "Emotional Gratification," "It is interesting to note that it is primarily women who receive emotional support and satisfaction from their pets." A little farther on, the study goes into a few details. "There are many ways in which pets provide this kind of satisfaction," it says. "For example, pets offer the opportunity to give and receive a totally involving kind of love, a kind which husbands or children often do not want or cannot tolerate." The study notes that animals do not "complain or recoil" from overattention or affection, "but rather, follow their owners around, are eager for bodily contact, and are even reported to stare at owners in a special way."

Later on, in an apparent reference to the man of the house, who, it is assumed, may be absent a good part of the time for one reason or another, the report asserts, "Pets mitigate guilt created by not being home with one's family." And it further notes:

> There were also signs that men use pets to relieve themselves of wives' overdependency or constant demands on their time. By having one or two pets to care for, the wives have more to do and also something else from whom affection can be given and received.

After such a characterization, the subhead of the section immediately following—"Pets fulfill perceptions of an ideal American home"—may seem a trifle flat. But things pick up again in a section headed "Pets provide a source of ego-gratification." The report explains that in addition to contributing to "feelings of successful family interactions," pets improve their owners' positive concept of themselves. Thus, "many women gain a tremendous sense of being 'good' when they take in strays." They "take pride in their pets doing special things," such as the way

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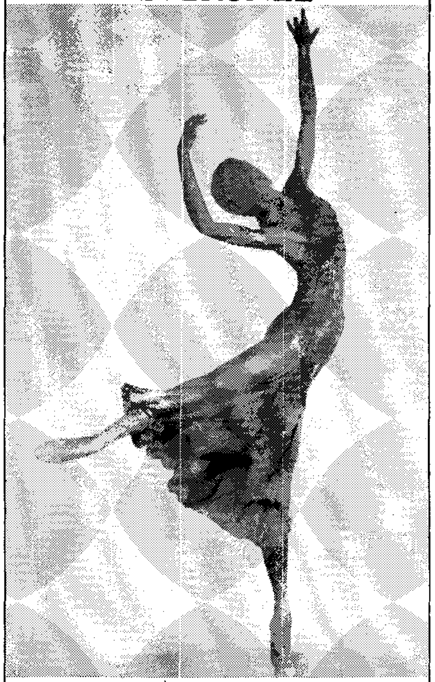

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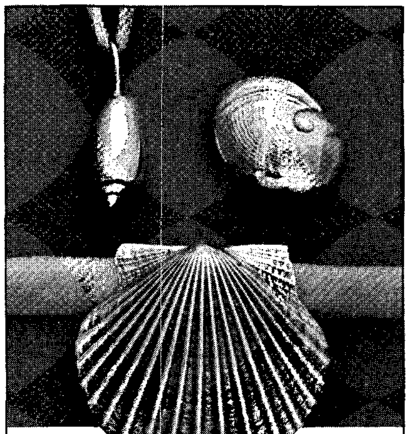

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one of them "stalks his food," including birds. One woman queried in the course of the study "told how her cat can sing 'Born Free' and 'Happy Birthday.' " And "several commented on their dogs saying 'Hello,' or their cats doing little tricks."

"Finally," this section of the study reports, "some owners take great pride in the ferocity of their pets." The report elaborates on this:

> They seem to use their pets as a way of getting back at a hostile, crime-ridden world. One man told of how his dog ate another man's pet duck. Instead of expressing regret to the victim's owner, the man showed pride in his dog. Another male respondent proudly reported that his dog really would bite the hand off of someone who came near him. And one woman seemed proud that her daughter's dog "would kill anyone who comes near my grandchildren."

Reading this, I was powerfully reminded of the carnivorous quality of the Alpo slogan "Your dog needs meat," and of the Alpo agency's forceful summary of the issue as "MEAT! Meat is the name of the game."

In addition to owners' approval of ferocious behavior on the part of their charges, the pride they take in various qualities of their pets is the subject of a good deal of deep psychological analysis as well as of keen competitive speculation in the pet-food marketing studies—especially where higher-income consumers are involved. The studies seem to agree that a household pet is increasingly regarded as (to use a phrase that occurs over and over in such documents) "a member of the family." In the family circle, as a document prepared for the Liggett & Myers-Perk Foods division emphasizes, "*the dog occupies a key position with his own prerogatives and needs.*" It goes on to say, "An intricate form of communication is established in which humans watch for and anticipate the desires of the dog and in which he makes his feelings explicit."

The prevailing attitude of dog owners, as the manufacturers of pet foods have undoubtedly been gratified to learn through these studies, is an increasingly indulgent one. The Liggett & Myers study puts the situation this way:

> Many of the women [interviewed in the study] indulge their dog's behavior. He is allowed to behave in "human ways" in getting on furniture, in insisting that he "go with the family" and in his desires to go out on demand. Many are proud of their pet's idiosyncrasies. . . . The attitude is parallel to that seen in families with "permissive" atmospheres for children . . . and opportunities for

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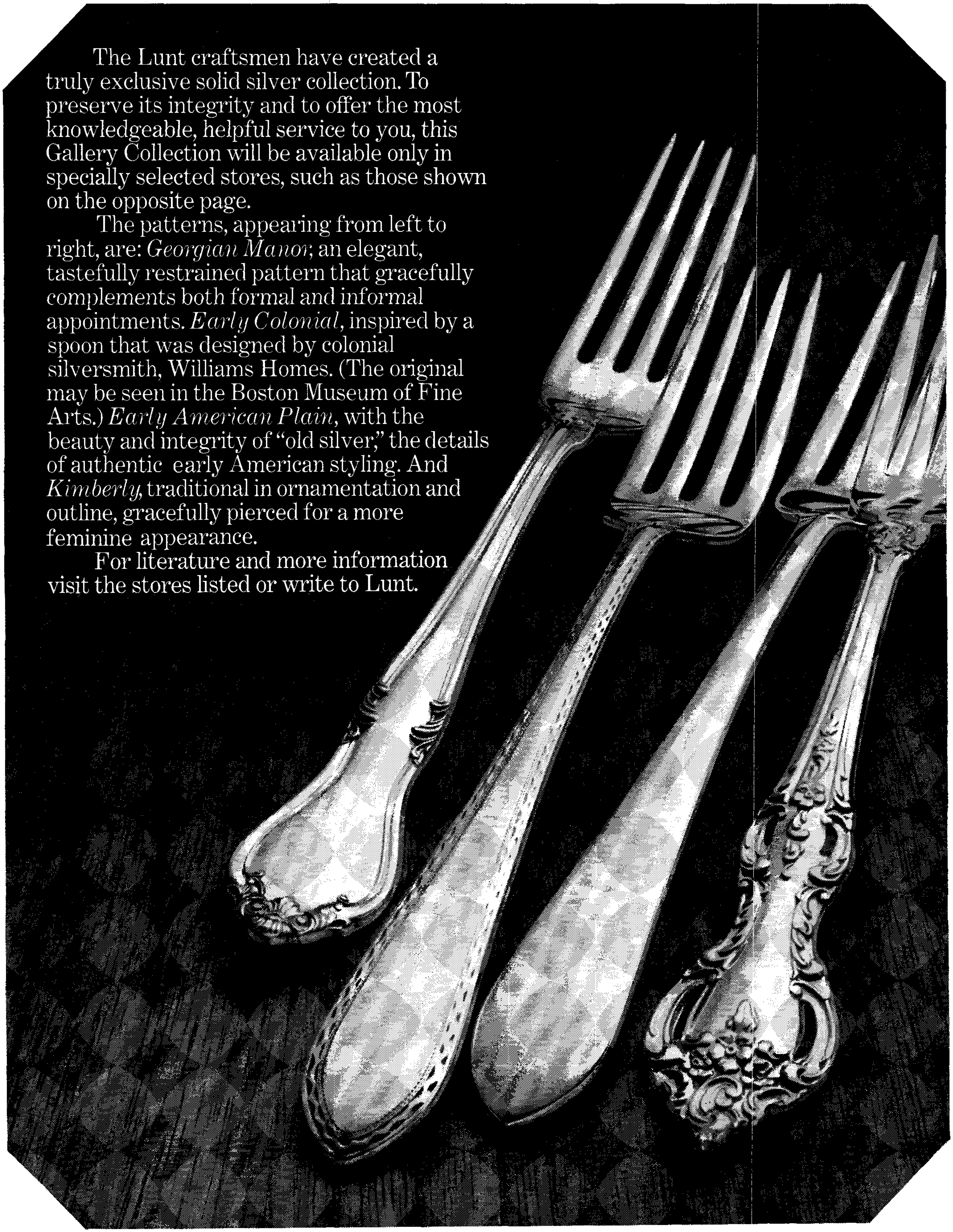

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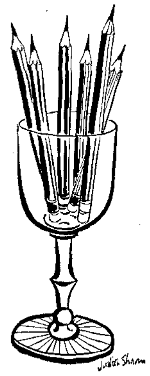
"self-expression" are many and are encouraged.

Thus, if the family dog one day turns up its nose at the grub put in front of it, the reaction of the owner, even if the owner understands that the meal is perfectly nutritious, is not to let the dog get good and hungry until it decides not to be so picky. "Few of these owners have tried to discipline the dog to eat recommended foods simply because they are supposed to be 'good for the pet,' " the Liggett study notes, and it also observes, "Those foods that the dog rejects or even eats reluctantly will not be repurchased." The report goes on to point out that when such instances of stubbornness occur "the owners seem to be secretly proud that their pets could not be coerced into eating something against [their] wishes."

Another motivational-research study prepared for Perk Foods in 1972, delves into possible sources of such secret pride, noting, "The factor of catering to a dog seems to indicate that some dog owners not only recognize their dogs as fussy and individualistic, but also cater to their dogs' behavior and preferences . . . to the extent of preparing special dishes . . . presumably in an effort to satisfy a dog's apparent tastes." The report ascribes such deference partly to "a personal projection of feelings about how a dog ought to feel . . . loved, wanted, and pampered." It is of little concern to owners that "dogs can readily learn to be fussy about what they eat so long as owners change dog foods . . . every time a dog refuses to eat." And why are the owners so deferential to their dogs' whims? "By ego projection, owners unconsciously want to teach their dogs to be and act like themselves." The Perk Foods research report explains that this level of ego projection involves a sense of satisfaction, if not pleasure, which the owner experiences in exerting control over the dog. Such control "extends to concern and regulation of a dog's nutrition, which, comparatively, is somewhat more intensely felt with respect to dogs than with respect to human members of the family." An interesting point, this—that while the children of the house may be subject to the slow nutritional rot of Cokes and other soft drinks and TV dinners, the dog of the house is the subject of the grown-ups' concern over healthy eating habits. The report goes on, "Some dog owners seem to create a state of dependency of their dogs 'good will' in their projection of personal feelings to a dog." It concludes:



> In effect, such owners condition a dog to be "a fussy eater," which in turn reinforces a belief that their dog is special, unusually discerning, and, in a general sense, superior.

Thought-provoking as this conclusion is, it raises this further Pavlovian speculation: Couldn't it be that someone is out there conditioning the owner to condition the dog to be a fussy eater? Anyone considering this point might bear in mind that no pet-food merchandiser ever loses sight of the fact that the customer is not the pet itself but its owner. Pets themselves do not pay attention to television commercials, after all, and they're usually not even allowed into the supermarkets where nearly all the stuff is sold. One pet-food man I talked with a while ago told me, "When we bring out new flavors in our pet-food line, they're tested on pet owners rather than pets. When we are in the process of deciding on a new combination of ingredients, we go to [test] the pet owners and not the pets."

In light of these considerations, the better off the owners of pets are economically, the greater are the aspirations of the pet-food manufacturers to devise and sell them premium-priced pet food. And the harder the selling, the higher the potential price of the product. A Liggett & Myers document puts it this way: "Today's intense consumer demand for convenience, for the social reinforcement of personal judgment and choice that highly advertised brands convey, and for vicarious indulgence on behalf of a dog, indicate that dog-food manufacturers may have more flexibility in pricing structure [than they had in the past]." The 1971 marketing plan for Allen Products had already defined the Alpo target as people with incomes in excess of ten thousand dollars, and "primarily female heads of household"—that is, housewives who do the family supermarket shopping chores—"with emphasis upon the 35-49 age group." Pretty much the same group of women were the target of competing high-priced brands of canned dog food, and by the time the Alpo people and their competitors had had a fair whack at them with successive volleys of television commercials, they seemed determined not to skimp on their dogs' rations. In general, these women were estimated in market research to have a strong con-

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cern for pets and a pronounced desire—"often generated by guilt feelings," the 1972 Perk document noted—to include their pets as family members and to treat them in a permissive manner. And the Perk document pointed out, "More important for us is that they indulge the dog in terms of his food." The report went on, "The owners' 'ideal' is a dog food that is *very close to human food*. This satisfies the emotional needs of the owner and strengthens her belief that the animal is a family member." It is no doubt a tribute to this aspiration that in the lean economic years beginning in 1972 so many of the Alpo ladies were persuaded by the sizzling "PURE BEEF" commercials for Mighty Dog to defect from Alpo and switch to the more expensive but also more humanized variety of dog food. When the recession deepened, the worst that happened to the high-priced-dog-food business as a whole was that its annual rate of expansion slowed down substantially, while the merchandising and purchase of the lower-priced moist and dry varieties of pet food correspondingly expanded. But even as the slowdown in the high-priced-dog-food business occurred, another Perk marketing study foresaw all sorts of new marketing possibilities in the high-priced field:

> Looking ahead, as consumer environments change . . . as people love their dogs more, placate and coddle them more and more, spend more money on them, vest their egos in their dogs, there is no reason why additional new product factors cannot be introduced to dog-food buyers.

The document went on to emphasize, "In view of a psychic transformation of dogs to quasi-human status in the home, there may well be further opportunities for developing product qualities and products that are analogous to human foods." Then, perhaps a little more prosaically, it listed such product possibilities arising from the psychic transformation as "casseroles, meat loaf, chicken and dumplings, hot dogs, hash, and snacks." Farther along, it picked up the tone of things by adding to the canine-menu possibilities "canned meat balls *au jus* or canned burgers with bouillon sauce."

WHILE the great meat war was being fought with television campaigns and in the supermarkets, the manufacturers of semi-moist and dry varieties of pet foods were, of course, increasingly active. They, too, were attempting to outdo one another in emphasizing the delectability of their offerings, sometimes to the point of

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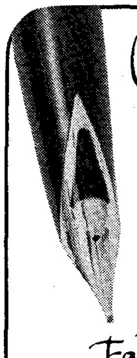

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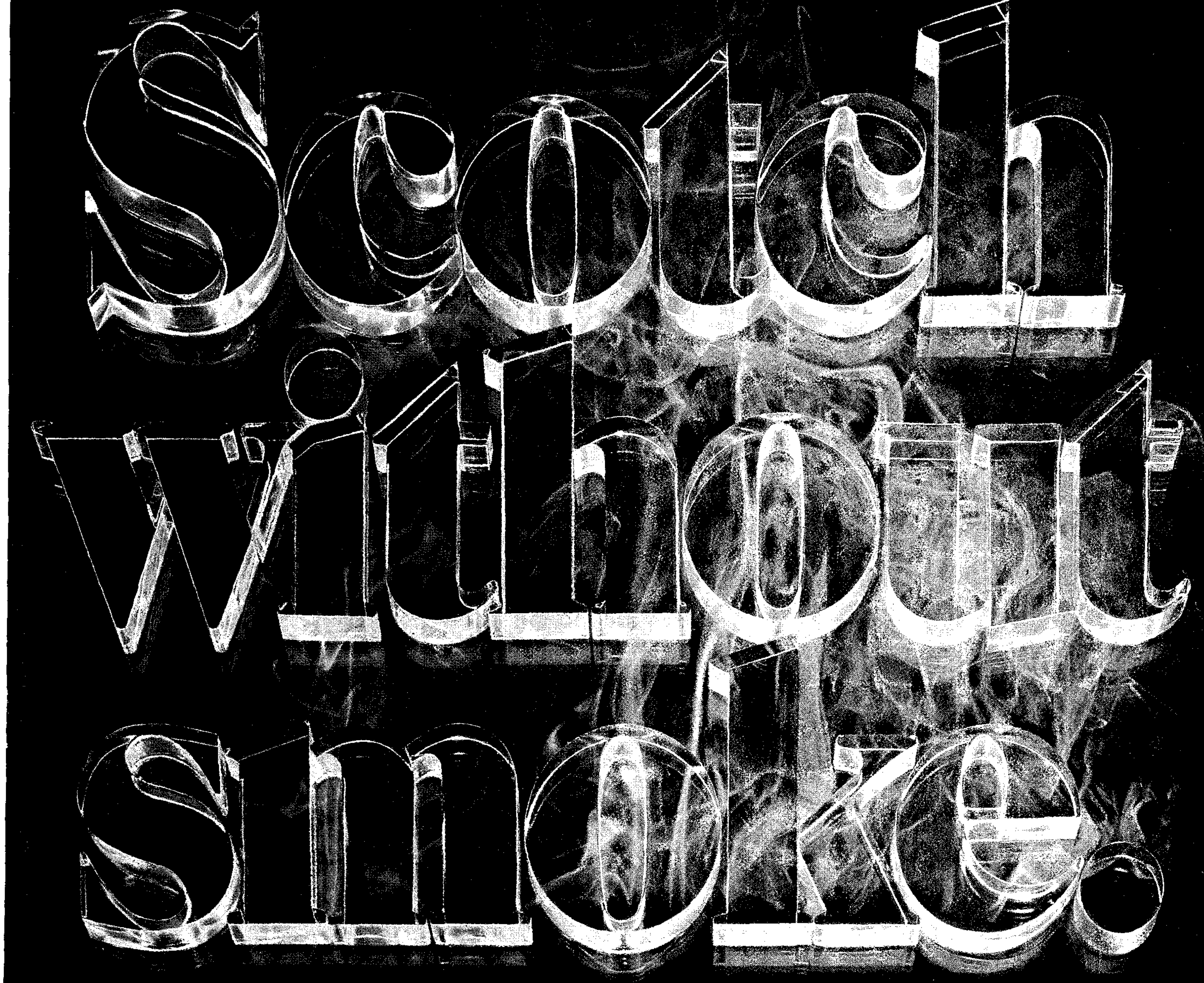
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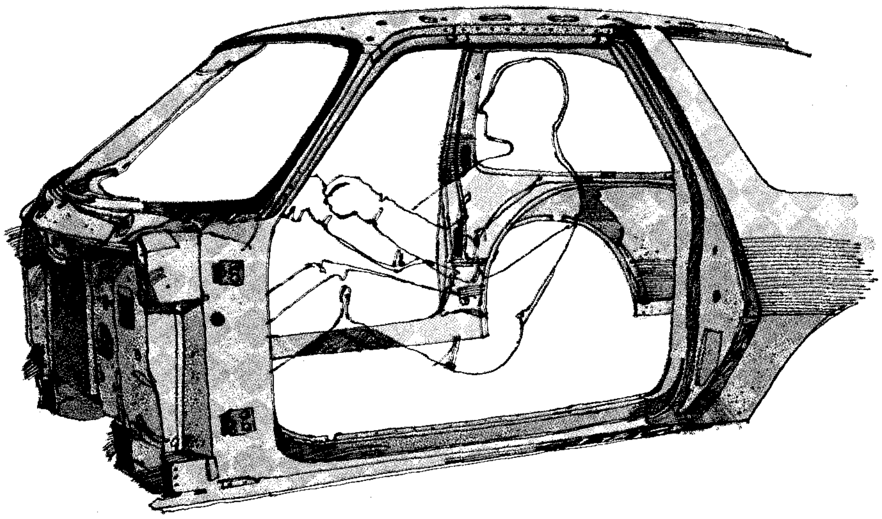

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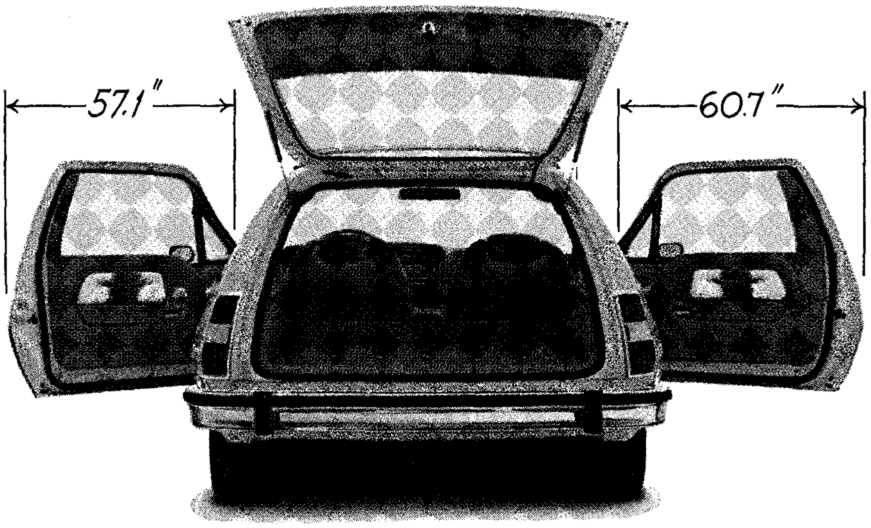

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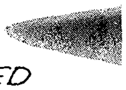
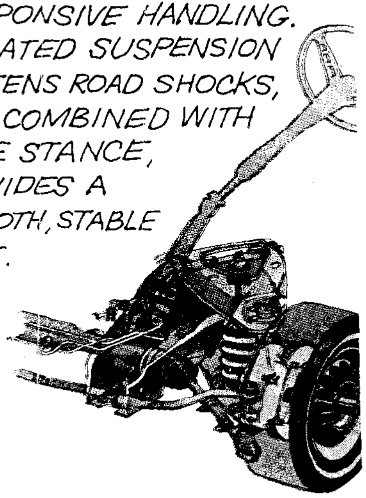
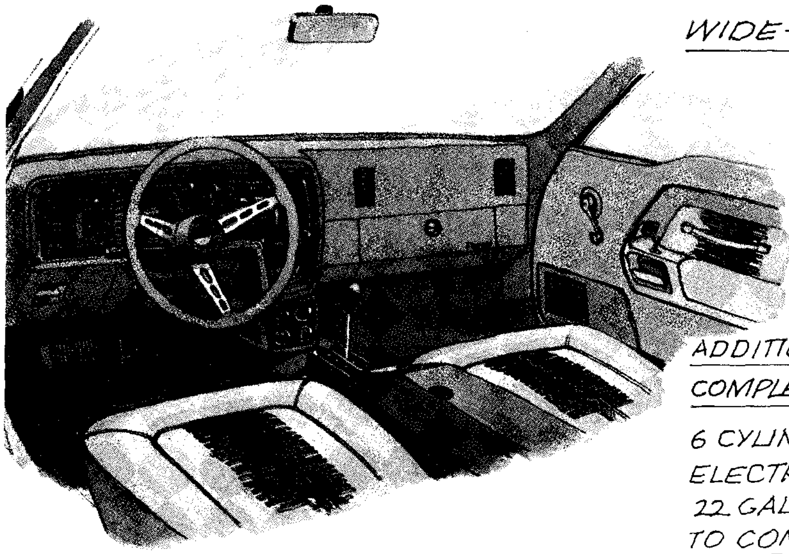


RACK AND PINION STEERING; ISOLATED SUSPENSION

RACK AND PINION STEERING FOR PRECISE, RESPONSIVE HANDLING. ISOLATED SUSPENSION SOFTENS ROAD SHOCKS, AND COMBINED WITH WIDE STANCE, PROVIDES A SMOOTH, STABLE RIDE.





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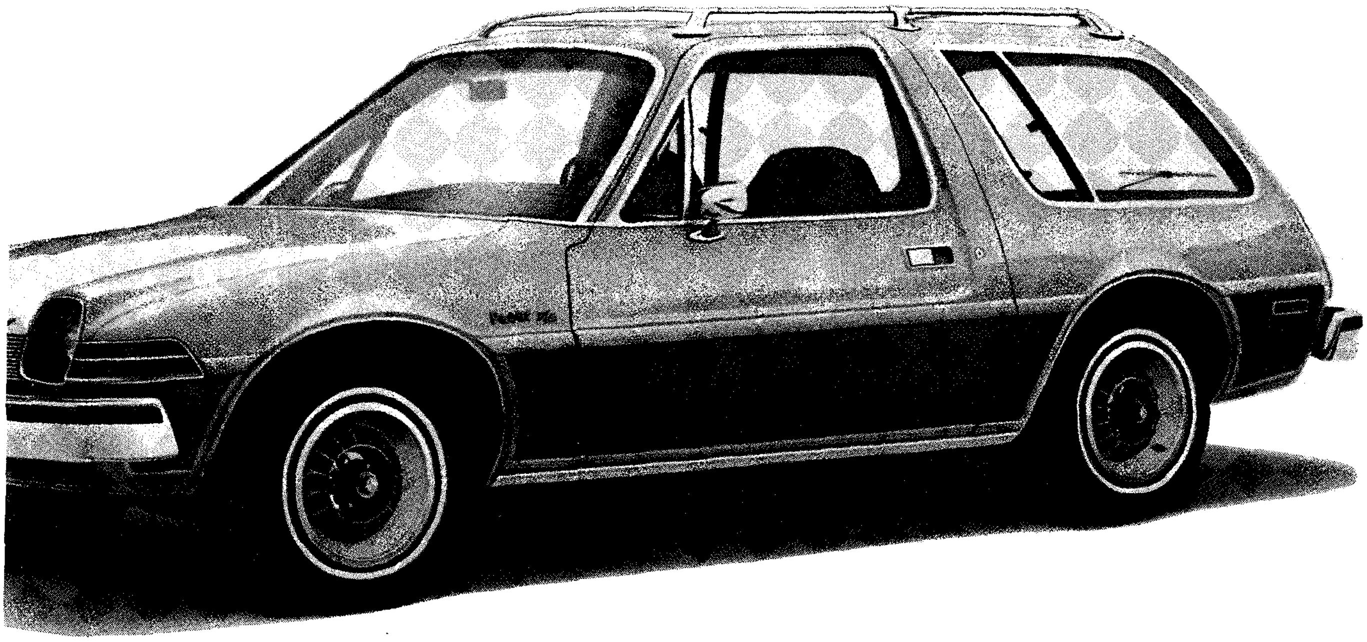

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Cylinder Heads	**YES**	NO	NO	NO
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All Light Bulbs	**YES**	NO	YES	NO
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Mufflers	**YES**	NO	NO	YES
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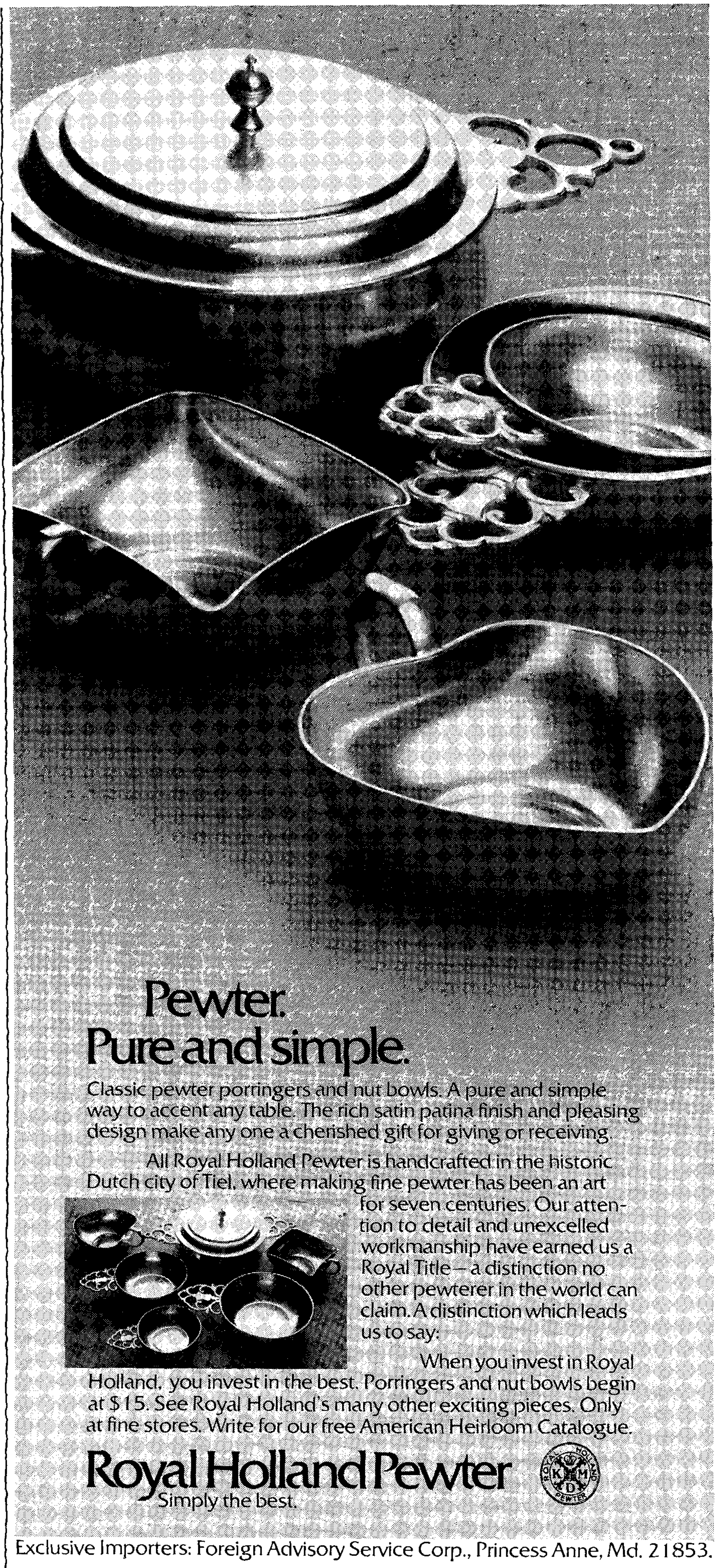
causing them to rival, if not overshadow, in attractiveness the appearance of mere human rations. Thus, a commercial for Gaines Top Choice Burger, a moist dog food put out by General Foods, opens with a color shot of two plastic supermarket meat trays side by side, and filled with what appear to be identical portions of freshly ground meat. A man's forefinger points downward from the top of the screen to one portion. A voice announces, "This is hamburger." Then the forefinger of another hand points downward to the other heaping portion. The voice continues, "And this is Gaines Top Choice Burger for dogs," but then pauses and, as a hand moves uncertainly from one pile to the other, goes on, "Or, uh, is *this* the hamburger and *this* Top Choice?" Two hands now appear, and each squeezes a sample from the two piles to show that Top Choice and hamburger hold together in identical fashion. Then, over a shot of a dog gobbling from a bowl of Top Choice, an announcer's voice boasts, "Top Choice looks amazingly like hamburger . . . but it's better for your dog, because it also has all the vitamins, minerals, and protein for the one-hundred-per-cent nutrition hamburger doesn't have." The two heaps certainly do appear to be of equally meaty color, and the viewer never is told which is Top Choice and which is plain old hamburger. Virtually all the other pet-food companies putting out brands of dog food stress, in glowing ads, the meaty hue of their products. It seems to matter little that this highly expensive effort is lost on the pets eating the food, since research shows that dogs are pretty much color blind.

The admen who merchandise semi-moist forms of dog food for different companies all have their own perceptions of the particular market they are aiming for. To guide them in their efforts, they all have their own research breakdowns of actual and potential customers according to income and other gauges of status. Young & Rubicam, the agency for General Foods' dog-food products, uses something called a "psychographic chart" of pet owners' varying attitudes toward their charges. I learned in a talk with a Young & Rubicam account executive that the psychographic chart describes a "tremendous emotional range" of attitudes among owners, again with particular attention to women. "We rarely address our pet-food advertising to men," the Young & Rubicam man said. "Our chief prospects are women, since usually they are responsible not only for



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THE SNUGGLY ROBE

for a cold winter's night. Heavenly soft fleece, deeply napped. A sophisticated plaid by Alice Macksoud for Ariel. Let it float free, sash it in all around, or—pull the sash through the side slits and shape it just in front. Zips way down, side seam pockets. Washable acrylic. Burnt orange/grey/ivory. P(6-8), S(10-12), M(14-16), L(18). $55.00.

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BROWNSTONE STUDIO

buying dog food but for the more onerous job of feeding the family dog. When you're selling human-food products, you can divide the mothers who are your prospects into 'suppliers' and 'providers.' Some mothers, the 'suppliers,' tend to feel they're doing their job if they keep the kitchen stocked and let others in the family help themselves. Other mothers *implant* themselves in the kitchen—they have a hand in everything that is put on the table. Pet owners tend to divide in pretty much the same way. Some sit back and wait for the dog to eat when he feels like it, and others are tremendously and utterly involved in what the dog eats and how he eats. You'd need a psychiatrist to explain the various relationships that exist! It's not an overstatement that many women would rather give up their husbands, or even their children, than their dog. The dogs are regarded as child surrogates. I've heard a woman say that when she walks in at night from the supermarket her husband might not even look up from his paper, or the children from the TV set, but the dog *always* acknowledges her coming back home. The way people feel about dogs is translated into buying habits. There's a psychological break between the buyers of dry dog food, who take a functional view of the dog, and the premium-canned-dog-food buyer—the indulgent feeder, the nothing's-too-good, emotionally motivated type. The moist-food user is somewhere in the middle."

The adman went on to speak of "the psychographic makeup of the customer" and her "emotional relationship" to various kinds of pet food. "To be talking in a canned-dog-food commercial about the nutritional makeup of the product would not answer that prospect's real needs," he said. "She wants a product that is going to be a *treat*—her dog is going to love her more if she buys that product." He continued, "Dry dog food—it's irrelevant to talk about dry dog food in emotional, indulgent terms. The owner is just interested in a healthy maintenance diet for the pet. Now, in selling a moist product you're dealing with people who want to give their dogs a palatable treat but find the inconvenience of opening canned dog food troublesome. A moist dog food offers the pet owner the rationalization of *treating* the dog yet at the same time indulging *herself*."

Consequently, in advertising a moist dog food, the adman said, "the piece of reasoning you have to do is to calm the person's potential feeling of guilt." This

The Bombay tray bar. A tasteful reminder of 19th Century British elegance. Handcrafted of mahogany—beautifully finished. It is an irresistible expression of dignity and classic simplicity. A remarkable offer from us for Christmas giving or receiving. $29.95 (Add $5 for shipping). Dimensions: 36" high. 32" wide. Tray—18" X 32". Collapsible. It's lovely.

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Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
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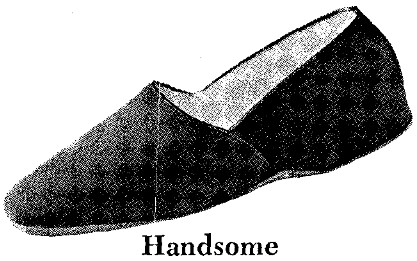

Handsome Sheepskin Shearling Slippers From England $23

Unsurpassed for softness and long wear, our most handsome English slipper is fashioned of genuine sueded sheepskin shearling. Hand-turned and hand-lasted for superb quality. Comfortable, classic plain toe model cushions the foot in lightweight warmth. Excellent for travel; everyday wear, cold weather. Good-looking rich brown colour, in sizes 6 to 13, Medium width.

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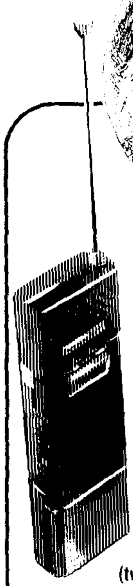
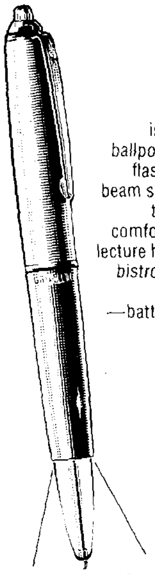


Pocket CB

transmits and receives on any of 23 CB channels. Super-sophisticated, fully integrated transceiver, with features often not found in larger and more expensive units. 30 mW transmitter power output. Fits neatly in shirt pocket and works on two "N"-cells (included—replacements readily available anywhere). Simple to operate, fully serviceable as 23-channel multiplex intercom system. It is a miracle!

(two or more units) $49.95 each
(single unit)* $54.95*each

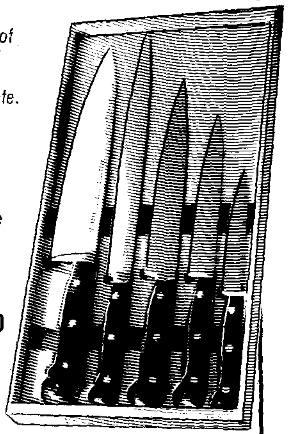


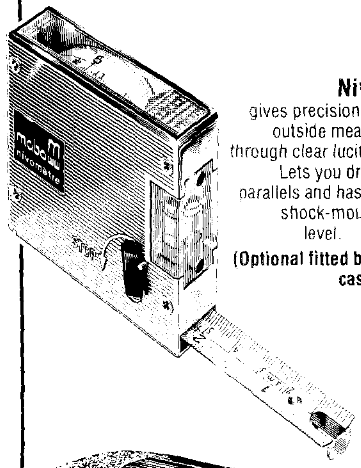
Lumiwriter

is exacting German ballpoint pen that is also flashlight, as focused beam spills from its lucite tip. *Read and write* comfortably in darkened lecture hall, theatre or dim *bistro*. Comes with four refills (standard) —batteries are included. Exquisite anodized aluminum finish **$9.95**

Trident Knife Set

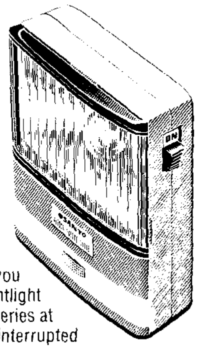
is by Wusthof of Solingen—unquestionably world's standard of cutlery. Set has 9" cook knife, 10" narrow slicer, 8" carving knife, 6" *sandwich knife and 4½" utility knife*. Superb chrome/molybdenum/vanadium steel, that provides *surgical cutting edge*. Pressed wood handles are doubly secured by three stainless steel rivets. On beechwood board, beautiful piece of cabinetry, with broad magnetic strip to hold knives hanging *securely. Expensive, but life-time* investment in luxury and utility. **$100.00**





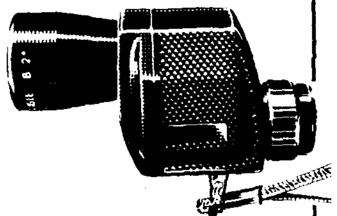
Nivometre

gives precision inside and outside measurements through clear lucite window. Lets you draw circles, parallels and has precision, shock-mounted lucite level. **$12.95**
(Optional fitted belt-looped case, $2.95).



Sanyo Power Failure Flashlight

will **never** fail. Keep it plugged in any socket (if you wish) to serve as soft nightlight and keep potent NiCd batteries at full charge. Let power be interrupted and Sanyo PF instantly provides brilliant area illumination until power is restored. And, of course, it's luxury super-bright flashlight. **$16.95**

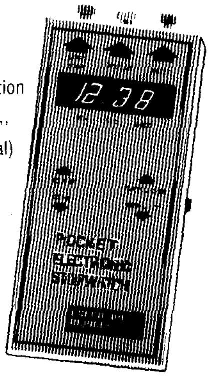


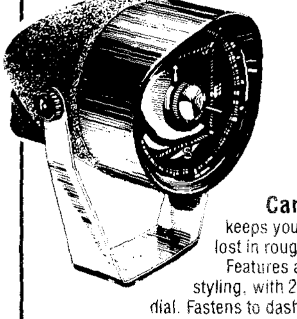
Henniscope Monocular

comes with exchangeable 8× and 6× objectives. Just 3½ inches long and weighs scant 4 ozs. First class prismatic optics. Field: 476 ft. at 1000 yds. In zippered vinyl case. **$26.95**

Electronic Digital Timer

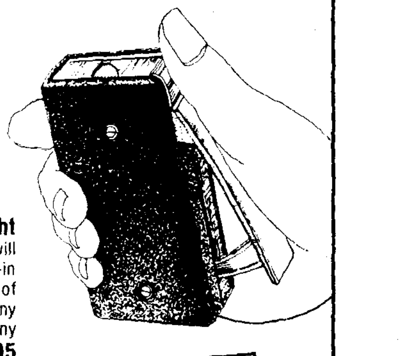
records up to one hour, has timing resolution to 1/100 sec. and is quartz controlled to *.002% accuracy. Features "standard split"* (cumulative) and "Taylor split" (sequential) timing. Super-bright, 6-digit LED display, *for easy reading in brightest sunlight.* Small size and weight (4½×2×1"—4½ oz). with heavy duty belt-looped case and hand strap. U.S. made product—*a must* for yourself or favorite sportsman on your gift list. **$69.95**





Vertical Car Compass

keeps you from getting lost in roughest country. Features airplane panel styling, with 2¼ in. vertical dial. Fastens to dash with no-mar adhesive. Push button illumination. Lockable and fully compensated. **$12.95**

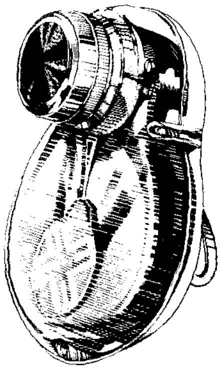


Dynalight

will not last just five or ten years, but will *never* give out, because it has a built-in generator that you operate by gentle stoke of handle. Be independent of batteries or any outside power, forever. Lifesaver in any emergency. Germany, **$19.95**

Monaco Shaver

was selected by *NASA for space travel*, because it is best available. Spring-powered, gives 72000 cutting strokes per minute, for incredibly close and fast shave. Great for camp and trail, because you are independent of power, batteries, soap and all paraphernalia. **$26.95**



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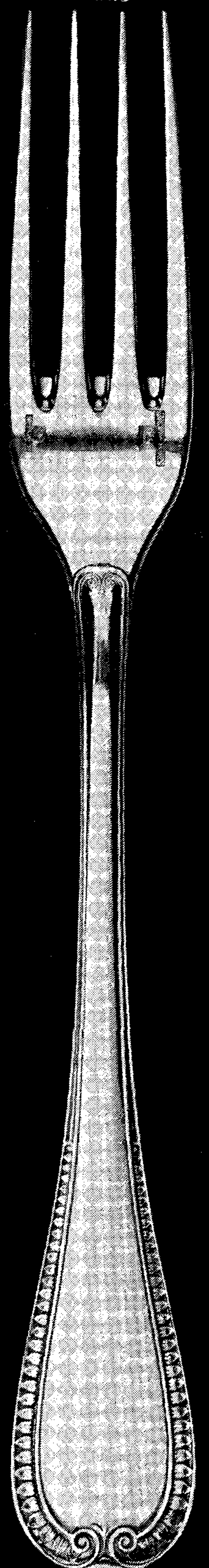
YN1101

potential feeling arises, it seems, from the customer's use of a "convenience" product—in this case, an easily opened and mess-free pouch. "What you have to say in your advertising, in effect, is that even though it's convenient, your dog will never know it," the account executive explained. In the advertising of convenience products (at least when they have been successfully launched in the market), there is a general understanding in the trade that there should be *no* mention of the actual labor saved. The Young & Rubicam man said, "It's a make-believe world, in which you never actually use the word 'convenience.' " In the case of the customer who will inevitably see commercials for Gainesburgers, then "you address what is in the woman's mind, which is 'Will my husband get mad at me if I make use of this easy-to-open container instead of a can?' " He went on, "In a perfect world, you could tell that woman about the advantages of the soft-moist product—how simple it is to open up out of the cellophane pouch, how simple it is to throw the pouch away without her hands ever touching the pet food. But you don't. It's absurd, I admit—does the *dog* know whether it's convenient or not? Yet there's that little feeling of guilt to reckon with—that the woman feels she isn't doing the very best thing."

There are other areas, too, in which the admen apparently take care not to roil the psyches of the lady customers. Thus, while in dog-food commercials children are often to be seen playing with a dog ("People who feel compelled to demonstrate affection to a dog think the dog is content if the children are content with the dog—that's why you see them romping together in the commercials," the adman said), children are almost never seen in the commercials feeding a dog. "Our research shows that women pet owners resent commercials showing a man or children feeding a dog," the Y. & R. man said. "The women don't mind feeding the dog, but they resent other people being shown as doing the feeding. The attitude is that the man wants the advantages of the pet but not the work. A man might influence the purchase of a dog-food brand, but his decision is less important than the woman's." So in dog-food commercials it's nearly always the woman who is the ministering angel. In the world of pet-food merchandising, such perceptions of the susceptibilities of the women in the audience range far and wide, and provide a lot of work for the motivational



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PARIS

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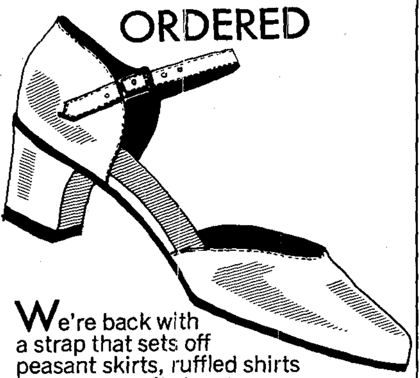

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50% cotton, 50% polyester. Machine washable. Finest quality. White with red piping. Mr. Tennis is in black.

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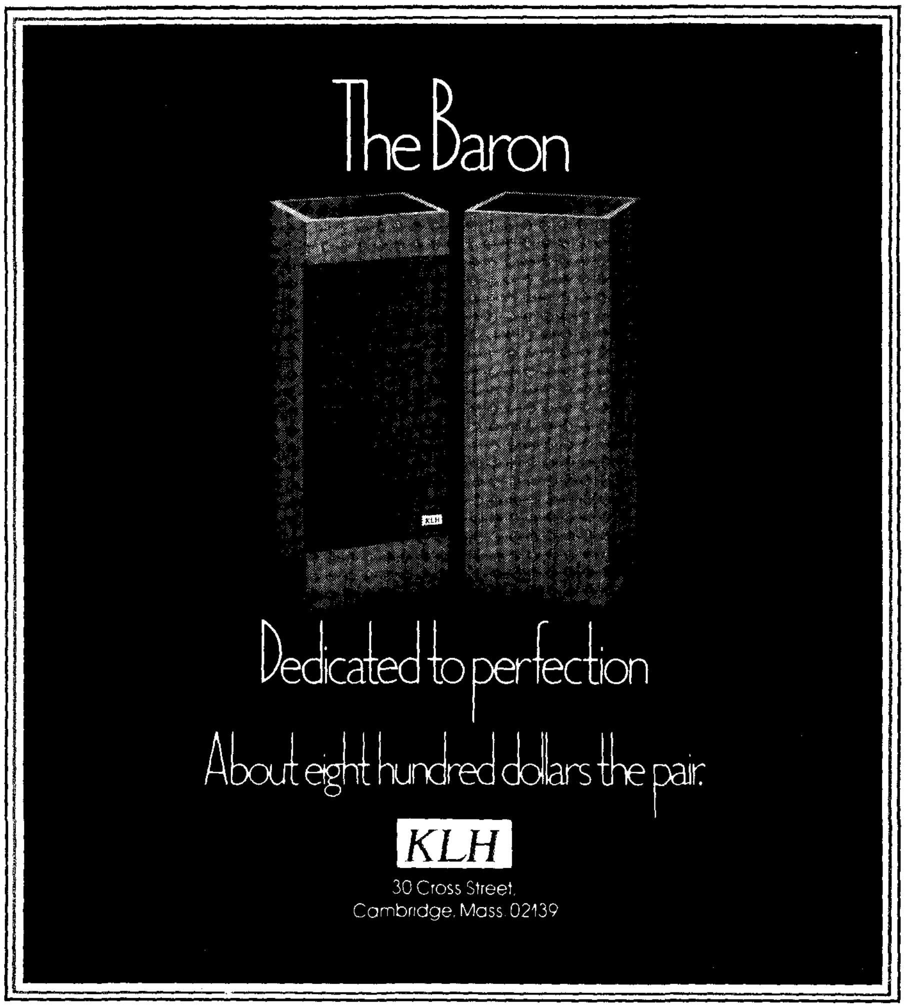
researchers. A 1971 *Fortune* article on the economics of the pet-food industry quoted a market-research study of the Ralston Purina Chuck Wagon commercials (featuring a toy chuck wagon that scoots across the kitchen floor and disappears into a cabinet door under the sink) as analyzing audience reaction this way:

> Wagons and cabinets are, symbolically, womblike enclosures. The perceived episode of a galloping horse under the woman's kitchen sink, getting into her cabinet, followed by the little dog that wants to be fed is a symbolic tale of impregnation. And for some homemakers the watching of this commercial is a means of recapturing unconscious fantasies about "having" a dog, or about "being" a baby dog that is always fed and happy.

On the other hand, a section of one research report for Liggett & Myers-Perk Foods dealing with the attitudes of owners toward dogs and their perception of their pets as family members notes, "There are indications that some . . . owners feel somewhat guilty about the fact that they did not really want a dog in the first place." It is obviously all very complicated.

BESIDES introducing realistic chromatic effects into their products, the pet-food companies have, of course, been going all out to emphasize the products' supremely tasty nature. People in the business claim that, in general, the tastier the pet food is supposed to be, the higher it is priced. However, the tastiness involved is heavily influenced by what owners consider tasty. If in this country a pet-food company were to advertise its dog food as containing rabbit, there would be very few takers among the women in the supermarkets, but in France that ingredient is proudly advertised as a mark of a pet food's superior quality. Horse meat used to be a common ingredient of canned pet food in this country, but it hardly accords with the notion of gourmet dining for pets being advertised on TV, and is, as one pet-food-company study explains, one of the "unmistakable reminders of the animal origin of the food." Again, however, in France, where horse meat is customarily sold for human consumption, pet food containing horse meat is likely to be considered *comme il faut*. As it happens, comparatively few of the dogs and cats in France are given commercially prepared pet food; they uncomplainingly get along on table scraps.

As far as the actual tastes of most dogs are concerned, there probably isn't much difference in palatability between the most expensive and the least



The Baron

Dedicated to perfection

About eight hundred dollars the pair.

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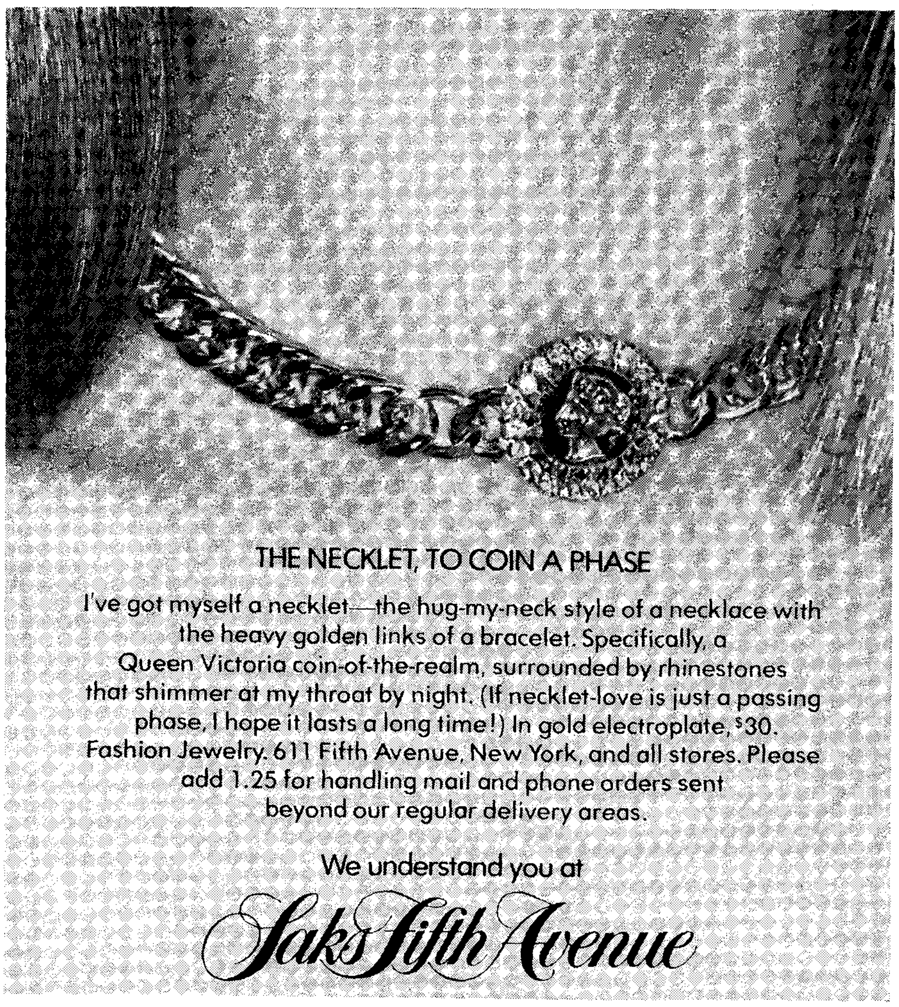

THE NECKLET, TO COIN A PHASE

I've got myself a necklet—the hug-my-neck style of a necklace with the heavy golden links of a bracelet. Specifically, a Queen Victoria coin-of-the-realm, surrounded by rhinestones that shimmer at my throat by night. (If necklet-love is just a passing phase, I hope it lasts a long time!) In gold electroplate, $30. Fashion Jewelry, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

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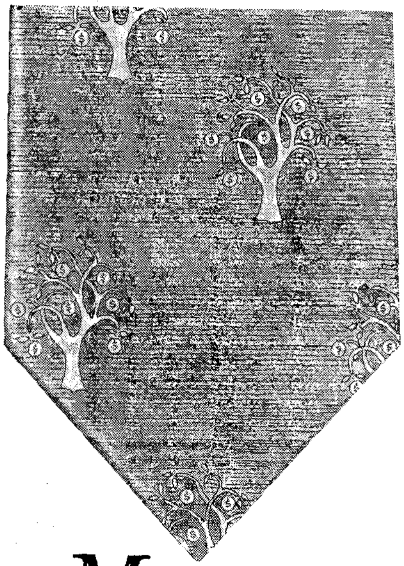

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This is a classic,
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And at $20 per tree,
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Gentlemen: I always knew money grows on trees. Please send me the trees listed below at $20 each. Who needs apples?

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expensive brands of dog food on the market. In a talk I had not long ago with Philip L. Smith, the president of the Pet Foods Division of General Foods, and a man whose enthusiasm for Gaines-burgers is apparently unlimited, he freely conceded, "Many dogs eat most of everything with equal gusto." From all that I have been able to learn about the eating habits of dogs, it appears that they are usually pretty happy to eat the same stuff day after day and year after year, and do not crave anything remotely like the variety of foods they are often imagined, or advertised, to pine for.

The quality of the meat that dogs and cats eat in nearly all commercially prepared pet food hardly lives up, in purely human terms of reference, to the gastronomic rave notices issued by the pet-food companies. According to an informational pamphlet put out by the Pet Food Institute, "the principal ingredients of pet foods are meat, poultry, and seafood by-products not suitable for human use, and feed grains of a quality produced specifically for animal consumption." At the Department of Agriculture, the meat and meat by-products that go into pet food are known, somewhat less elegantly, as "4-D meat"—that is, meat from dead, dying, diseased, or disabled animals. (The principal exception is the meat used in *Ken-L Ration*, the canned dog food put out by the Quaker Oats Company, which uses low-grade parts of federally inspected meat from slaughtered animals.) However, the humble origins of this meat do pets no harm—first, because the meat is processed at temperatures high enough to kill all pathogens, and, second, because many of the organs that are included in the meat are thought to be particularly nourishing for animals.

Actually, there appears to be some question as to how well dogs, for example, can distinguish between the flavors of the many different animal parts contained in commercial dog food. Basically, it's just nourishment to them, and they can get by equally well on a total vegetable-cereal diet, although some animal amino acids are desirable as part of such a diet. However, if the owners of dogs can persuade themselves, or be persuaded, that one particular kind of prepared food or combination of ingredients is better for their pets than another, the dogs' eating habits can become somewhat fixed on that particular food, much as the tastes of many children—with the help of incessant advertising campaigns for candies, prepared breakfast cereals, and

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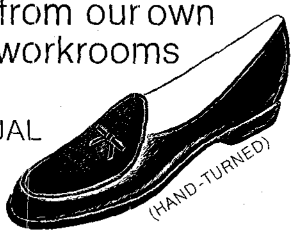

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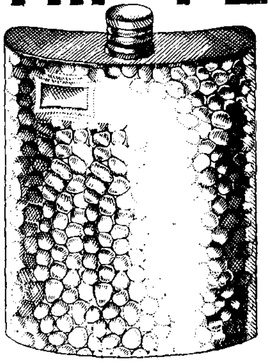

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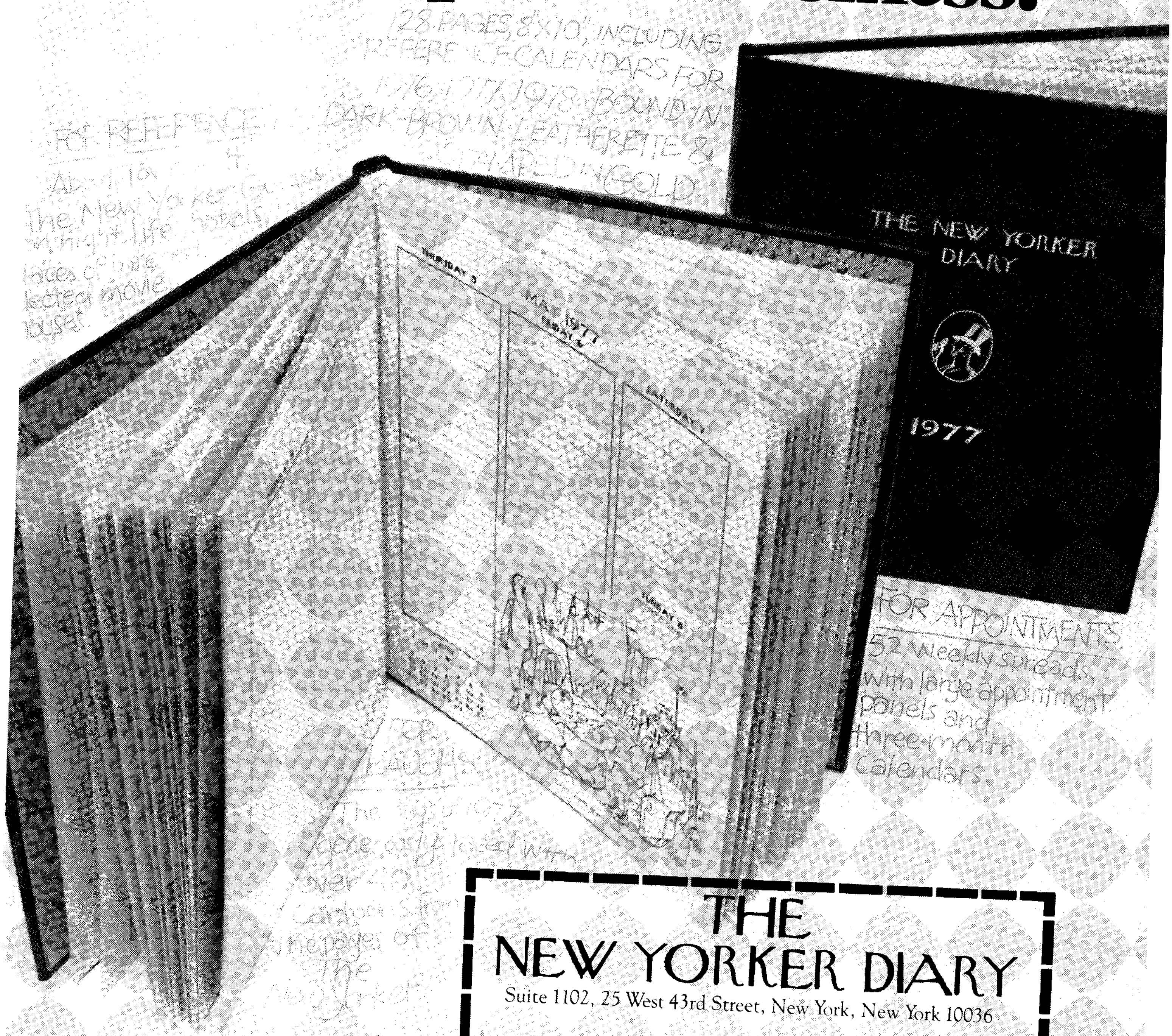
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BAL à VERSAILLES

Lorsque le parfum est une œuvre d'art...

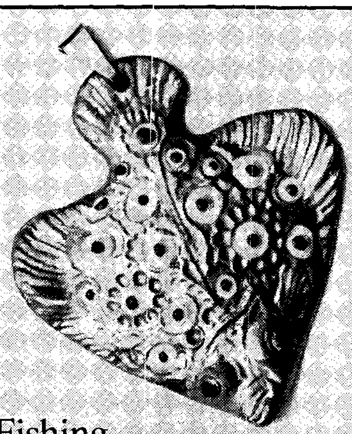
Jean Desprez
PARFUMEUR
PARIS

bloomingdale's

IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM FRANCE

soft drinks—can be fixed long into their adult life on foods containing large amounts of sugar. To the basic stuff of dry pet food the manufacturers add a spraying of fat and "palatability enhancers," as they are called, consisting of traces of such things as garlic and cheese—the very stuff of which fussy eaters can be made. The result has been a gourmet-pet-food race by the big companies in the business, with innumerable new gastronomic offerings being hawked, and "improved" versions being launched on the market. A commercial for a new Recipe product shows a dog sitting up and looking longingly at a cheeseburger sizzling away on an outdoor grill while an announcer explains, "If he sits up and says 'Please' for burgers and cheese, he's gonna love . . . new Recipe-brand Burger Dinner with cheese-flavored chunks." A commercial for Gravy Train shows two dogs and a former problem: One ate Gravy Train, the other "something else." But the problem is no more—both pets are now on Gravy Train, because "Gravy Train made their gravy better tasting . . . beefy tasting, rich, thick, and so much darker than before." Gaines-burgers scrambled the situation further with the introduction of "new Gaines-burgers with real egg." A Gaines-burger TV commercial describes the egg as "one of nature's wonders," and promises, in addition to "the moist meaty taste dogs love," no less than "a quarter of a real egg in every burger."And commercials for Ken-L Ration Burger 'n Egg have escalated the egg race with "half an egg in every pouch. Three eggs in every six-pack." With menus like this being flung incessantly onto the home screens, is it any great wonder that some poor people who become hungry enough might succumb to eating pet food?

Of all classes of fussy eaters, innately ordained or externally conditioned, no others stand out in the world of pets in finicky potential like cats. That cats occasionally spurn food put in front of them is well known, and the combination of this characteristic and the permissiveness of most cat owners toward their charges has provided opportunities of bonanzalike proportions for the pet-food industry. Cat-food advertising is a bit different in some of its assumptions from dog-food advertising. In contrast to dogs, which indiscriminately offer affection to their owners, cats maintain an air of independence, cannot or will not be trained as dogs are,



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Kit contains complete finished beautiful FAIR ISLE YOKE in six colors, hand knitted in Scotland. The purest imported Shetland wool you can buy. Easy to follow pattern allows you to knit a Ladies cardigan or sweater (size 34 to 42). Simply knit the plain body and join to the lovely hand knitted Fair Isle yoke. Colors: Natural, Blue Mix or Green Lovat.
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offer affection in sparing and on-and-off fashion, and need very little encouragement to be transformed into spoiled household darlings. Just as, for their own instinctive reasons, they sometimes choose to drink from a rank water supply rather than from a fresh one (cats are said to be partly of desert origin, and this may have something to do with such behavior), they often pass up particular kinds of food, sometimes for a few days, without harm. This natural stop-and-start pattern of eating is, of course, a heaven-sent gift to the pet-food merchandisers. As a result of it, cat owners are now subjected to a torrent of brand-name food offerings, all guaranteed to arouse a cat's appetite, no matter what the animal's inclination of the day might be. For all their supposed waywardness of appetite, cats can easily become fixed on a very narrow range of foods, or even on one particular food, such as fish, almost to the point of addiction. Consequently, the alchemists in the cat-food boiler rooms and their allies on Madison Avenue never rest in their rivalry to take advantage of this phenomenon, as well as of their own notions of the psychic frailties that "she," the cat-food buyer and feeder, may possess. (Unfortunately for some of the cats that, as a result of all the ad campaigns aimed at owners, are being fed exclusively certain brands of cat food, quite a few of these products happen to be high in mineral content—mostly calcium and phosphorus. This high mineral content is suspected by some veterinarians of exacerbating an existing tendency among cats, especially neutered males, to develop urinary sand, stones, and other obstructions. One specialized brand of cat food, Science Diet, which is prepared with a very low mineral content, is never touted in television commercials, and is not available in supermarkets, but only in pet shops, as a preventive diet for cats that might develop urinary problems.)

It is out of the great clash of merchandising forces aimed at "her" that the success of the "gourmet" cat foods and the triumph of the 9-Lives canned cat food arose. Through its ad campaign featuring the cat Morris, 9-Lives raised its sales from fifteen million dollars in 1965 to about a hundred million dollars in 1975. Morris was thought up by the people at the Leo Burnett advertising agency, in Chicago, out of whose bottle of ideas have popped in the past such corporate-identity genies as the Jolly Green Giant and Charlie the Tuna. An account man I talked with at the Leo Burnett agency a

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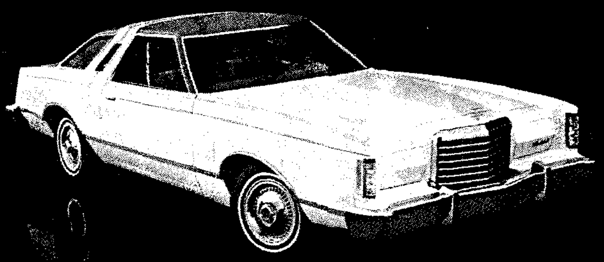
Introducing a completely new Thunderbird for 1977.

At $5,434, it's hard to believe.

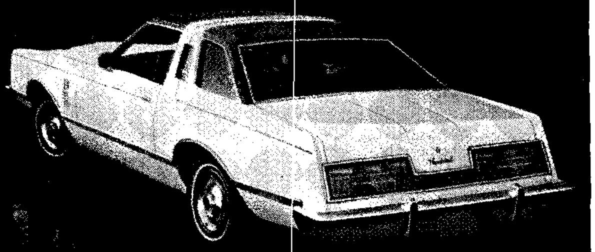
Leaner, cleaner and 10 inches trimmer in size—the new 1977 Thunderbird still has the things that make Thunderbird famous—special luxury, features and appointments. They're all there.

Its refined suspension and wider stance mean you can expect agility and sureness to complement the legendary quality and comfort that you have come to expect from Thunderbird.



The sticker price of the Thunderbird you see above, just as it stands, is an unbelievable $5,434—excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

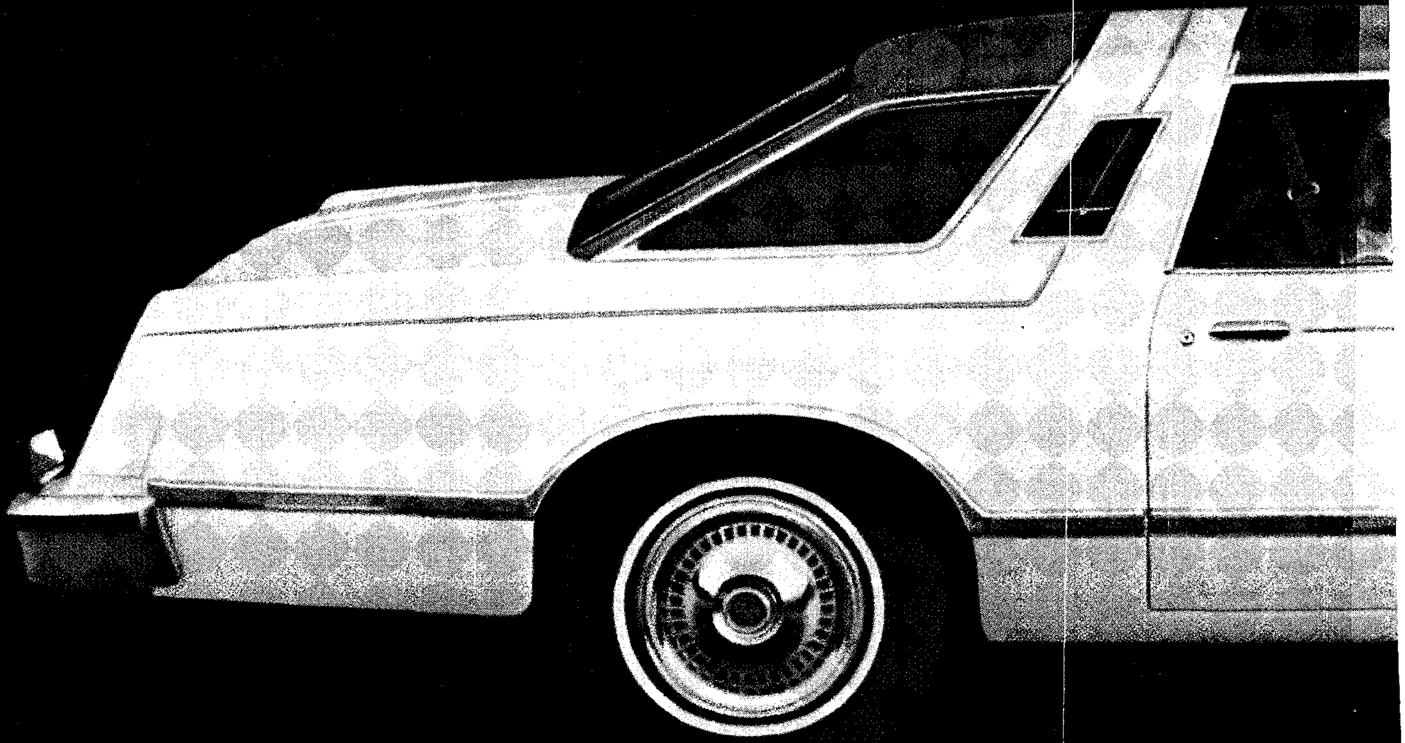
So it's almost unbelievable that this Thunderbird shown here—equipped just as you see it here, inside and out, is just $5,434.

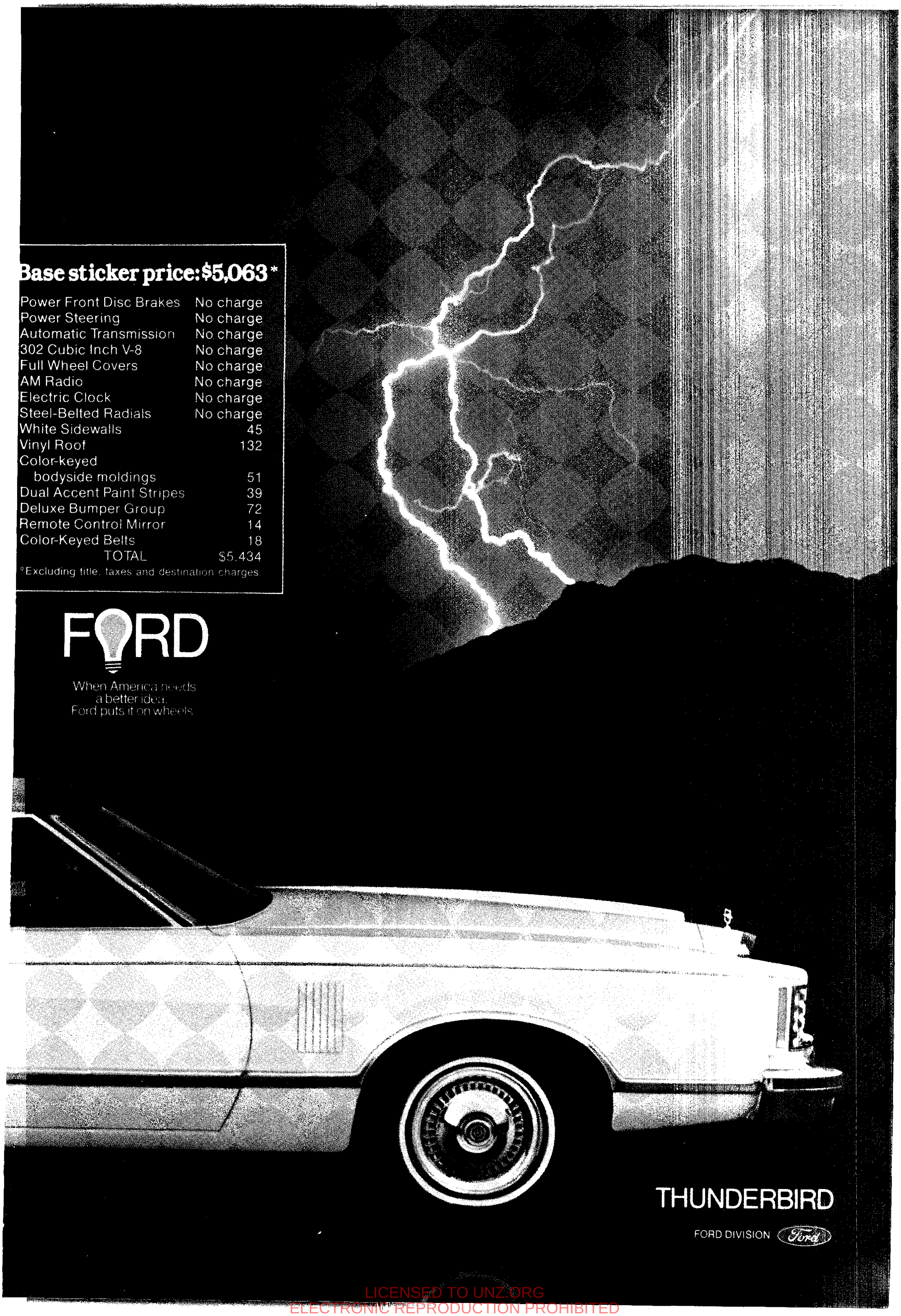


Two of Thunderbird's most distinctive new features: the taillight design and the wrap-over roof.

To personalize your Thunderbird even more, you can add any number of other options. Example: air conditioning, ($505), AM/FM stereo ($120). And Thunderbird's price is stil remarkable. Skeptical? Visit your For Dealer—test drive a '77 Thunderbird.

This elegant new interior continues the Thunderbird tradition of luxury and comfort.




Base sticker price: $5,063*

Power Front Disc Brakes	No charge
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Vinyl Roof	132
Color-keyed bodyside moldings	51
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TOTAL	$5,434

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Duché rhymes with gourmet

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while ago emphasized that, in spite of the finicky-eater reputation of cats, "as a matter of fact, you can get a cat to eat, consistently, anything he loves." He went on, "That talks to the most important thing—palatability. So you provide the pet owners with foods that the cat will eat regularly. Morris is clearly positioned as a finicky cat—the most finicky cat, who will be satisfied by 9-Lives." On the average, a six-and-a-half-ounce can of 9-Lives costs twenty-five to twenty-seven cents, which is nearly twice the cost of a canned cat food not in the gourmet class. If a cat eats two such cans a day, there goes half a dollar or so, and if a cat becomes strung out on 9-Lives or some other gourmet cat food, it does its bit for the profitability of the industry. To judge from the way the pet-food merchandisers talk, paying out all this money also exerts a certain benign influence on that "feeling of guilt—[that you're not] doing the very best thing" which the admen see as plaguing the women who buy the cat food and feed the cats. One pet-food adman in New York remarked to me, "Part of the whole mystique on the part of those women is the underlying thought 'Look at all the trouble I'm going through.' " Is guilt the name of the game?

However "she" may be viewing the great variety of choices and flavors of pet foods on the long stretches of shelves in the supermarkets, and however vast the trouble and money involved in replacing table scraps with gourmet offerings, the manufacturers see, above all, a highly profitable market that is advancing beyond its initial boom stage and is now in a stage of relative consolidation. At such a stage, the big gains to be exploited lie in the proliferation of brands and the seizure of particular shares of the existing market. Thus, all the delicious gravies and gourmet meals. A pet-food-company executive I spoke with not long ago remarked of the gourmet warfare currently being waged, "It's very much like the detergent business at the stage of competition where they had to come in with all the blue dots and the green dots."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

The triangular building at Broadway and 42d St., known at various times as Times Tower One Times Square by its owner, and the Allied Chemical Building, has been officially renamed Alex Parker.

—*The News.*

We like it. It sings.

THE THEATRE

GOING MAD

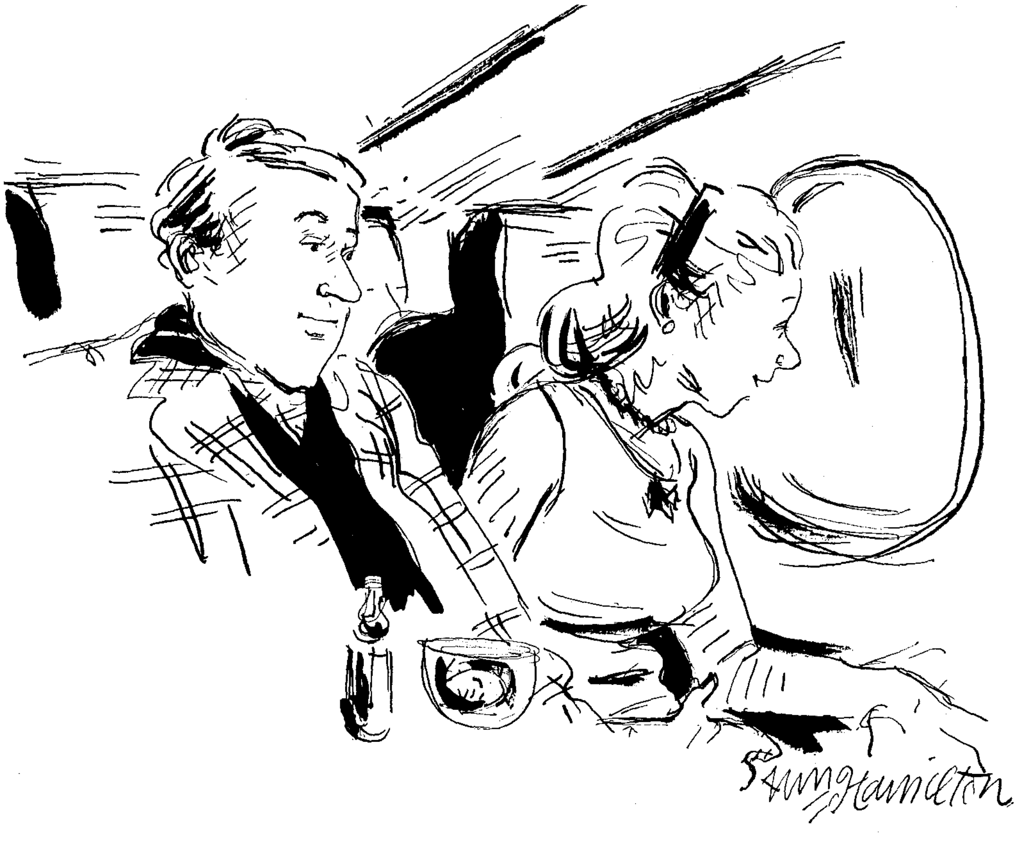
ANYONE with even a scintilla of interest in contemporary theatre will wish to make his way to the Ethel Barrymore, where an exceptionally able production of an exceptionally provocative play has just opened. I assume that the play, which is called "Poor Murderer" and is by the Czech playwright Pavel Kohout, will have the long run it deserves; still, because it is one of those works which, on being described by well-meaning admirers, has the misfortune of sounding a bit hard to take in, I hasten to assert that this is not in the least the case—on the contrary, the play is highly accessible in its wit, in its unflagging energy, and in its nimble, crisscrossing cat's cradle of a plot, which throws off pleasing little surprises from first line to last. There are moments when it will put you in mind of Peter Weiss's "Marat/Sade," or of Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," or possibly of one or another of Pirandello's darkly prankish pirouettes through time, but far from disowning these distinguished ancestors, "Poor Murderer" pays open tribute to them; the author also acknowledges his debt to Shakespeare, whose "Hamlet" forms portions of a play within the play, and to a short story by Leonid Andreyev called "Thought." For the thousandth time and with the usual delight, we observe how the artist, out of a past laboriously mastered, fashions with seeming ease something indisputably new.

Thanks no doubt to Andreyev, the setting of the play is the great hall of the St. Elizabeth Institute for Nervous Disorders, in St. Petersburg, and the year is 1900. A young actor named Kerzhentsev is under guard at the Institute; it appears that he has gone mad and is convinced that in the course of playing the lead in "Hamlet" he deliberately stabbed to death an old friend of his, the actor who was playing Polonius. With the coöperation of the doctor in charge of the Institute, Kerzhentsev is putting on a play of his own composition, which tells of the events in his life that led up to the supposed crime and which amounts to a full confession of his guilt. The doctor's hope is that the enactment of the play may help restore Kerzhentsev's sanity; what it actually does you will have to go to the Ethel Barrymore to discover for yourself. I count on your being astonished and well satisfied.

The cast of "Poor Murderer" is of a rare excellence, and the pleasure its members appear to take in acting together gives a warmth to the play that is not to be found only in its lines. Kerzhentsev is played by Laurence Luckinbill with grace, passion, and just the right measure of intensely reasonable dottiness; self-esteem and self-loathing wrestle for pride of place in him, and meanwhile he is dying from lack of love. Kevin McCarthy, in the role of the old friend, gives the most artful performance of his career. He is supposed to be an easygoing, alcoholic, and not very gifted actor, fit only for playing a road-company Polonius; at the same time, he must be charming enough to have won the heart of the lovely young actress whom Kerzhentsev once importunately wooed and was dismissed by. Mr. McCarthy's role becomes increasingly complex as the play proceeds; at the end he is playing Kerzhentsev as Hamlet and then Kerzhentsev gone mad and baying like a dog. No actor could ask for better opportunities. The actress is played by Maria Schell, who is making a belated début on Broadway. How beautiful she is and how unlikely it is that Broadway will ever let her go! There are several other actors in the play who deserve to be named and praised: Larry Gates, Paul Sparer, Julie Garfield, Ruth Ford, Felicia Montealegre, Ernest Graves, and Peter Maloney. They are all called on to play two or three roles apiece, and they do so with relish.

The setting and the lighting are by Howard Bay—this is Mr. Bay's one-hundred-and-sixty-first Broadway production, and it has the bloom of talented youth upon it—the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, and the musical direction is by Stanley Wietrzychowski. The play has been superbly directed by Herbert Berghof, who has also been responsible, with Mr. Luckinbill, for the translation. I have no way of judging the accuracy of their handiwork; certainly the play reads well, and Mr. Kohout seems at every point to be speaking in his authentic voice.

CLAIRE BLOOM has come to the Morosco in a revival of "The Innocents," a play taken by William



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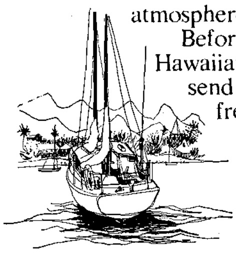

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UNITED AIRLINES

Archibald from Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw." The Archibald work is getting on in years, and the years tell against it—one feels that the playwright has been a trifle too neat in his carpentry and that much of the dreadfulness that James promises us in the opening passages of his ghost story ("It's beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it . . . for general uncanny ugliness and horror and pain") has been smoothed and patted away. But then the spell of the story is cast in part by James' hints of some hair-raising evil spun out in the shadowy distances of his long, dark allées of syntax; in the nature of things, these feats of literary hobgoblinism cannot be brought successfully onto a stage. Miss Bloom plays with valor the role of the governess, and Sarah Jessica Parker and Michael MacKay are adequate as the corrupted children, though I have to confess I never felt very sorry for them—it is an outrageous prejudice of mine in respect to child actors that no matter how terrible the fate that may befall them in a play, I incline to believe it is one they richly deserve.

The scenery of "The Innocents" has been designed by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Deirdre Clancy, and the lighting is by Neil Peter Jampolis. The play has been directed by Harold Pinter. If he has added no markedly Pinteresque touches, I suspect we have him to thank for the elegance with which the light cues have been planned and executed. The relation of light and dark to ghost stories is worth an essay in itself. Once upon a time, there was a popular song the refrain of which ran, "Don't turn out the lights—I'm afraid to go home in the dark." It is a ghost story in thirteen words; I shiver as I set them down.

"BEST FRIEND," by Michael Sawyer, spent a few miserable days at the Lyceum and then departed. It was among the worst plays I have ever seen, and it raised, not for the first time and not for the last, the question of who the trolls are that put money into trash of this kind. Out of compassion, I omit the names of the actors, the designers, and the director. I am determined to forget that "Best Friend" ever happened.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

TEN ANTS FAIL
TO GET ANSWERS
—*Headline in the San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

Call up some reserves!

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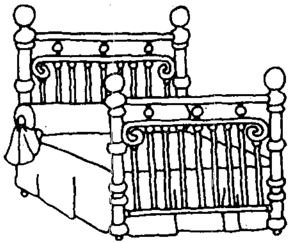

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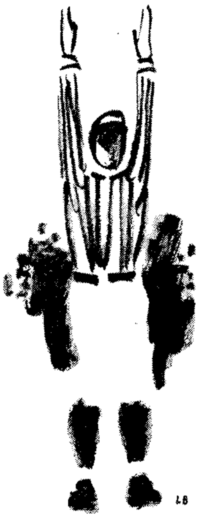
FOOTBALL

Old Hat



ORTHODOXY struck, quite without warning, on Saturday last at two places of assemblage frequented by this observer. Boston College, a guest at West Point, brought down Army by a count of 27–10 with a panoply of maneuvers magnificent in the simplicity of their concept: lug the ball up the middle, or thereabouts. The slow motion of the Boston College juggernaut, constructed entirely of chaps the likes of Smerlas, a tackle who stands at six feet four and two hundred and seventy-five pounds, consumed most of the afternoon. Army latched onto the ball a niggling seven times, and collected a field goal and a touchdown out of its meagre opportunities. Army ran off no more than fourteen plays in the second half. Boston, its defensive line as forbidding as its offensive one, gave the Army runners plenty of nothing—gave Hall, who set himself another record at quarter, short passes down the alley but plenty of nothing out in the flat. Hall and O'Brien, the Boston College quarter, matched wits and arms all afternoon, and a better display of military generalship is not apt to happen this fall. But it was the Boston offensive line that riveted the eye of a scout from the professional world. "I'll take the whole line, tackle to tackle," he announced as the sun set upon yet one more difficult outing for Army, whose classroom problems this year have not eased its on-field problems. Not since the time of Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite has there been an equal, it was decided by a quick show of hands afterward, to the orthodoxy of the Boston College method of warfare.

Orthodoxy of a more surprising sort was offered up at Palmer Stadium that day, and by Harvard. Fame is not an inexpensive luxury, and Kubacki, at quarter for Harvard, appears to have been paying for it on a persistent installment plan ever since he began falling down, and his offense began falling apart, on that very wet afternoon against Cornell, two weeks past. The bumping and thumping he has absorbed of late can have affected his strategy

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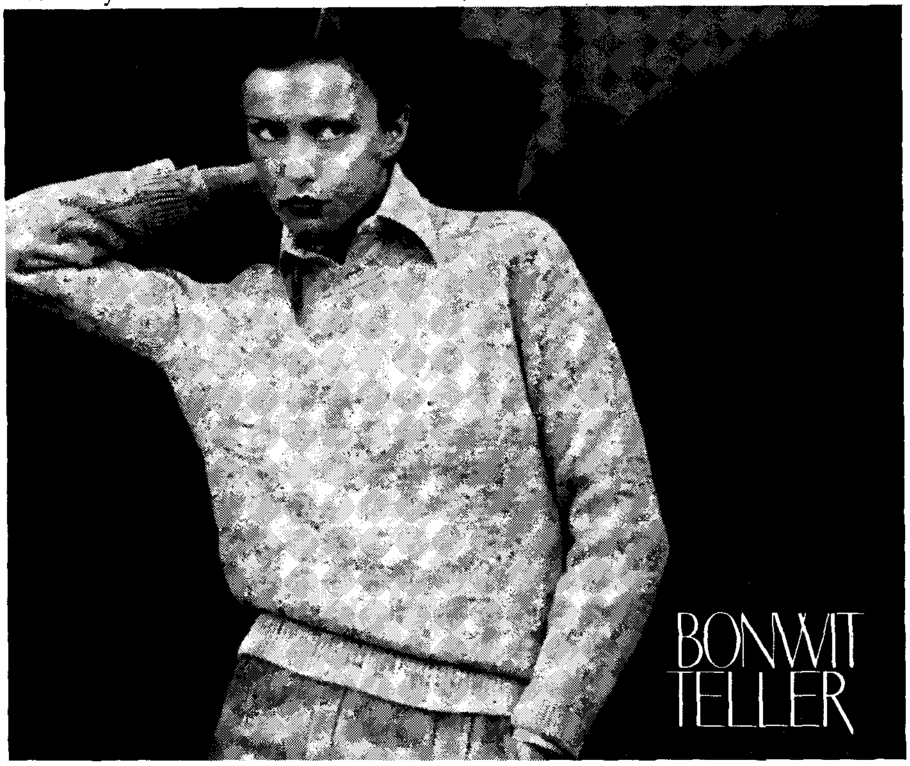

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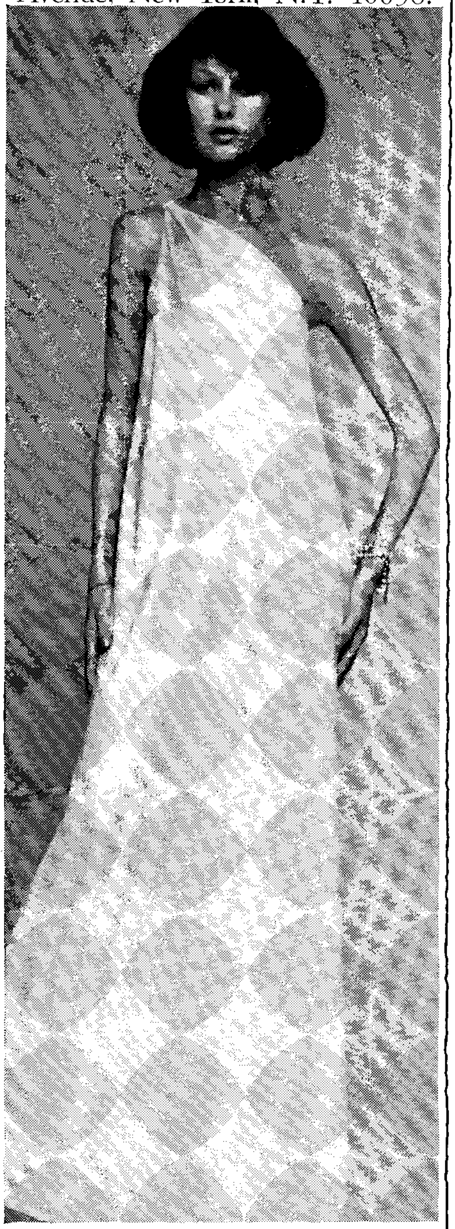

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on offense (he appears to be one of but a few quarterbacks ever allowed to do their own thinking under fire), and some of the really out-of-this-world offensive sets that have been the pets of all us admirers of novelty were missing from the arsenal on Saturday, as they had been missing the weekend before in the match with Dartmouth. Attendance at the annual round robin between those who for ever so long were designated the Big Three (Harvard, Yale, Princeton) is still deemed mandatory for certain implacable royalists, even though the title—when, indeed, it is mentioned—is today honorary, and the anticipation of what would occur when a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't assault (Harvard) encountered a sturdy, grudging defense (Princeton) was vast. Harvard won, all right, at 20–14, but not in the tantalizing fashion one had a right to expect of it, and Kubacki, who did seem bone-weary at the very beginning, seemed more and more weary as he accepted the unflagging attention lavished upon him by the Princeton defense—especially by the linebackers. Had Princeton not indulged itself in a frantic exhibit of loose ball-handling on its three-yard line early on in the afternoon, Harvard could have gone home a loser, at 14–13, instead of an always confident winner.

Brown comes next up against Harvard, and Brown, after a false start on Saturday against the outside-the-Ivy-League Holy Cross, managed enough touchdowns for a 28–18 triumph. Brown has given its partisans several cases of the shivers in its errant course through the past few weeks, but its only defeat so far—and that by a single point—was brought about by Pennsylvania. Princeton, whose Lockhart, at quarter, suddenly came of age as a passer against Harvard, goes up against Pennsylvania the same afternoon, or what remains of Pennsylvania after it was completely overflowed by Yale last Saturday; Lockhart will, at last, bear watching, and so will Fournier, his favorite target. Fournier, gathering in passes with great calm, beat Emper, the Harvard captain and a celebrated ball hawk, more than once last weekend. (On Saturday, Yale, still resting Phillips by letting Rizzo spell him at quarter, needed only its doughty running attack to put away Pennsylvania, at 21–7.) Lockhart now reminds not a few of us of Case, of Dartmouth, in mannerism and style, but Case, dealing with a less oppressive problem last Saturday, directed an attack on Cornell that netted thirty-five points as against Cornell's none. Case and Lockhart will meet on the last day of Ivy League play this fall.

Columbia, going up against Rutgers in the new Giants' stadium out in the Jersey Meadows, looked as hapless against an accomplished Rutgers as the Giants do against anyone else every Sunday of the season, and Rutgers, running up forty-seven points against Columbia's none, has made it fourteen victories in a row. Columbia, now without Hickey, a skillful runner who announced the other day that he would play no more football, is down to an even smaller handful of talents. Colgate, which will engage Harvard (there's a novelty) next year, ran its own string of victories a notch higher by picking off Lafayette, at 24–14, over the weekend; one more field goal for the mighty Andrewlavage and an eighty-eight-yard touchdown run by Malverty were the most notable events.

—J. W. L.

• •

WRITING YOUR LOVE DOWN

Blur and rot glare down from a heaven, from
a vest of skins where day turns it over.
Two trees have been polled: all reasons
are clever, the bell is a virtue;
anything startled is feigned.
Fire has surfaced again and again,
writing your love down. Oh, friendship,
see how the cold has fallen down on me!
Is it for the good
or for the worse that somewhere on a stage
someone is saying, "Beauty is made by fear"?
I would like to use the telephone.
The reason for sadness is less clear
when nothing has been said.

—Laura Jensen

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Oct. 28 The War Widow, *by Harvey Perr*

Nov. 4 El Corrido, *by Luis Valdez and El Teatro Campesino*

Nov. 11 Gold Watch, *by Momoko Iko*

Nov. 18 Liza's Pioneer Diary, *by Nell Cox*

Nov. 25 The Great Cherub Knitwear Strike, *by Ethel Tyne*

Dec. 2 Life Among the Lowly, *by Adrian Hall and Richard Cumming*

Dec. 9 Pennsylvania Lynch, *by David Epstein*

Dec. 16 Scenes from the Middle Class, *Betty Patrick/David Trainer*

Dec. 23 The Phantom of the Open Hearth, *by Jean Shepherd*

Dec. 30 The Tapestry *and* Circles, *by Alexis De Veaux*

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LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM

IN July, when I flew to Stockholm to cover the Swedish elections, my flight from New York left several hours late, owing to a traffic controllers' slowdown, and in the lounge and on the plane I passed the time reading "The Final Days." When I reached my hotel, I lay down to take a jet-lag-induced afternoon nap, and then got up to eat dinner, watch the news, and read the Stockholm Sunday paper before going to sleep once again. With memories of high crimes and misdemeanors fresh in my mind, I was attracted by a small item on an inside page of the paper, tucked amid other stories about the just-beginning campaign. "CENTER PARTY YOUTH FEDERATION PRESSES CHARGES AGAINST SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC YOUTH" was the headline. The story read, in its entirety:

> A member of the Center Party Youth Federation in Falun has pressed charges against the local Social Democratic Youth Federation. One of the posters which the Center Youth put up to publicize an election rally had been pasted over with a Social Democratic Youth poster.

Such contrasts with our scene at home can make Sweden appear to Americans an oasis from the rough-and-tumble of political life, or, perhaps, a sandbox where innocents build play castles, unaware of the hard realities of the world. An earlier image of Sweden as a calm social laboratory, whose main problem was the boredom occasioned by an absence of genuine ills, became a bit frayed at the corners during the late sixties, when the Social Democratic Party, which had been ruling Sweden continuously since 1932, decided to place new stress on what it saw as continuing social inequities: income not distributed equally, workplaces not democratic enough, many citizens still threatened by insecurities of one sort or another. Critics to the left of the noted Swedish "middle way" saw these revelations as confirmation of their view that the country was really no different from other capitalist lands. Critics on the right mumbled ominously about the workings of what has been called the "Tocqueville effect," according to which it is futile to seek to increase the degree of socioeconomic equality, because each egalitarian move simply makes people all the more resentful of those inequalities remaining.

That was in the sixties. But this year, in September, the seventies hit Sweden. Throughout the last decade, European governments, plagued by economic crises and political scandals, have been falling regularly—at such a rate that by 1976 Olof Palme, who became Prime Minister of Sweden in October, 1969, had governed longer than any other Western European leader. Now it was his turn. The Social Democratic vote had declined only by a minute seven-tenths of one per cent from what it was in 1973—from forty-three point six per cent to forty-two point nine per cent—although the swing was in fact a bit larger, since the Communists also declined, from five point three to four point seven per cent, and, in the past, Communist declines have meant corresponding Social Democratic gains. However, since the 1973 elections had resulted in a deadlock in the Riksdag, the Swedish parliament, with Social Democrats and Communists holding a hundred and seventy-five seats and the opposition cartel of Center, Liberals, and Conservatives holding a hundred and seventy-five seats, the Social Democrats lacked wiggle room.

Thinking in terms of our own perennial political debate, Americans tend to see Swedish elections as referenda on the welfare state. In the wake of the Social Democrats' defeat, the natural tendency is to cite the burdens of collectivism as finally weighing too heavily on the popular soul. Foreign journalists sharing such a view must have been taken aback by the first words that Thorbjörn Fälldin, the leader of the Center Party, who is now Sweden's Prime Minister, uttered at a pre-election meeting with the foreign press. "The policy of the Center," he began, "is based on security—the security that comes from having a job, security when we get old, security when we need care and attention, security in our environment around us." And during the campaign itself, Gösta Bohman, the Conservative Party leader, rarely became as angry as when he indignantly rejected insinuations that Conservatives wanted to dismantle the welfare state. (At one point, Bohman sent an open letter to Palme demanding that he publicly repudiate what Bohman called a "whispering campaign" spreading that insinuation.) Those in search of politicians praising self-reliance—as do conservatives in England, France, Germany, and the United States—are thus confused by Swedish politics, and, indeed, one heard mutterings among foreign reporters covering the elections that there is something about politics here that foreigners have trouble getting a handle on.

THE key to getting a handle on Swedish politics—and to interpreting the Social Democratic defeat—is to realize that there has developed in Sweden a political tradition whereby *formal* politics is maintained on a level of reasonableness that should make the honorable everywhere envious. Partly, this tradition has arisen because the conception of the roles of government and opposition differs from that held in other parliamentary democracies. The notion, derived from English parliamentary history, that it is the duty of the opposition always to oppose has never won complete adherence here. There is a rival view, also widespread, that the opposition should concentrate on trying to *influence* government policy. To succeed at that, one must not be too beastly. One expression of this tradition is the fact that opposition parties are represented on the all-important Royal Commissions, which sit privately and hammer out legislative proposals that are then usually accepted by the parliament. The opposition is also allowed to hold chairmanships of some parliamentary committees. Furthermore, forty-four years of Social Democratic rule have forced non-Socialist leaders to see that many dire warnings about the consequences of Socialist government policy have failed to come true. Finally, parties and organizations invest enormous resources in educating their members, so that the leaders' values are transmitted to local activ-

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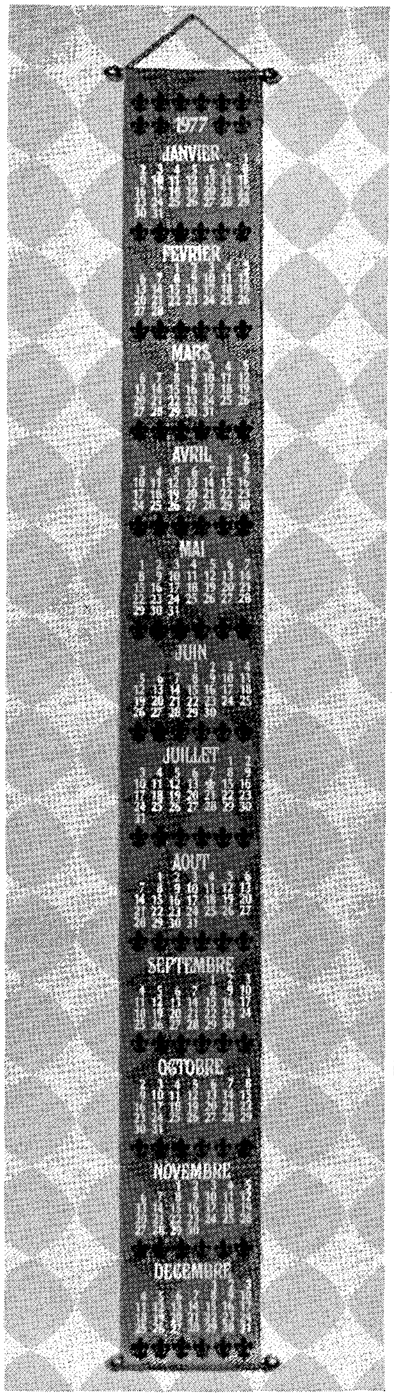

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ists. And party discipline is strong, with unpredictable outbursts by mavericks discouraged.

All this produces a situation in which political morality is such that a youth group is offended by a defaced poster to the point of pressing charges. But, clearly, no nation consists of the reasonable alone, even Sweden. Politics here is confusing because one is forever searching for things that "should" be present but seem not to be—things like mudslinging or rejection of everything the Social Democrats stand for. The answer is that they *are* present, somewhere under the surface, but receive little recognition. Whatever else one may say about politics in America, it is at least representative, in its pluralistic free-for-all, of the wildly diverse currents—intellectual and yahoo, liberal and conservative, hip and straight, ethnic and Wasp—of our society. What you see, for better or worse, is what we are. If a group of people thinks like George McGovern, a George McGovern emerges; if a group of people thinks like George Wallace, a George Wallace emerges. Our problem is that the cacophony is so overwhelming, and the range of institutionalized mechanisms for delay so wide, that we are often left there yelling at each other, unable to reach a collective decision of any sort. This in turn tends to produce a widespread disillusionment with politics, which is seen to involve lots of talk and little accomplishment.

TWO weeks after my arrival, I attended the Social Democratic campaign kickoff, in Örebro, a provincial capital a hundred miles or so from Stockholm. I hadn't finished "The Final Days" yet, and had taken it along to read on the train. On the way back, I ran into some local journalists I knew. They glanced through Woodward and Bernstein with interest. "When you read this, it all seems so distant from Sweden," I remarked.

One of the Swedes replied, "You know, I read an interesting essay recently in which the author discusses how journalists select, from among the mass of events, those they report. The essay argued that the selection is strongly influenced by the view the journalist has of what the society is like—and that, in turn, the events he reports fortify that picture. So in America journalists expect corruption, they look for it, and they find it. In Sweden, journalists don't expect corruption, so they don't look."

Those present began exchanging ru-

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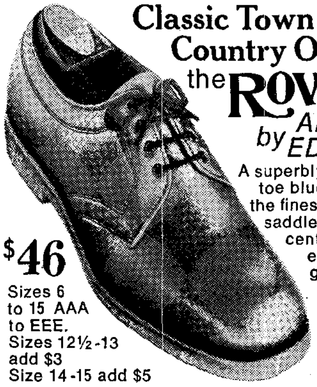

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mors they had heard about bribes at local and administrative levels. "But nobody ever follows these things up," said the one who had started the discussion, sighing. "So who knows?"

I have no idea to what extent an uninvestigated world of corruption exists in Sweden. But I do know there is a largely uninvestigated and unrepresented Swedish world of intense dislike for social democracy, its leaders, and its ideas. This political underworld is not typical, but it exists, and under the right circumstances irritations that most people ignore most of the time can be brought to the surface in such a way that the political underworld assumes majority or near-majority proportions. To understand Swedish politics, it is, of course, important to understand the parties and what they stand for. But a description of Swedish politics which limits itself to that cannot, I think, provide a full explanation of why the Social Democrats lost this year.

First, the official political world: Sweden's largest party is still the Social Democrats. It is hard not to be impressed by this organization, with its ability to command the total loyalty of hundreds of thousands of activists and the genuine respect of many who are not activists. One frequently comes across moving descriptions by ordinary people of a time when workers grovelled before employers with hat in hand, when fear of unemployment was ever present, when large families huddled together in cramped flats—and expressions of how grateful these people are that things have changed so. To be sure, those who offer such descriptions often seem to suffer from ignorance of the fact that even in lands not blessed by social-democratic rule dramatic improvements in living standards have occurred, and from overcredulous fears that a new government might bring a return of past evils. At one election meeting, Bohman, the Conservative leader, was told by an angry questioner that the last time the Conservatives were in power babies had been auctioned off. One should avoid the temptation to joke about such testimony, for the kernel of truth in it is that the Social Democrats have indeed labored valiantly to improve life for their working-class constituency, not only through the familiar litany of social benefits but also through a decision to regard jobs for all as *the* political goal.

Social Democratic reforms have always been introduced with deliberateness, for, clearly, gradualism has deep roots here. During the sixties, the So-

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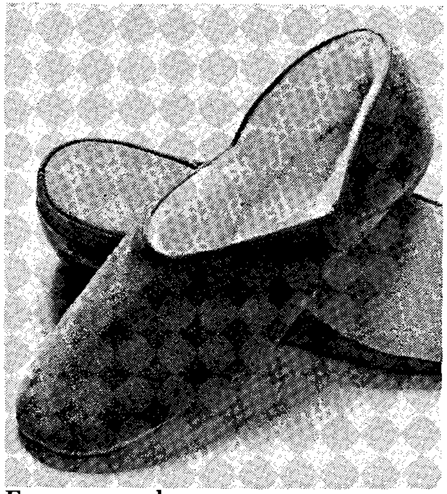

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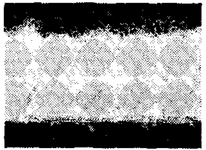

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cial Democrats rediscovered the old Socialist issue of industrial democracy. A new industrial-democracy law, which encourages unions to negotiate contracts giving them influence over production and personnel policies, went through the parliament just this year. The debate may have flared up in the sixties, but the methodical process of formulating legislation after protracted study by a Royal Commission and thorough consultation took this long to churn out a result. In the Social Democratic campaign in the factories, the new law was a major theme. But in the campaign at large, including various televised debates among leaders of the main parties, it appeared largely forgotten—out of tune with a new caution that hit the Social Democrats this year.

The Social Democratic campaign opening in Örebro, Sweden's seventh-largest city, was a two-day spectacular. From the railroad station to the hall where Olof Palme was to hold a press conference, it was straight ahead two short blocks and then right, down a long shopping street. Örebro lacks both the architectural pomp of the national capital and the splendor of Stockholm's aquatic surroundings, but while ambling down the streets I could see familiar features: well-kept buildings, prosperous stores, new coats of paint—all more tasteful than tacky. On my way, I noticed the local Floyd's—one of a chain of McDonald's imitations starting to pop up around Sweden. (Floyd Patterson, the boxer, has lent his name to the venture.) The already established McDonald's has introduced to the Swedish market its Quarter Pounder, described as "America's most beloved hamburger." A theatre was showing "Earthquake," and a sign informed the public that there would be early showings only, since the local Board of Health had, after protests from nearby apartment dwellers, banned during evening hours the superamplified earthquake vibrations in the film's "Sensurround" sound track. From tall flagpoles along the street waved huge red flags, flying to welcome the Social Democrats—despite the fact that since 1973 the local government had been controlled by the non-Socialist parties.

The real surprises came when I got into the meeting hall, decorated with the posters that the Social Democrats planned to use in the coming struggle. In the late sixties, there had been rousing battle cries, such as "Increased Equality" and "Social Injustices on the Job Will Disappear: With a Social Democratic Government We Can Do It." Now a large billboard displayed a collage of color snapshots from summertime Sweden: a grandmother cuddling a grandchild, a father showing a son how to pilot a motorboat, a family sitting around a picnic table. Smack in the middle was a crayon drawing of a smiling sun, with rays of blue and yellow—the colors of the Swedish flag—and, underneath, a slogan, vintage 1976: "TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A GOOD COUNTRY BETTER." (Later in the summer, there was a newspaper story on the various parties' posters. It quoted an American tourist who was shown another Social Democratic poster, this one featuring a color photograph of a handsome, casually dressed young family idling on the bank of a forest lake, with fishing rods dangling in the water. Asked what she believed the poster to be, the tourist replied, "A bluejeans ad.") Even the buttons that the assembled Party leaders were wearing revealed the new, upbeat tone. In 1973, a claque of intellectuals and cultural figures had formed a group to which they gave the bizarre appellation Resistance Movement Against a Non-Socialist Government. This so-called resistance movement issued buttons with a big "NO!" in the middle and a smaller "To a Non-Socialist Government" below. This year, the Social Democrats produced a button with identical colors and graphics but with a big "YES!" in the middle and "Social Democrats" around the edge. As part of the Örebro ceremonies, various government ministers went out ringing doorbells. At one house, Gunnar Sträng, the Minister of Finance and the Party's grand old man, took a matron in his lap and exclaimed, before television cameras, "You can see what a good time we have in our party!" All that was missing was a chorus breaking into "When You're Smiling—the Whole World Smiles with You."

There was a serious message behind the new tone, however, and it was summed up in words that were repeated in scores of speeches during the next weeks: "We made it through the crisis." On Saturday, the second day of the rally at Örebro, when Palme spoke to a crowd of fifteen to twenty thousand at a local park, he quickly got down to business:

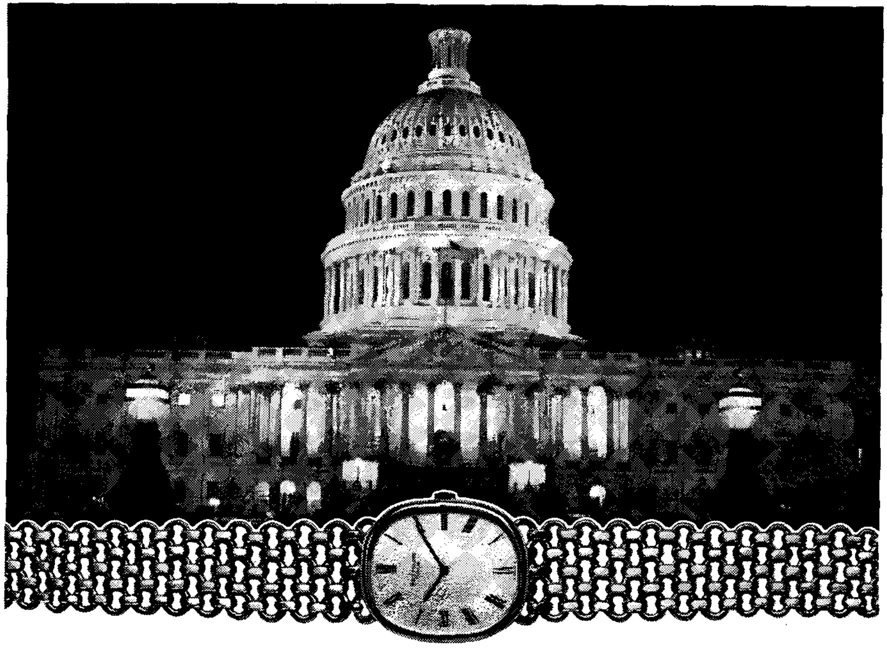
> Not even six months after the 1973 elections came the oil crisis, like a shot out of the blue. It was followed by the worst economic crisis the West had seen since the Great Depression. Unemployment rose to eighteen million in the industrial countries while at the same time

inflation and monetary crises grew worse. Many governments were gripped by paralysis. Conservative governments took up a battle cry against trade unions. But in Sweden the labor movement had power. We were able to *decrease* unemployment. In the middle of a deep international crisis we created two hundred thousand new jobs.

Through a combination of conventional methods, like public-works jobs, and special Swedish tricks, like subsidies that made it possible for firms to produce goods for stockpiling or to retrain workers instead of firing them, the people of Sweden were spared the effects of the crisis. But things were still rough. It was important, the Social Democrats reasoned, for them to appear to Swedes as a reassuring guarantee of security in a troubled world. But this required that even in Sweden, that archetypal land of sixties' radicalism, the sixties be left behind. "We occupy the great middle ground of Swedish politics," Palme declared in his traditional summer speech from the vacation island of Gotland. The Party's left-wingers gulped.

The transformation was nowhere more apparent than in the new way the Social Democrats handled foreign-policy issues dear to the Prime Minister's heart. The sixties had brought on waves of sympathy for diverse Third World "liberation movements" and for "progressive" governments, like Cuba's. This time, Palme made occasional references to "international solidarity," but only in speeches to the Party faithful, with whom such tags go over well. The most telling illustration of how sixties Social Democracy had been adapted to seventies circumstances, though, appeared in an article by Palme's chief foreign-policy adviser, Pierre Schori, whose theme was that Sweden's Third World friendships were doing wonders for exports. Volvo, Schori noted, had recently "got one of the company's biggest orders ever, from the government of Angola." (The order, he added, "came just in time, since Volvo's sales in America have declined by a third.") The foreign policy of a non-Socialist government, Schori implied, might hurt sales. "Shouldn't persons who wish to become ministers think again, in the national interest, before making themselves known as opponents of liberation struggles in the Third World?" he asked.

TWO subjects are accepted stand-bys for official political debate here: taxes and Socialism. In these areas, polemical swords may cross, and sarcastic humor—something that Swedes, per-



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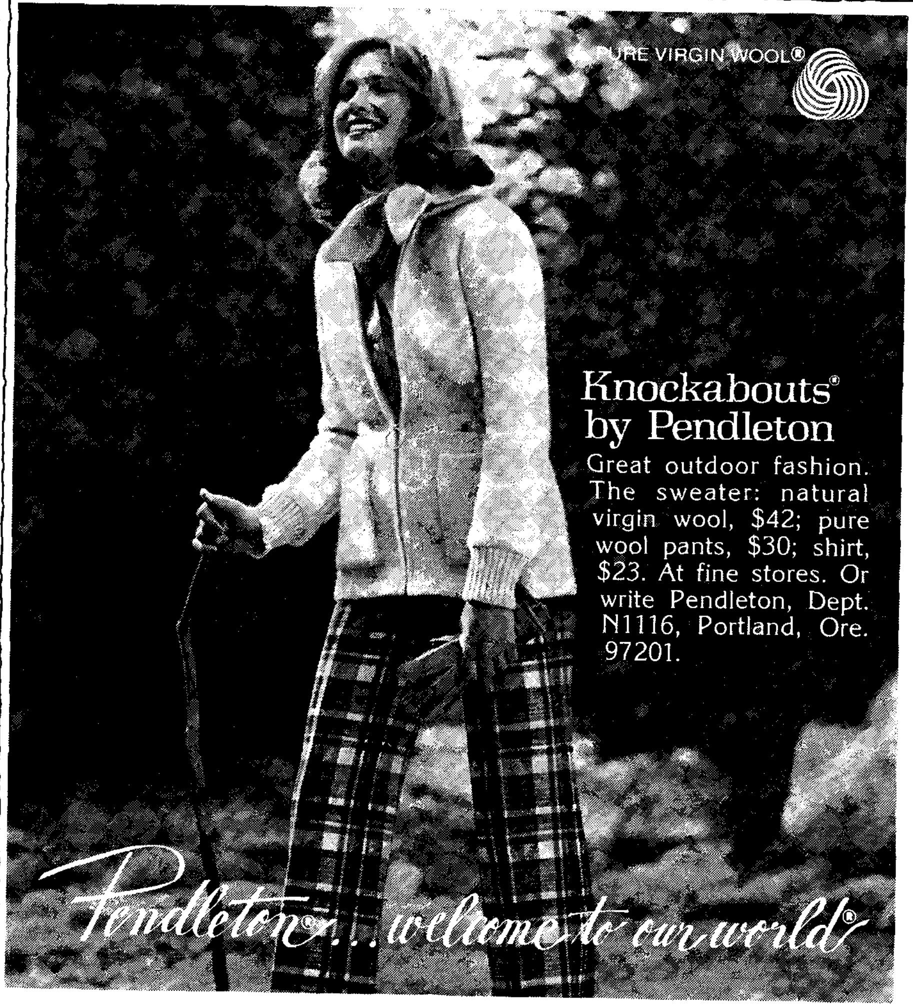
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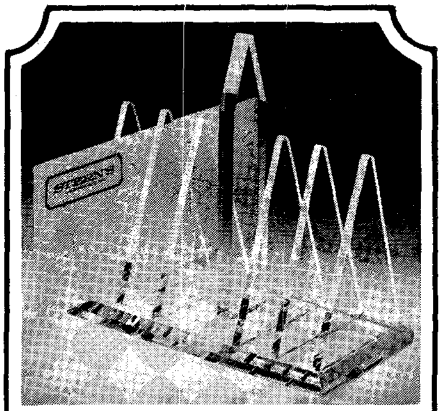
haps because of inaccurate analogy with Germans, are incorrectly supposed not to be talented at—flourishes. At the opposite pole from the Social Democrats on these issues—or, at least, as far opposite as official debate permits—is what has been formally called since 1969 the Moderate Union Party, but is still commonly known as the Conservative Party. If the Social Democrats like most of all to talk about what Swedes have gained in benefits, Conservatives like most of all to talk about what they have paid in taxes.

Swedish taxes are high. The average citizen pays about a third of his income in direct taxes (national and local), as well as a 17.65-per-cent sales tax on all consumer items, including food, and for those with high incomes the tax burden is considerably heavier. Most people grumble about taxes, and with the affluent minority they are an obsession. However, families with children get children's allowances and subsidized day care, those with high rents get housing allowances, and everybody gets free medical care. Many Swedes get back not only services but also cash payments—a fact often overlooked in discussions of after-tax incomes here.

The real problem is the painfully high marginal tax rates for people with normal incomes. Marginal tax rates are those on the last increment of income, and in any system with progressive tax scales the marginal tax rate is always higher than the total rate. But in Sweden marginal taxes get very high very fast. Thus, while the typical wage earner pays taxes at a total rate of approximately thirty-five per cent, the marginal rate on his last thousand kronor of income is about sixty per cent. Normally, the marginal rate is of only theoretical significance, since people pay taxes on their entire income, not just on the last increment. In two important situations, however, marginal taxes become critical. One is when a person is to decide whether he should either work overtime or take a second job; then, if he has a normal income, approximately six hundred kronor of every extra thousand he earns will be taxed away. The other is in negotiations over wage increases; with marginal taxes and inflation, enormous nominal wage increases become necessary to accomplish tiny real wage gains, and these wage increases in turn pose a long-term threat to Sweden's ability to compete in world markets.

When it comes to describing the problems of the present tax system, Conservative spokesmen grow eloquent. But their actual proposals are, to put it



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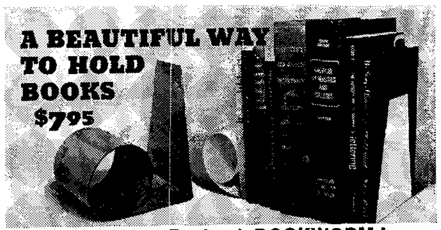

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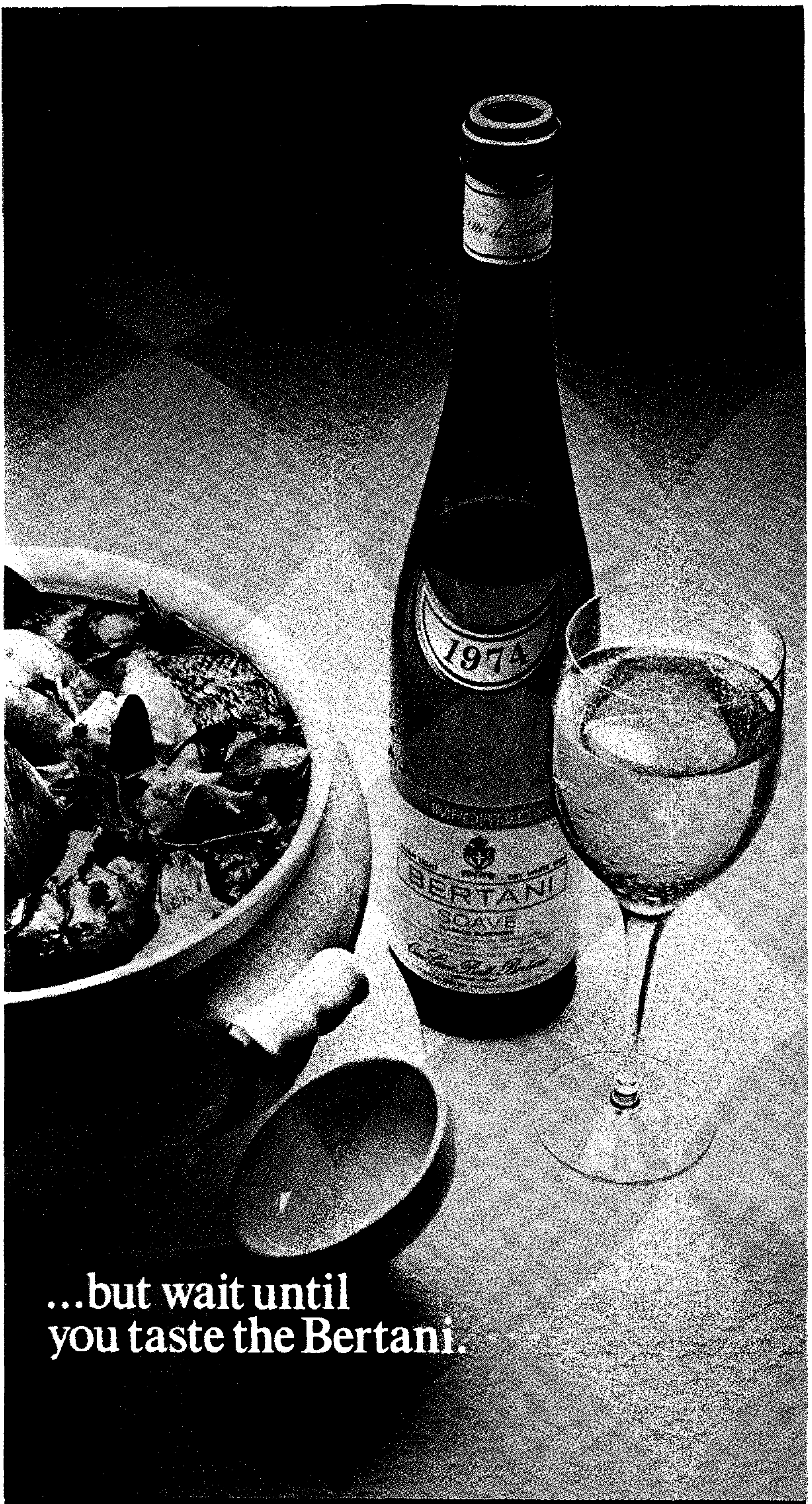
mildly, modest when seen against the frenzy that characterizes the feelings of many Conservative voters whose incomes, and therefore whose taxes, are generally above average. This year, the Conservatives went as far as to announce that they accepted the viewpoint (earlier embraced by the Center and the Liberals) that the total tax burden cannot be decreased; they would content themselves, they said, with seeking to prevent further increases.

Conservatives elsewhere mince few words in appeals to those fearful of crime. Bohman did indeed speak sporadically about law and order during the campaign. He told one audience that things had gone too far when the Retail Clerks Union demanded a ban on retail outlets with only one employee, arguing that the risk of robbery made work under those conditions an occupational hazard. "Will the next step be a ban on old people sitting alone on a park bench in the sun?" he asked. But Swedish Conservatives choose their words carefully, for they are afraid of being denounced as law-and-order reactionaries, even though a majority of Swedes probably support their views on this subject, and the Conservatives in the parliament, along with the other parties, have backed government proposals for liberalized treatment of criminals.

The Conservatives can be counted on to oppose vigorously any plans for takeover of private industry that the Social Democrats propose, and also any they think the Social Democrats *might* propose, together with some the Social Democrats have no intention of proposing. But nearly as zealous in this regard are the Liberals, currently the smallest of the non-Socialist parties. The Liberals have little choice but to emphasize their opposition to such notions, since under their new leader, a thirty-seven-year-old firebrand named Per Ahlmark, who first attracted attention when as a high-school student he led a revolt against school prayer, there is little else to distinguish them from the Social Democrats. Ahlmark, it was reported, personally chose the phrase that served as the Liberal slogan this year: "Social Reforms Without Socialism." The problem is that, given the type of bland appeal the Social Democrats were making this time around, they, as one critic noted, could have run on the slogan "Socialism Without Socialism." This leaves the Liberals as advocates of notions which, though worthy, often appear to be of marginal relevance. This year, for example, they took a good deal of trouble to let it be



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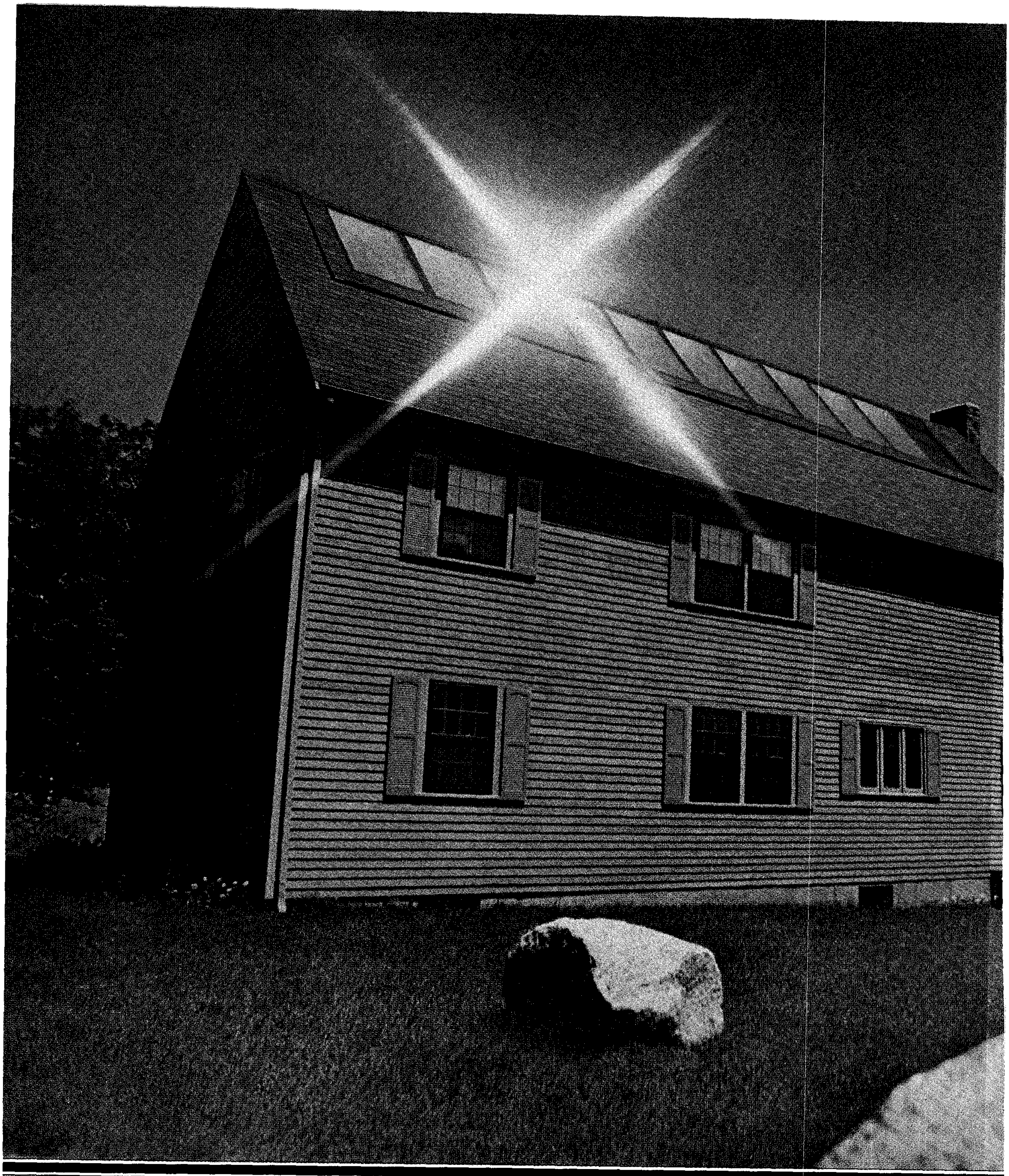

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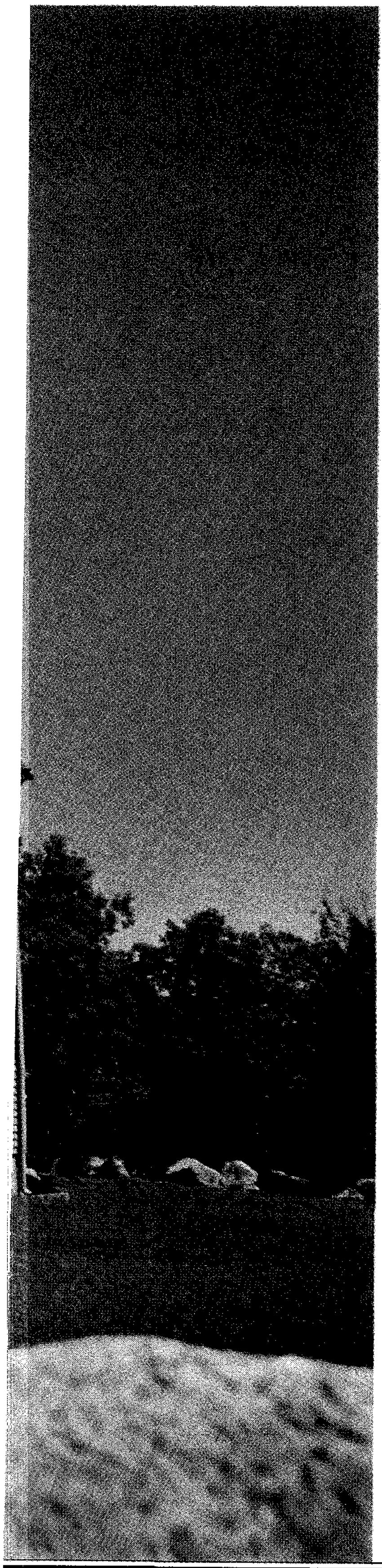


EXXON ANSWERS QUESTIONS ABOUT ONE OF THE NEWEST SOURCES OF ENERGY UNDER THE SUN—THE SUN!

Exxon is putting its years of energy experience to work to turn sunlight into a practical form of energy. We've learned a lot about its potential and its limitations, and we'd like to answer a few questions people have asked.

"What kind of energy do we get from the sun?"

Two kinds—heat and light. The heat can provide energy for heating, cooling and hot water systems. The light can be turned directly into electricity.

The basic technology for using the sun's warmth is known. In fact, solar energy is already being used to heat buildings and homes—almost always along with conventional systems.

Our photo shows an example of a solar project initiated by the Bay State Gas Company. The solar panels on the roof of this Massachusetts house capture the sun's rays for heating and hot water.

"What does it cost to heat a house with the sun?"

Right now a solar heating system can cost you anywhere from $8,000 to $20,000. This is in addition to the conventional heating system you'd also need, which would cost about $2,600 for the average-size house. An auxiliary system is necessary because no one has perfected a way to store enough solar heat to get you through several cloudy days.

"How much do solar systems cost to heat water for sinks, tubs and washers?"

Around $2,000—about three times more than conventional systems. They would be particularly suitable for people who live in high energy cost areas.

"Why don't more people use solar heating?"

The systems and storage facilities are still expensive to manufacture. And there are other problems.

For instance, installers, maintenance people and distributors have to be established and trained. Financing methods and warranties have to be worked out. Building codes have to be adapted. And cities have to deal with "sun rights." (What happens if someone builds a tall building that overshadows a smaller one?)

"How much does electricity from the sun cost?"

Systems that turn sunlight directly into electricity are not as widely used as solar heating systems. Because the solar cells required are costly to make, the electricity they produce is quite expensive. At current prices, solar electricity costs roughly $1.00 to $3.00 per kilowatt-hour. Compare this to the 2¢ to 6¢ you may now be paying for conventional electricity.

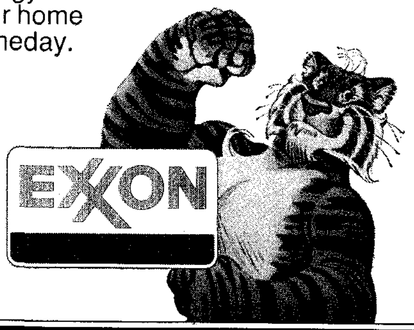
"When will solar power become a major source of energy?"

Possibly in the next century. That's because a considerable amount of technology still has to be developed.

But you may not have to wait that long to get solar heat. Exxon is working to make solar heating systems more economical and available within the next few years.

"Why is Exxon involved in solar energy?"

Because we're more than just an oil company. We've been conducting productive research for over 50 years. During that time, we've gained experience, expertise and management skills in energy technology. And we're putting it to work today so that you can put solar energy to work in your home someday.



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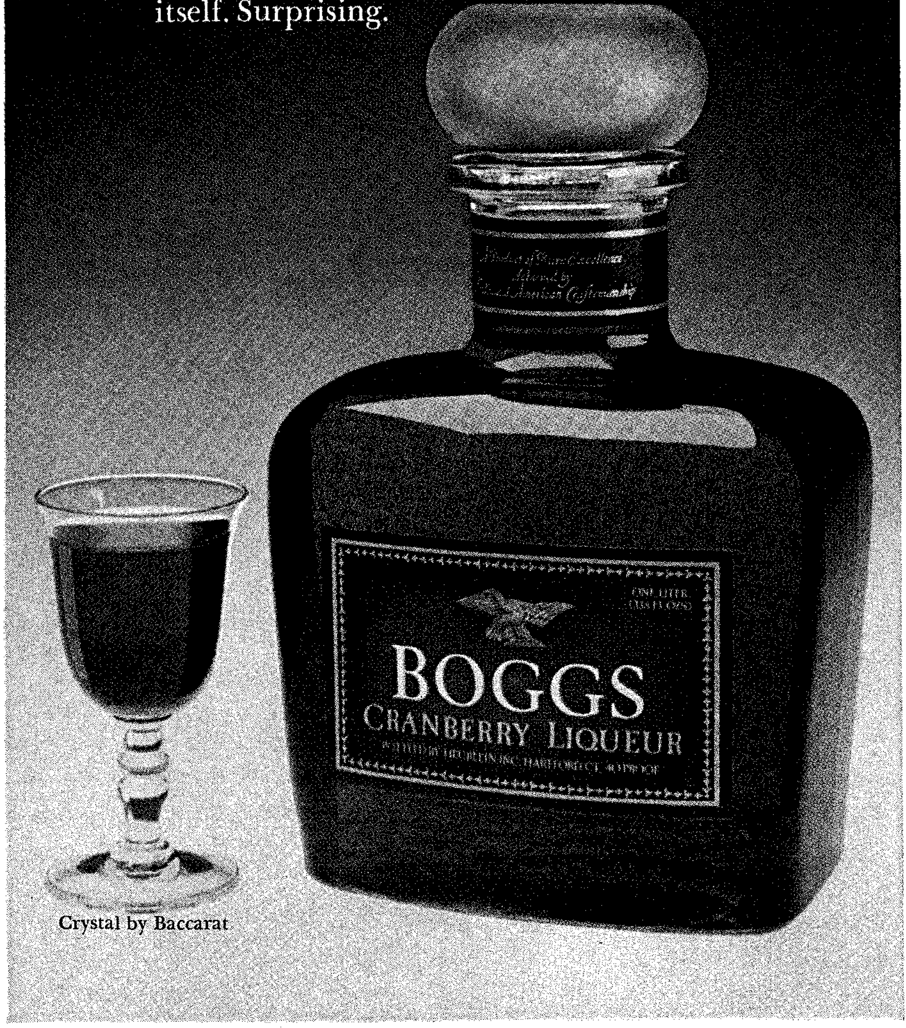

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known that they were printing their election posters on recycled paper.

This leaves the Center, the Liberals' big brother, in the middle. On welfare-state issues, the Center and the Liberals rush to assure voters that they oppose the slightest "social disarmament." Lately, they have become quieter on taxes as well; in 1974 and 1975 the two parties reached agreements with the Social Democrats on tax adjustments to prevent inflation from further increasing marginal taxes, and the 1977 tax plan that the two announced differed only slightly from government proposals. This year, the Liberals even dropped their old anti-tax slogan "It Must Be Worth Your While to Work," and Per Ahlmark publicly expressed worry that, given the increasing number of old people in Sweden, a conservative tax policy might "leave pensioners out on the street."

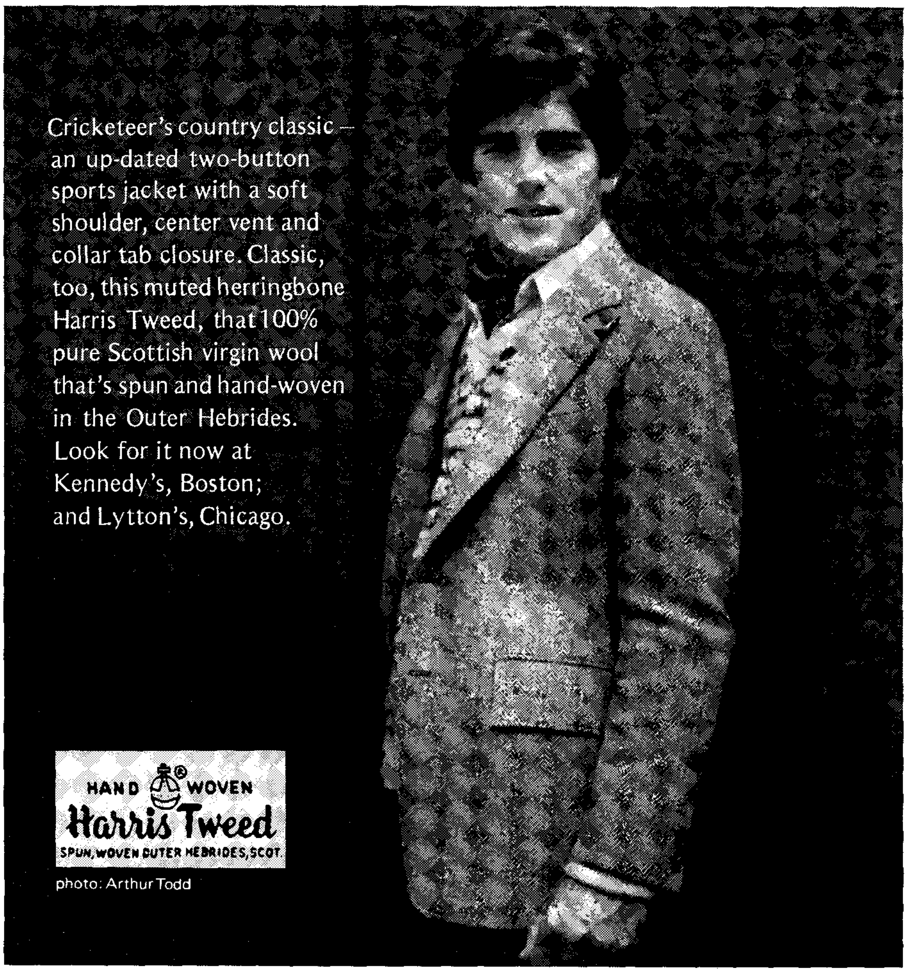
THE Center, alone of all the four major parties, has opposed Sweden's nuclear-power program, and this is not merely a coincidence. This party used to be called the Peasant Federation, and it owes its spectacular growth in recent years (in 1973 it received a quarter of the vote, while in 1966 its total was under fourteen per cent) to an appeal to those who, confused by the rapid pace of social change, long for the simpler ways of an earlier countryside. The Center has mixed an ecology message with a critique of bigness and of other headaches of modernity: the Party's color is green and its symbol is a clover, and Party meetings tend to feature processions where delegates march in folk dress.

The nuclear-power debate in Sweden began, undramatically, when a Center back-bencher, Birgitta Hambraeus, requested a parliamentary debate on the government's nuclear-power program with the Minister of Industry, Rune Johansson, in November, 1972. After the debate Mrs. Hambraeus showed Thorbjörn Fälldin, the Center Party leader, an article from an American magazine on the dangers of nuclear power, and put Fälldin in touch with Hannes Alfvén, a Swedish physicist and 1970 Nobel Prize winner, who teaches at the University of California (San Diego) and resembles an elderly village deacon. Alfvén emphasized unsolved problems in the handling of radioactive wastes and the increasing risk that letting nations import atomic know-how would lead to the spread of nuclear weapons. (Throughout the debate that thereupon resumed, the anti-nuclear arguments have been carried over straight from America—and, in fact, American nuclear critics have been frequent visitors here.)

Fälldin reacted with anger when he received all this information, partly because he had sat as a parliamentary representative on an environmental-protection board whose responsibilities included approving nuclear-plant sites. Experts appearing before the board had said nothing about radioactive waste or atomic bombs, and Fälldin felt that city slickers had put something over on the country boy. (In 1956, a Swedish parliamentary report on nuclear power had naïvely said, "The large quantities of radioactive waste have so far not been put to much practical use. One possibility might be to use the radiation for food preservation, another to use it within the chemical industry in, for example, the production of special plastics.")

The Center took an official position against nuclear power at its 1973 congress, but the issue played no role in the election that year. The question heated up only after home and office temperatures went down as a result of the oil embargo. All the parties, in a supposed effort at grass-roots democracy, set up study groups to discuss energy alternatives and offer recommendations. Of the Social Democratic groups, sixteen per cent came out for nuclear power, twenty-one per cent came out against it, and sixty-three per cent discussed advantages and disadvantages but couldn't decide one way or the other. Social Democratic spokesmen, after consulting their tea leaves, triumphantly announced that they had interpreted the results of these Party powwows as supporting a policy of "cautious increase" in reliance on nuclear power. The implications of the word "cautious" may be ascertained by noting that Sweden already produces more electricity per capita through atomic power than any other nation (more than twice as much as the United States), and that the expansion from five nuclear power plants to thirteen, which was what the "cautious" policy called for between now and 1985, would mean an increase from fourteen to forty per cent of Sweden's electricity supply derived from nuclear sources. It was clear that, for the Social Democratic leadership, jobs were still the key thing, and jobs require energy. In the parliament, the Liberals and the Conservatives supported the Social Democratic expansion plans.

Polls over the past years have shown that three-fifths of those Swedes with



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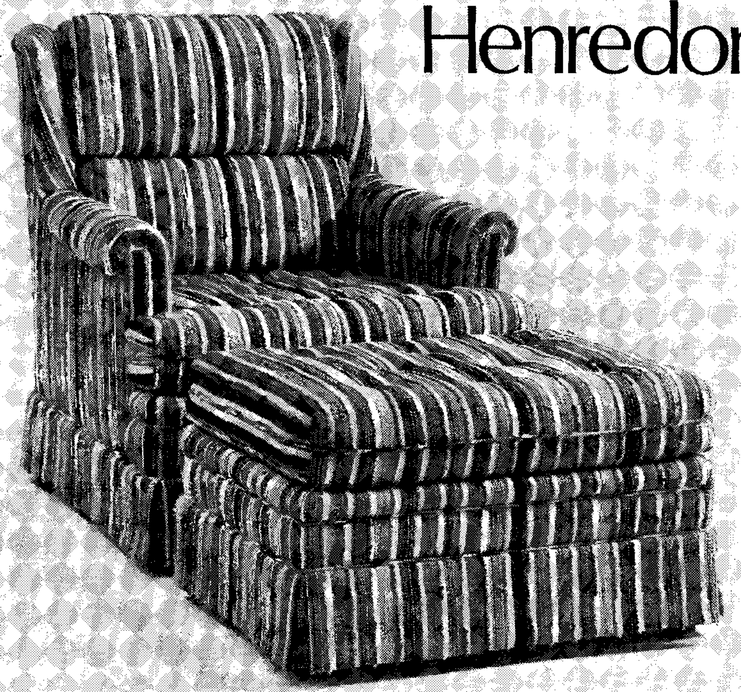

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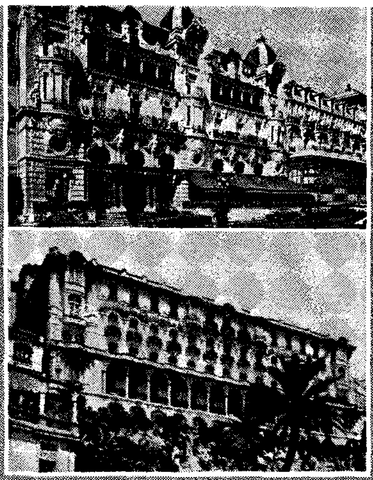

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an opinion (about a fifth are undecided) oppose the expansion of nuclear power. Despite this, the Center's strength was declining; at the beginning of 1976, polls put it at less than twenty per cent—more than five points below its 1973 vote. And the other non-Socialist parties disagreed with it on the importance of nuclear power. Social Democratic tacticians followed the California referendum this spring on nuclear power closely; after its defeat, the general view was that nuclear power would play no role in the Swedish campaign. That view, it turned out, was incorrect.

THORBJÖRN FÄLLDIN, Sweden's new Prime Minister, is an unusually sympathetic representative of the down-to-earth Center style. At the beginning of the campaign, a newspaper story on the plans of the various party leaders mentioned laconically that Fälldin would be travelling less than the other leaders; he had to be home to help with the harvest at his farm, it explained. Normally, Fälldin commutes each weekend to the farm, several hundred miles north of Stockholm, where his family, which does not wish to move, lives. Some time ago, after a newspaperman observed that there were calluses on Fälldin's hands, it was considered noteworthy both that he had the calluses and that he had never pointed them out to anyone. A reporter on one of Fälldin's campaign trips wrote of the Center leader:

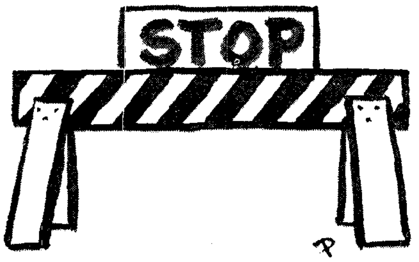
> He doesn't sleep well if he doesn't get a big glass of milk before going to bed. Sometimes his milk is threatened, as at the hotel at Ange, [where] the new city hall was being dedicated that evening and they were serving cured salmon and white wine for the occasion. But Fälldin persuaded them that he wanted milk with his salmon.

Fälldin refers frequently to the advantages that Sweden draws from its political "community of common values," and in one interview he spoke perceptively about the connection between that and the successes of the Swedish system:

> It probably wouldn't be possible to bring about social progress if the political climate were always as tense as at the end of an election campaign. That's why it's important that all of us avoid letting the enthusiasm of the battle entice us into making personal attacks, which can leave scars that make impossible relaxed conversations about concrete questions after the elections.

I travelled with Fälldin one day while he campaigned on Sweden's west coast, speaking before crowds that usually amounted to a hundred or so. At one of the meetings, Fälldin was clearly uneasy because he had been placed on a platform, at a level higher than the audience; after his talk, he stepped down to answer questions on subjects ranging from the spraying of forests with pesticides to the use of herbal medicine. ("In the long run, I think that's the way we have to go" was Fälldin's astonishing reply to the latter.) One of the four appearances that day was at a get-together at a small-town lunchroom with about fifty fishermen. After the meeting, Fälldin went down to the wharf—set against a backdrop of small whitewashed houses with roofs and shutters of many colors and the gray rock formations typical of that part of Sweden—to have his picture taken. Here I had an instance of the careful attention that is paid to foreign journalists. I was walking along the wharf, taking in the local color, when I clumsily dropped my eyeglasses into the water. A local Party representative discovered my loss and rushed up to reassure me. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll have a diver here soon." Sure enough, within five minutes a man appeared in full frogman's gear to retrieve my glasses. Later that evening, I passed Fälldin on my way to the hotel sauna, and he inquired solicitously whether I had got my glasses back. The next day, the story was featured in a newspaper article.

Earlier, while I was riding with Fälldin from one village to the next, I had asked him what his reactions had been to an unusual occurrence some days before. The government-run Swedish Broadcasting Corporation had invited a British journalist to do a program for Swedish television, in English, on how a foreigner viewed the campaign. The journalist had interviewed leaders of three of the parties; Fälldin, however, had not been allowed to appear, because his English was too poor. It was a sorry state of affairs, I remarked to Fälldin, when a Swedish party leader couldn't appear on Swedish television because he didn't speak English. Fälldin replied that the day after the show a Social Democratic member of the parliament had come up to him and said that what had hap-



pened was an insult to everyone in their generation who hadn't had rich parents who could send him to the university or abroad to learn languages. The Party official driving the car was more direct. "The entire next day, we got calls from angry people," he said.

THE two reactions to Fälldin's exclusion—his own principled and temperate one, and his angry supporters' coarser and more rancorous one—suitably introduce the gap between politicians and the rest of Sweden. Those who believe that most Swedes have "tired" of the welfare state seem to me to be wrong. But it is doubtless true that most non-Socialist voters are more hostile to the Social Democrats than the non-Socialist leaders are. (This phenomenon is most extreme among the Liberals, whose leaders concede privately that the Social Democrats have done a fine job. It is Liberal *voters* who demand an opposition stand, they say with a sigh.) And it is likewise true that perhaps a fifth of the electorate sees Sweden as *Time* recently saw it—drowning in bureaucracy and stifling the individual. Others, whose alienation is not so great, nevertheless have feelings that no politicians vent: that the country has too many "welfare chisellers," that more mothers should be able to stay home instead of sending their children to day-care centers, and that taxes should be cut drastically. Conservatives come closest to representing the unrepresented (at one point in 1973, Bohman gloomily predicted that if the opposition didn't win soon many Swedes might give up hope and leave the country), but many voters are scared by the Conservatives even if they share the Conservatives' views, because of the Party's upper-class associations. And, furthermore, even Conservatives choose to tread carefully. Leaders here consider their duty to be *educating* voters as much as *representing* them; a University of Gothenburg survey revealed that only seven and a half per cent of the members of the parliament felt that if their constituents held a view on an issue which differed from their own, this fact should affect the members' public stand. A fascinating linguistic outcome of this attitude is the political connotation of the Swedish word *missnöje*. *Missnöje* means, simply, "dissatisfaction." Yet the worst insult one can hurl at a politician is to accuse him of appealing to voter *missnöje*. To do so is seen as *populistisk*, or "populistic"—an expression

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whose implications almost all regard as negative. The Gothenburg survey showed that on typical questions dealing with welfare-state issues Conservative members of the parliament stood, on the average, a bit to the left of Social Democratic voters. There have, then, been two oppositions in Sweden: the non-Socialist parties, and a phantom opposition not represented by the parties.

There are some Swedes who, like people anywhere, are swayed as much by questions of personality as by those of principle, and dramatic events of the moment can change their votes, though in normal times they may really support the opposite camp. Though in most countries politicians are masters at exploiting issues of personality or issues of emotion to their advantage, official Sweden shuns such issues as self-righteously as a Swedish teetotaller shuns champagne. The result is that these issues emerge like pent-up gas bubbling through a half-sealed cork.

The contrast between proper and improper style, in this context, is epitomized by Sweden's largest morning and largest evening newspapers—the serious morning journal *Dagens Nyheter* and the afternoon tabloid *Expressen* (both of which, interestingly, are owned by the same publishing family). The editorial page of *Dagens Nyheter* embodies political morality at its sternist. *Dagens Nyheter* has traditionally supported the Liberals, but its editorials are careful to admonish unscrupulous conduct from any source, not least from the non-Socialist parties, to which it is, despite a formal switch to an "independent" status, still closer than it is to the Social Democrats. Last May, for example, Gösta Bohman offered to wager Olof Palme that the real income of the average metalworker had declined since 1970 because of taxes and inflation. Bohman's claim, it developed, was false, and the Metalworkers Union arranged for thousands of unionists to sign lists accepting Bohman's bet and demanding payment. *Dagens Nyheter* was bitter: "What is most painful is that Bohman didn't immediately realize how unreasonable his claim was in the first place. This exposes his captivity in a world of political clichés, where taxes overshadow all else."

Expressen, on the other hand, is an invaluable source of information about the other Sweden—much as totems or customs supply data to an anthropologist seeking to unravel the mysteries of exotic cultures. Although it is regarded as a journalistic pariah, no paper in Scandinavia has more readers. Its

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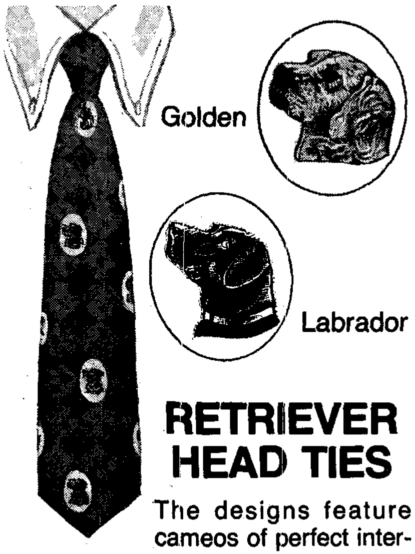

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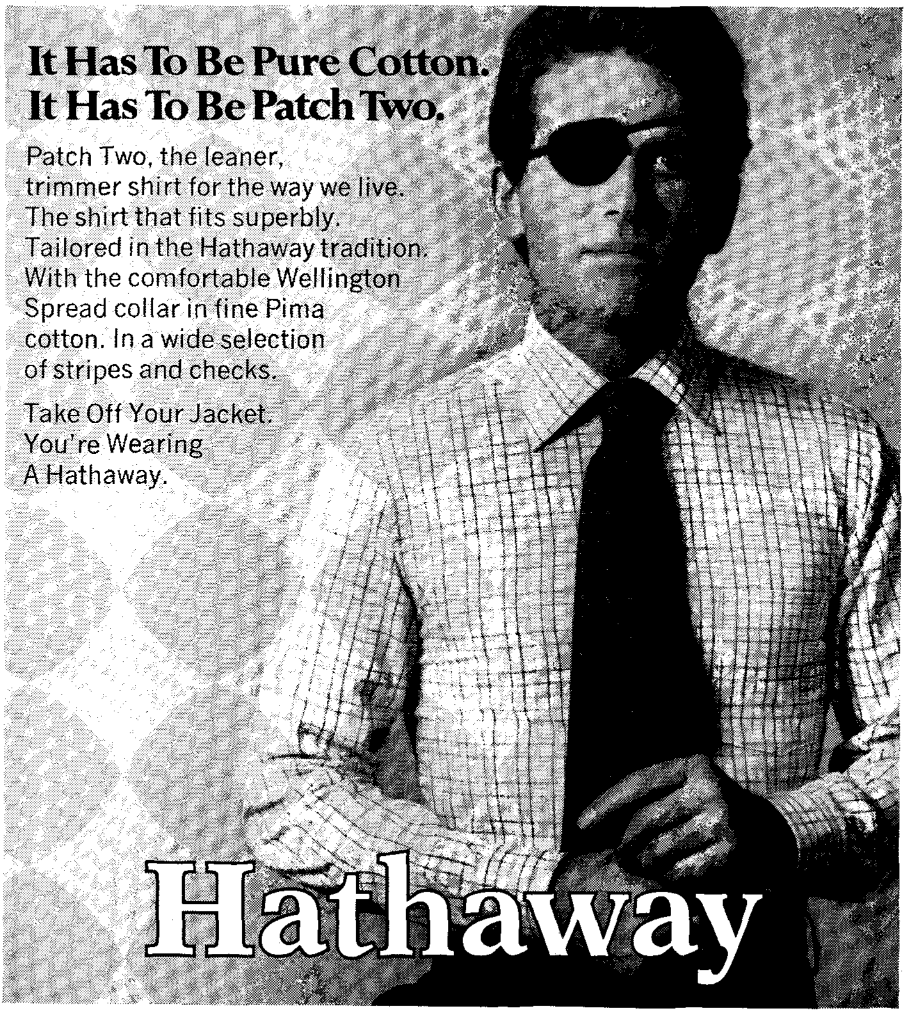
letters column is completely unpredictable, airing political viewpoints that one could otherwise spend a lifetime in Sweden without seeing expressed publicly. Just as unpredictable is a regular feature reporting comments phoned in about the previous night's TV shows: here, accusations that one program or another was nothing but "Communist propaganda" stand alongside complaints to the effect that television shows such contempt for popular taste that Sweden can hardly be regarded as a democracy. *Expressen's* news columns are filled with hair-raising accounts of how assorted *sossepampar* (a term whose coarseness is difficult to convey in translation but which means, approximately, "Socialist bigwigs") use their influence to obtain access to summer-cottage land or sought-after apartments. *Expressen* frequently shoots off target, and in a sense the paper is unspeakably vulgar. Yet in another sense *Expressen's* claim that it represents the little guy against the big shots is not utterly hollow. Its shamelessness relates to the fact that irresponsibility, even in moderate doses, has so few other outlets. (It might be noted that when I spoke with the journalists in the train about "The Final Days" and corruption, one of them commented that the only paper which tries to uncover such things is *Expressen*, "but nobody pays any attention to them.")

This past year, *Expressen* has come into its own as never before, thanks to an unprecedented series of what cultivated Swedes call, with more than a trace of contempt, "affairs." Government accusations of tax evasion against Ingmar Bergman, followed by his self-exile, constituted the only such affair that received substantial publicity abroad, but in fact the Social Democrats were plagued by no fewer than five of these affairs in the year before the election. The first to break, in an *Expressen* "exposé" in August, 1975, involved Finance Minister Gunnar Sträng's house. Sträng had bought an expensive house in Stockholm's fashionable Old Town, and because it was several hundred years old it required renovation. Such expenses are tax deductible, and the result of these deductions, plus deductible mortgage interest payments, was that for several years Sträng paid only minimal taxes. *Expressen* did not claim that a crime had been committed. It merely pointed out that the Finance Minister who imposed upon Swedes some of the world's highest taxes had for several years escaped lightly.

Just as the Sträng affair was smol-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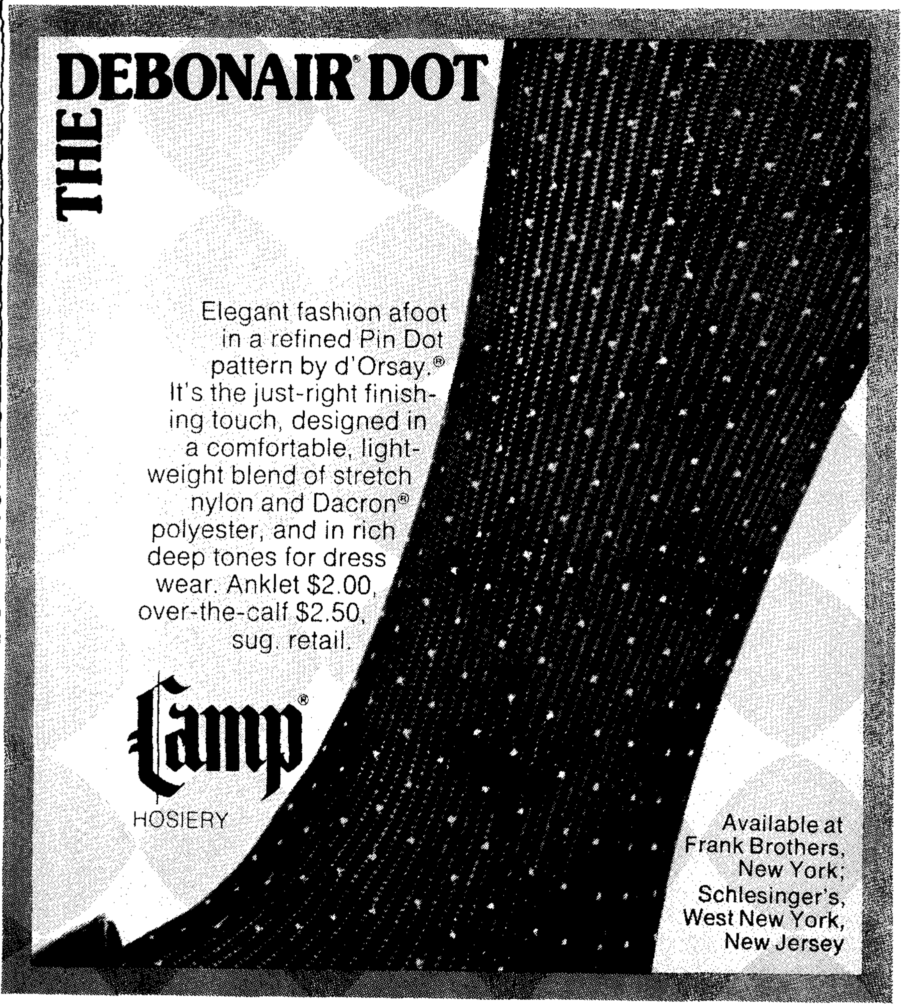
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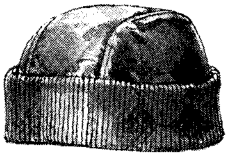

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dering, the smuggled-airport-money affair flared up. A Finnish observer returning from a Social Democratic Party congress here was stopped during a routine check at the Stockholm airport, and was discovered to be carrying approximately two hundred thousand kronor (about forty-six thousand dollars) in cash in his briefcase. To take more than six thousand kronor out of Sweden requires government permission, and the Finn had no such permission. It turned out that the cash was intended to help Finnish metalworkers in a union election in which Social Democrats faced strong Communist opposition; the Swedes termed the money a gesture of international solidarity but could not explain why this gesture, unlike others, was being made secretly.

Around Christmas came the Hans Ericson affair, involving the chief of the Transport Workers Union, who was photographed, bare-chested and beer-bellied, vacationing in Spain's sun-filled Canary Islands when most Swedes were home suffering through the coldest and darkest time of year. The embarrassment here was that the Confederation of Trade Unions was simultaneously leading a well-publicized tourist boycott against Spain. On his return, Ericson claimed that he had journeyed to Spain to meet with anti-government leaders, but nobody could be found to back up this story.

Next came Ingmar Bergman. It should be noted that Bergman chose to publish his parting shot, explaining his decision to go into exile, not in the serious morning paper but in *Expressen.*

And right on top of Bergman came the biggest affair of all, involving Astrid Lindgren, the children's novelist, and a fairy tale she called "Pomperipossa." Creator of Pippi Longstocking, and regularly proposed by local citizens for a chair in the Swedish Academy, Astrid Lindgren is everybody's favorite Swedish grandmother. Mrs. Lindgren, normally quite taciturn, became angry when she discovered that she was a victim of a quirk in the 1975 tax-adjustment agreement among Social Democrats, Liberals, and Center. For reasons that are more complicated than interesting, an unintended effect of the adjustment was that it created for self-employed people with high incomes a marginal tax rate of a hundred and two per cent for that portion of their income over a hundred and fifty thousand kronor. Mrs. Lindgren published—in *Expressen*, of course—a fairy tale about a lady named Pomperipossa. Pomperipossa wrote children's

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books—"for the sheer joy of it, so as to have a bit of fun in her worldly life"—and gladly paid eighty to eighty-three per cent of her income in taxes. But one day she discovered that "the wise men" who ruled the land had come out with a new decree. Pomperipossa did some arithmetic. With a marginal tax rate of a hundred and two per cent, a thousand and twenty kronor would be taxed away for each thousand she earned above a hundred and fifty thousand. Thus, the higher the income got over a hundred and fifty thousand kronor, the less would be left from the portion of income under a hundred and fifty thousand kronor, which was taxed at a lower rate. Pomperipossa had the misfortune to expect an income of about two million kronor (four hundred and sixty thousand dollars), of which, after taxes, she calculated, she would have five thousand (eleven hundred and fifty dollars) left. "WILL ASTRID LINDGREN HAVE TO GO ON WELFARE?" *Expressen's* front-page headline asked. A popular storm followed, and things only got worse when Gunnar Sträng suggested that Astrid Lindgren stick to writing children's books. Small businessmen cited "Pomperipossa" in protest meetings. *Expressen* printed a special bound edition of "Pomperipossa." A professor issued a formal complaint to the nation's ombudsman, alleging that Sträng's statement represented a governmental attempt to interfere with freedom of speech.

Although the affairs were milked by *Expressen* for all they were worth, serious people could not take them seriously. *Dagens Nyheter*, for example, covered "Pomperipossa" sporadically at best, and editorially mourned that the whole thing had "developed from a concrete and factually well-founded criticism of certain shortcomings in the tax system into an ultraemotional whining campaign with many dubious features."

The shock came with the public-opinion-poll figures released in early May, after the period when Bergman went into exile and "Pomperipossa" appeared. In one month, Social Democratic support fell from forty-two and a half per cent to thirty-eight and a half per cent. Such a shift hardly seems dramatic by American standards, but that was the first time since polls had been taken that the fortunes of a party had changed so drastically in so short a time.

As dramatic as the effect of the affairs on public opinion was the refusal of the opposition to exploit them politi-

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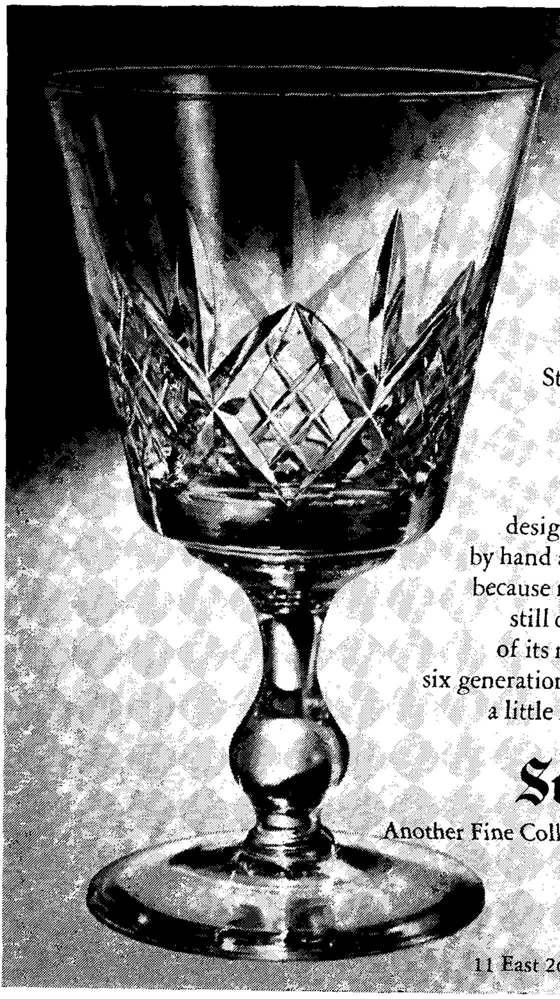

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cally. It is hard to imagine politicians elsewhere passing up the chance to shake the rafters with salvos against tax rates of a hundred and two per cent, beer-bellied union bosses, and Finance Ministers who didn't pay taxes. Nevertheless, all these opportunities were passed up.

DESPITE such forbearance, the campaign was not without excitement. In the light of how well the economy was doing, the Social Democrats should have been on the offensive, but, thanks to the affairs, the opposition began the summer with a nine-per-cent lead in the polls, and the contest became a nightmare for the Social Democrats. Their first problem was the attention focussed on a proposal prepared for Sweden's 1976 Trade Union Congress, which was held in June. The proposal would force companies to set aside a percentage of their profits each year for new issues of stock that would be turned over to union-controlled funds. Under such a plan, it would be only a matter of time before the funds assumed ownership control of most companies. The only other country with a similar system, as far as they could discover, was Peru—a circumstance that caused many to suspect that the scheme needed further study. "It is possible that the idea may lead to increased influence for workers and that the distribution of wealth will improve," wrote one commentator. "But this might occur at the cost of other freedoms in society. Who knows what will happen with consumer choice and with the possibility of choosing workplace and employer? These questions have to be investigated thoroughly. Peru hardly gives us much lead."

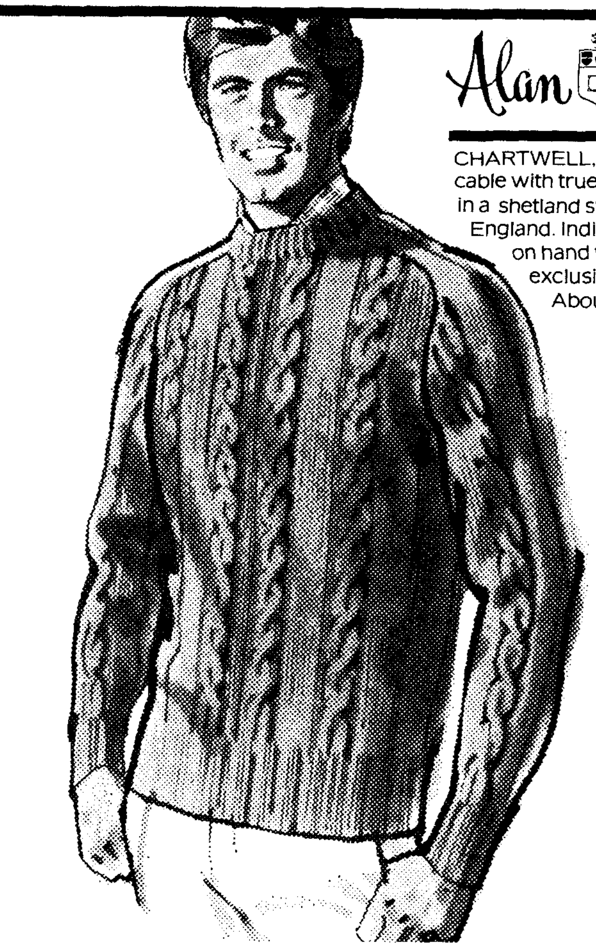
The genesis of the union proposal remains mysterious, but in its final form it was attributed to Rudolf Meidner, the powerful senior researcher for the Confederation of Trade Unions, who came to Sweden from Germany shortly before Hitler came to power. Meidner got his assignment from the previous Trade Union Congress, in 1971, but at that time the emphasis was on a method for giving workers a greater share in corporate wealth. The final proposal was regarded as all the more unusual because Meidner himself had long been regarded as a man too worldly-wise to believe that ownership of the means of production made much difference to workers. But the Meidner Plan clearly appealed to union activists, and it sailed through the Union Congress in June.

Beyond the realization that the Meidner Plan implied radical change, it is questionable how much, if any, of it most Swedes understood. A poll, however, showed large majorities against the idea, and, accordingly, the opposition went into action. The scheme was rejected as a "threat to freedom" and an "enormous concentration of power." If the opposition won, Per Ahlmark blurted out at one point, the Meidner Plan would "land in the wastepaper basket, where it belongs." *Expressen* launched a series explaining the plan and contrasting it with opposition proposals to allow individual workers to own the stock that would accumulate in any funds, under the front-page headline "YOU WON'T GET A CENT FROM MEIDNER." The Social Democrats reacted defensively. They couldn't disavow the proposal. But clearly it was drawing away attention from the smiling children, the "YES!" buttons, and the whole aura of security they were trying to convey. So they stalled, claiming that Meidner was not a "proper" campaign issue, because the matter was under investigation by a Royal Commission, whose report would not be published before 1979. At one point, Palme, the Socialist ideologue suddenly turned just plain folks, averred disarmingly that the debate about the Meidner Plan was so complicated that it often went right over his head.

Then the storm over nuclear power broke. The occasion was Thorbjörn Fälldin's first major radio press conference, late in August, at which he devoted his entire introductory statement to a reassertion of the Center position. Three nuclear plants being planned, he said, must "never leave the drawing board," and five under construction must either be halted or, if contractual obligations prevented that, be completed but never put in operation. For the five plants in use, a phase-out plan must be developed, and it must go into effect if by 1985 nuclear-safety problems had not been solved. None of these demands were negotiable, Fälldin added. "No minister's post in the world is so attractive that I am prepared to compromise with my conscience," Fälldin told the parliament, with a dramatic flourish. Swedish politicians just don't make statements like that—such things are left to hot-blooded French or Italians—and Fälldin's position attracted attention for just that reason. As the campaign progressed, the symbol for Fälldin's position became the question of the start-up of an atomic power plant in the southern Swedish town of Barsebäck.

The plant was finished, standing there and ready to go, though it still awaited its atomic fuel. It had cost two hundred and twenty-five million dollars to build. The plant's owner, a private electric company, had stated that, were it not allowed to start up the plant, it would demand multimillion-dollar damages. Fälldin said that Barsebäck would not be allowed to start up; he could not, as he phrased it, be a party to a decision that would "infect" still another nuclear power plant with radioactivity. Then, in a televised debate with Palme, Fälldin spoke about little but nuclear power. Slowly, and with obvious conviction, he intoned, in his North Swedish dialect, the question "Olof Palme, can you stand here tonight on this rostrum and assure us that you are giving this generation and coming generations a better society when you give them a nuclear-power society?" Palme never replied, and for the rest of the campaign Fälldin was on the offensive. Liberals and Conservatives played dead, as if they hadn't joined in the parliamentary majority supporting nuclear expansion. Palme sought repeatedly to emphasize that the Swedish commitment was "cautious," that Sweden had "the most ambitious conservation program of any industrial nation in the world," whose aim was to slow the yearly increase in energy consumption from four and a half per cent to two per cent by 1985 and to zero in the nineteen-nineties. Four days before the election, Palme made the dramatic claim that the Union of Concerned Scientists, an American anti-nuclear group, now conceded that the nuclear-waste problem could be solved—a claim that undermined Fälldin's major criticism. Fälldin's supporters phoned the United States, and the Union shot back a cable calling Palme's statement "utterly false and misleading." Clearly, a good chunk of the antagonism to nuclear power is based on ill-founded anxiety that power plants will explode, and on primitive fear of the unknown. The Social Democrats, however, chose to deal with the issue by reminding people that sulphur-dioxide emissions from burning oil cause foliage to wither and fish to die—an approach that, in view of the unsolved nuclear-power problems, did them little good.

The Center claimed that it was possible to eliminate nuclear power without increased use of oil, through a "conservation plan" they presented. As the Social Democrats became more desperate, the language they used in denouncing these claims became harsher. The National Tenants Union, which



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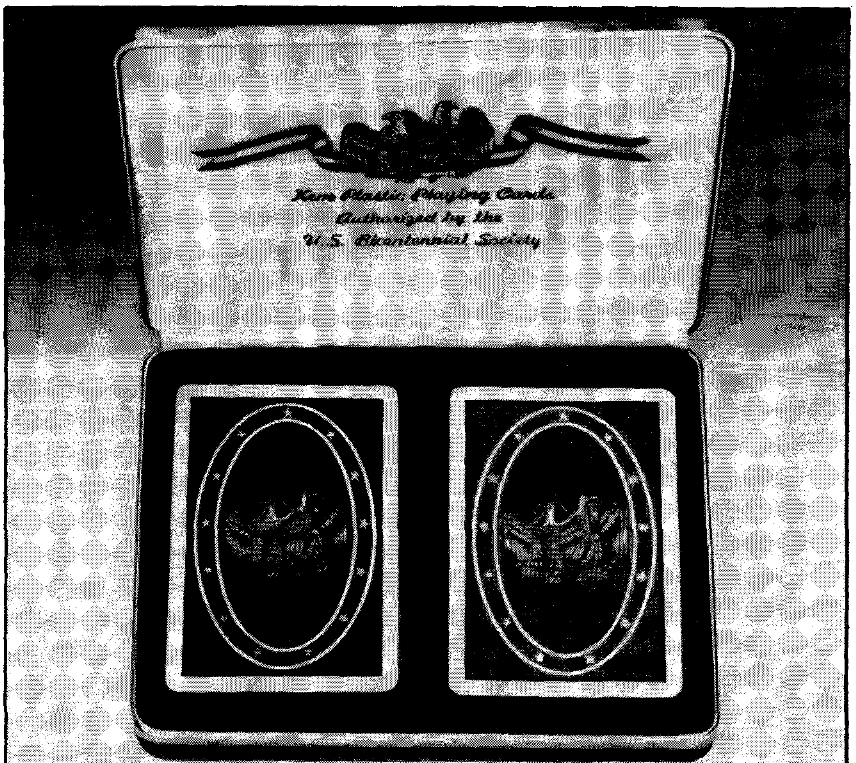

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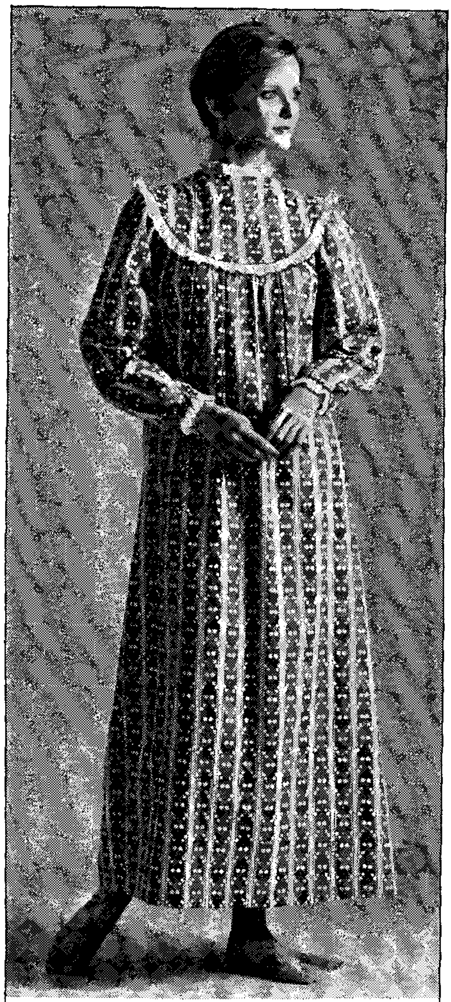
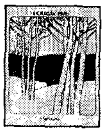
has close ties to the Social Democrats, issued a statement, disguised as a "research report," that Center proposals for improved housing insulation would result in "drastic" rent increases. The chief of a government agency that had developed estimates for energy savings called Fälldin's use of the estimates "misleading." Palme, in a television appearance at which he was visibly angry, repeatedly sputtered the word "bluff" in relation to the Center plan. At another point, he thundered that the Center's continued defense of its "so-called conservation plan" after its "gross errors" had been revealed demonstrated an abandonment of "the first rule of politics," which, Palme said, was "to tell the truth to the voters." The voters should be told, he went on, that the Center's energy policy would lead to mass unemployment and electricity rationing.

A traditional phenomenon in campaigns here is the Social Democratic final spurt—which comes about thanks to a network of local organizations so strong that, in the words of a campaign manager, it can "go through cement walls." An opinion poll published in late August, just before the nuclear-power debate became hot, showed the Social Democrats back up to forty-two and a half per cent, and within about two per cent of victory (given the expected Communist vote, and the opposition loss of about one and a half per cent to a Christian splinter party that had no chance of getting into the parliament). But nuclear power interfered with the spurt. When the results were finally tabulated, the Center had received twenty-four and one-tenth per cent of the vote—down a bit from 1973 but up almost five per cent from poll results a few months earlier.

Although politicians went on ignoring the so-called affairs during the campaign, *Expressen* did its best to keep the pot boiling. Demonstrating that the best parody of *Expressen* is *Expressen*, on Election Day the paper managed to trot out the giant headline "SVEN-BERTIL TAUBE FLEES FROM SWEDEN!" Taube, the entertainer son of Evert Taube (a bard and troubadour who was a one-man national tradition until his death early this year), left the country in 1969, and a dispute between him and the Swedish tax authorities about how his income from performances in Sweden should be taxed had been going on for several years. Now, on Election Day, *Expressen* had enticed from Taube, in "a little village in southern France," a statement that he would never perform again in Swe-





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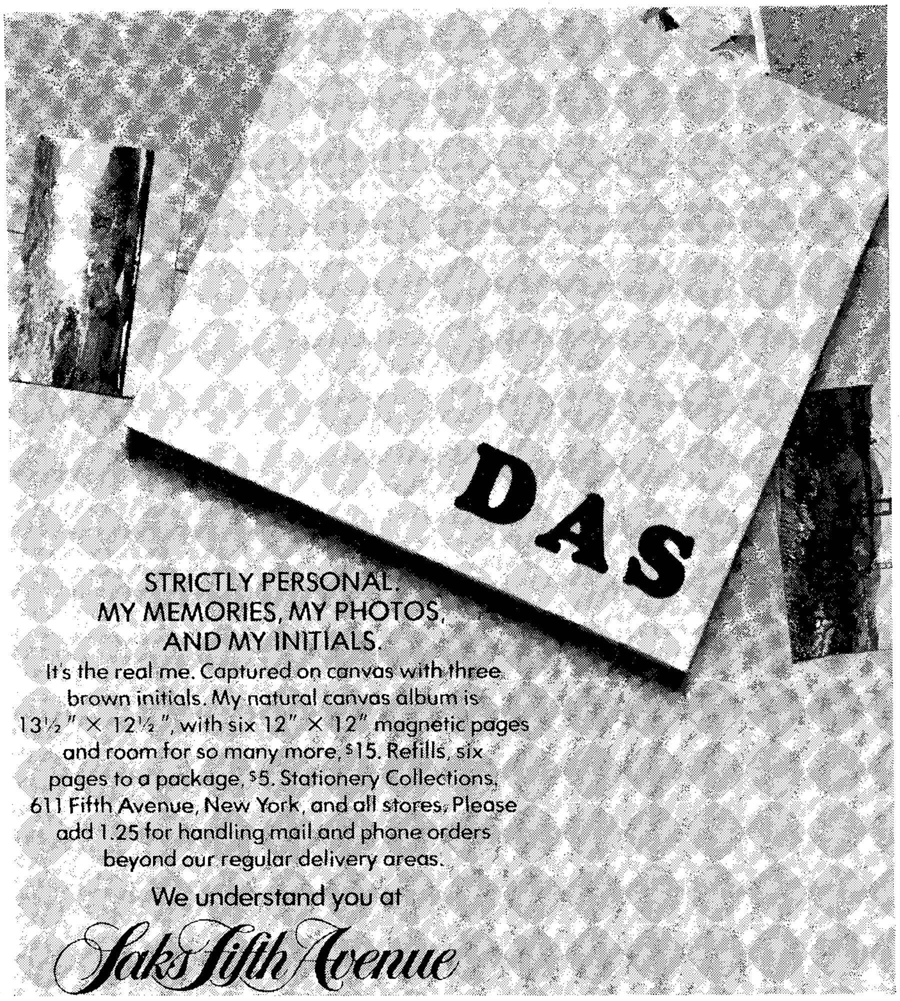
den, and the paper proceeded to remind readers what they would be missing: they would never again see Taube in his "popular New Year's concert on television" (where he had become, over the years, a sort of Swedish Guy Lombardo) or at Stockholm's giant amusement park, Gröna Lund (where he was the biggest drawing card the place had). "The tax bureaucrats have forced him to leave the country for good" was the conclusion.

Expressen even brought Astrid Lindgren back into the campaign. In a dramatic "Letter to a Social Democrat," she explained why she, a faithful Social Democratic voter, now wanted a change:

> When I was a child we used to play a game called "Sneak." One child would put his face against the barn wall, and from the other side of the yard approached the "sneakers." They were supposed to try to get across the yard and up to the child against the wall without his noticing it. They had to be very careful, one step at a time, because if the child with his face to the wall suddenly turned around and saw anyone moving, that person lost out. "Go back again!" the child at the wall would cry. But a talented sneaker could nevertheless finally make his way up to the child who was "it" and thump him on the back almost hard enough to knock his head against the wall.
>
> Something similar to "Sneak" is taking place in Sweden right now, and has been taking place for a long time. We, the Swedish people, stand against the barn wall, and from behind us come the sneakers, our rulers. With one cautious step at a time, they sneak up on a new bit of our independence, and if we don't turn our heads quickly and cry "Go back again!" they will come one fine day and thump us on the back so hard that we'll gasp for breath.

Mrs. Lindgren's "Letter" was filled with a kind of criticism to which Swedish politicians refuse to stoop: Sweden is "as close to a bureaucratic dictatorship as it is possible to come;" the Social Democrats have "done everything to wean people away from the idea of working;" welfare payments are "hurled out recklessly in every direction;" and, in a reference to a drive last spring by the National Board of Health and Welfare encouraging Swedes to eat more bread ("Everyone should get six to eight slices a day," people were told), she wrote that "soon the only thing left to our own discretion will be whether we eat six or eight slices of bread a day."

I had lunch with an editorial writer at *Dagens Nyheter* the next day. A responsible editor would have simply rejected Mrs. Lindgren's "rantings," he told me. The following day, however, an editorial called the Lindgren article



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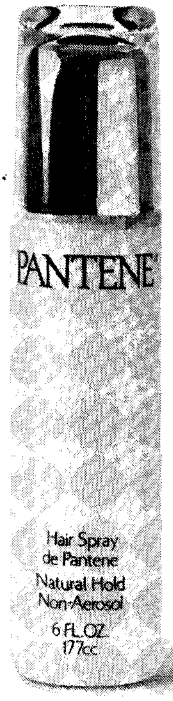

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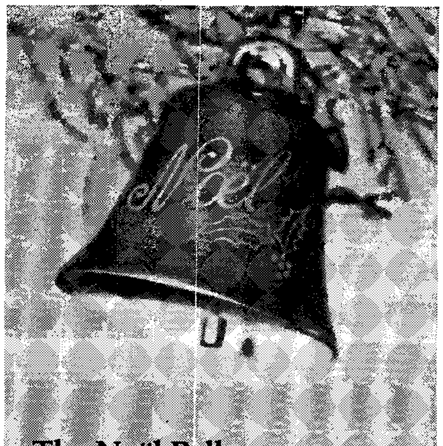
"an absurd slander against Swedish society."

THE mass media here are ever staunchly on their guard against any tendency toward the "Americanization" of Swedish politics. When Olof Palme's wife appeared at several of her husband's rallies, commentators began fussing as if they expected all the evils of American campaigning, from baby-kissing to straw hats, to descend upon the land. ("Lisbet Palme is participating actively in the campaign, and for the first time has allowed a photographer to enter her living room," one paper noted. "Per Ahlmark counterattacks by displaying his new girlfriend. Finally, the campaign begins to deal with essentials.") The fuddy-duddies did not need to worry. Politics here remains on a scale infinitely more human than that of politics in the United States. Candidates for Prime Minister still speak informally in public squares, with modest crowds gathered in a circle around them. Radio stations still arrange programs on which listeners call up and engage in dialogues with political leaders. Party leaders do their own shopping and ride the subways. One day, I accompanied Fälldin as he walked from a meeting in downtown Stockholm to a press lunch a few blocks away; hardly any of the hordes of mid-day shoppers seemed to take special notice of him. Party leaders make conscious efforts to keep things this way. Gösta Bohman appeared at a meeting during the summer wearing bluejeans and with a fishing knife in his belt; he was planning to go fishing right afterward, he explained. I heard one party leader wonder aloud whether it was *really justifiable for a Prime Minister* to be given special police protection when other citizens who feel threatened aren't.

This aspect of Swedish politics, among others, is immensely appealing to an American observer. At the same time, such an observer finds it worrisome that politics is *só* sober. "Irresponsible" criticisms find little official voice, and even sentiments with wide popular support evoke little political attention if they are judged "unenlightened." Had one political party not decided, partly by chance, though mainly out of a strong environmentalist tradition, to take up the nuclear-power issue, it is entirely possible that the large numbers opposing nuclear power might have received no more attention than those opposing "softness" toward criminals, or those favoring the introduction of commercial television, or those opposing the recent decision to eliminate



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he most popular kind of beer. The onstant risk in Swedish politics is that he enlightened politicians will leave the oters too far behind. The Social Dem-cratic defeat resulted from a new ssertiveness by the other Sweden—a it scruffier, a bit less polished, a bit nore unpredictable than the Sweden f the politicians—non-Socialist politi-ians included.

Right after the election, Thorbjörn älldin began negotiations with the iberals and Conservatives on a new overnment. Even before the new gov-rnment was formed, Fälldin an-ounced his first decision—a decision hat reflected the Swedish political tra-ition of "reasonableness"—and ac-epted a Social Democratic demand hat the Social Democratic speaker of arliament be allowed to remain at his ost, even though the Party was now n opposition. Everyone thought highly f the old speaker, it was pointed out, nd, furthermore, the Center Party eputy speaker, who was originally ex-ected to succeed to the post, was regarded as something of an eccentric. (He had, for example, introduced a motion in the parliament to the effect that all pet birds be freed from their cages.) Since the speaker's post is largely symbolic, this reasonable decision would not have meant much had it not been followed by a more important one. The Liberals and Conservatives emerged from their low election profile during the behind-closed-doors negotiations on the nuclear-power-plant issue and said that it was simply irresponsible to bring about a situation where huge monetary damages would have to be paid, thousands of power-plant workers' jobs lost, and future energy supplies put into question—just to fulfill Fälldin's promise (which, the Liberals and Conservatives were quick to point out, they had never endorsed) not to start up the Barsebäck plant. Fälldin finally did what was reasonable. Barsebäck will be started up, and a final decision on the fate of nuclear power will be delayed until 1978, when a referendum will probably be held. The first steps of the new government confirm in a dramatic way a problem that one could have predicted in advance. The most serious dilemma for the non-Socialist parties stems from the fact that Sweden's successes have been based to such a large extent on this very reasonableness of its politicians and organizations. These parties may discover when the next election comes that they have been so reasonable during their tenure of office that they have disappointed the hopes of many of their supporters.

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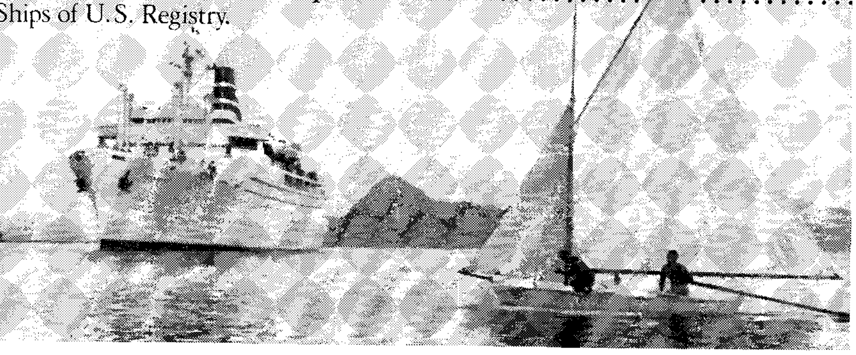

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The good halls just mentioned date from the nineteenth century, and the failures from the twentieth. The latter were built according to carefully determined theories of how musical sounds behave, but the acoustical experts of the twentieth century, for all their scientific calculation, seemed to have lost skills commanded by their predecessors. In the Greek theatre of Epidaurus, which seats twelve thousand people, I have, sitting in the back row, heard a pin drop onstage. In the Roman arena of Verona, opera is played unamplified to an audience of twenty-two thousand. Nineteenth-century concert-hall architects could build for smaller gatherings: the Grosser Musikvereinssaal (1870) holds sixteen hundred and eighty people, and Leipzig's Neues Gewandhaus (1884; destroyed in 1945) held fifteen hundred and sixty. Trouble began when more people had to be packed in; yet Boston was able to make a success of its Symphony Hall (1900), which holds twenty-six hundred—much the size of Philharmonic Hall when first it opened. Trouble increased when architects began to abandon the traditional shape for a hall and—starting with the notorious Salle Pleyel (1927), in Paris—to deploy curves, fan forms, funnel forms, suspended reflectors, instead of the plain rectangle of proved acoustical merit. Philharmonic's back wall was a shallow curve; the side walls ran parallel for a while and then stepped in toward the platform. Not every modern hall was a flop; Berlin's Philharmonie (1963), a piece of romantic concrete landscape that seats twenty-three hundred people in terraces grouped picturesquely around an orchestra out in the middle, was not. But many were.

"*Well, I have to go now, pal. It's been real nice talking to you.*"

Four years ago, after the last round of modifications to Philharmonic Hall, I described the common characteristics of the good old orchestra halls: rectangular in plan, with a flat floor, a coffered ceiling, wall surfaces broken up by heavy window frames, niches, or something of the kind, and a shallow balcony or balconies carried round three sides of the hall. Last year, I described the pleasure of hearing music in a modern hall—Minneapolis's new Orchestra Hall—built according to those principles. The acoustic consultant for that hall was Cyril Harris—he already had the Metropolitan Opera House and Kennedy Center to his credit—and he is the man who has made Fisher Hall sound so good. Dr. Harris knows all about reverberation times, frequency decays, and initial-time-delay gaps but prefers to talk about proved shapes and proved materials—wood and heavy plaster. His Minneapolis hall seats just under twenty-six hundred, and his Fisher Hall just over twenty-seven hundred. Each is rectangular, with a wooden floor, a heavy plaster ceiling, and three tiers of shallow balcony around three sides. Fisher Hall departs from tradition in having a floor that slopes down gently toward the platform, and a ceiling line approximately parallel to that floor: in vertical long section it is a rhomboid rather than a rectangle. (The Amsterdam floor is flat; the Leipzig floor was; and the Vienna and Boston floors are nearly flat. All four halls were built with horizontal ceilings.) Like Boston, and like Carnegie Hall, Fisher Hall differs from the European model, and from Minneapolis, in housing the band (I use that term only because in discussion of a hall "orchestra" can be ambiguous) behind a kind of proscenium arch, in a tapered box opening into the auditorium proper.

Every listener has acoustical measuring instruments of uncommon sensitivity. (According to the acoustician Llewelyn S. Lloyd, "the loudest sound our ears can bear to hear has an intensity ten million times that of the faintest sound the most acute ear can detect.") He distills his impressions from a host of variables. But he does not have precise words to describe the result, and usually resorts to visual or tactile metaphor—"bright," "dull," "warm," "cold"—once resonance and loudness have been assessed. Moreover, the eye can apparently affect the ear. Navy blue, which dominated one of Philharmonic Hall's earlier decorative schemes, seems to absorb sound; dim lighting can effectively take the shine off a score; and when the ceiling of Boston's Symphony Hall was repainted a few years ago some concertgoers reported a loss of "mellowness," which returned only when the décor had lost its first scrubbed appearance. (But maybe dust on the reflecting surfaces does have acoustic properties; a new ventilation system in Fisher Hall insures that there will be little there.) I'd go further: some old halls even seem to have acquired a sonic "patina," as if they had been tuned and tempered in performance by generations of great performers. Acoustic judgments are highly subjective. A colleague has described Fisher Hall as having "a 'modern' sound," in contrast to Carnegie Hall and Boston's Symphony Hall, where "the listener is enveloped in a warm, velvety sound. In the new Fisher Hall, there seem to be less reverberations; the sound is cooler; the emphasis is on clarity." I don't altogether agree, and am happy that I don't, because "warm" is a term of high praise in my acoustical vocabulary, and "a 'modern' sound" has been the curse of so many orchestra halls where the main fare is still

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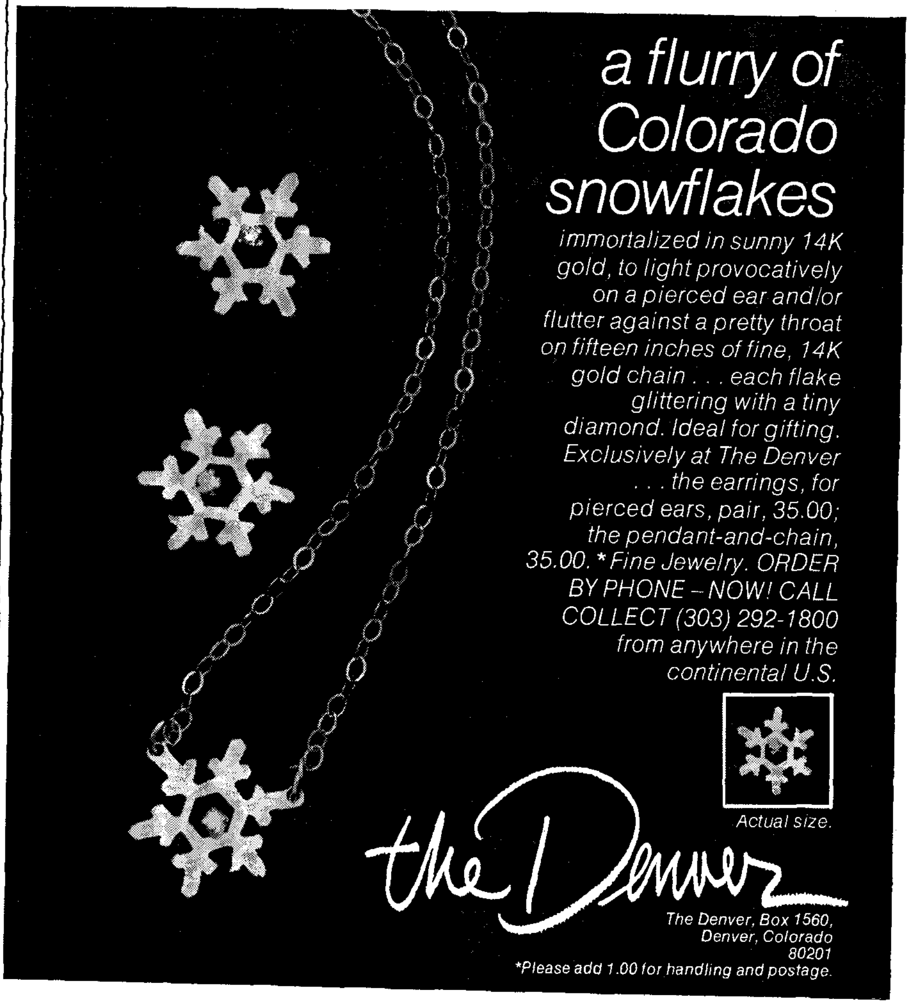
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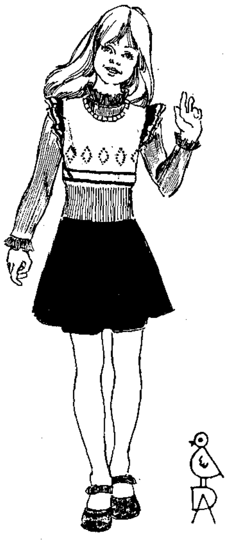

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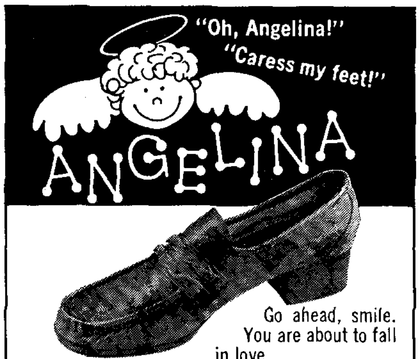

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nineteenth-century music and twentieth-century music written for performance in good nineteenth-century acoustics. In his "Music, Acoustics and Architecture," Leo L. Beranek listed the desirable attributes of a musical building as a musician, rather than a scientist, might try to define them. Dr. Beranek worked on the original Philharmonic Hall, and he certainly did not achieve all of them there (though he claims that he could have if he had been given a freer hand). In Fisher Hall, I find them admirably achieved; although on "ease of hearing among performers" only the players can report, and "uniformity" can be assessed only by someone who has sat in more places than I have yet done.

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The first attribute is "intimacy or presence." This is difficult to achieve in a large hall. Essentially, the music and its performers should not seem and sound far away from the listener, as they did in Philharmonic Hall if one sat farther back than about row S (and as they do in London's Festival Hall, similarly) but do not even from the very back row, SS, of Fisher Hall. The players *are* far away, of course—a hundred and twenty feet away—but still one feels in touch with them. Other qualities are "liveliness, warmth, loudness of direct and of reverberant sound, definition or clarity, brilliance, diffusion, balance, blend, immediacy of response, dynamic range." The new hall is lively and quick to speak. The sound is warm. There was plenty of volume in the "Firebird" climaxes; one could feel the music physically, through the soles of one's feet and the palms of one's hands on the armrests. The whole hall was resonant with sound, but it was not an assault on the eardrums; rather, it provided that sense of physical exhilaration on which the composer must have counted. Loudness is important, but so is softness—the ability for a very gentle sound, of low dynamic level, to steal distinctly and eloquently through all the space. Lorne Munroe's cello solos, in the last movement of the Mahler symphony, showed that the hall does have this attribute. Clarity and brilliance it has, too, but not at the expense of warmth, balance, and blend. "Freedom from echo" and "freedom from external noise" are achieved. "Tonal quality"—allowing a beautiful tone to be heard as such—must raise the question of the Philharmonic Orchestra's own tonal quality, which I would prefer to leave aside for a while. There was some beautiful playing, however—again I would cite Mr. Munroe's solos—and it did sound beautiful. In short, unqualified initial approval for the acoustics of the new Fisher Hall. And more detail when I have heard its response to a piano, a singer, and a large chorus, and listened to a wider range of music.

In the lobbies outside, the columns of Max Abramovitz's original building and wall surfaces have been painted chocolate brown. The normal civilized amenities of a metropolitan concert hall—restaurants, buffets, a large, friendly café to gather in afterward, a bookshop where the scores of works to be played and the latest music magazines are on sale—are missing, alas, but there is a bar on the ground floor, and there are drink stands upstairs. The architects for the new auditorium were Philip Johnson and John Burgee, working to Dr. Harris's prescriptions. Their design does not have the exuberant, disciplined boldness and imagination of Hugh Hardy's for Minneapolis's Orchestra Hall. The decoration is off-white and gold—and there is far too much gold for my taste. It covers the semicylindrical tier fronts, which look like fat bolsters, or sections of a gilded pipeline; the players are framed by a broad gold band, echoed in diminution at each step-back of the tapered orchestra house. True, the effect of so much gold is less vulgar than at the Metropolitan Opera, but nevertheless it looks raw and ostentatious, and the new ventilation system will presumably prevent its dulling down to the unobtrusive dusky glint—rich, not gaudy—of gilding in the Vienna State Opera or Covent Garden. Rows of dimmed naked bulbs, lining the tiers penny-arcade fashion, cast their own golden glow through the hall while the music is being played. There is just enough light for reading the program or following a clearly printed score. The seats are comfortable. The shape of the hall feels right. Old Philharmonic Hall was a place I avoided except when the interest of the program made a visit imperative. The approaches to the new Fisher Hall are still pretty bleak, sterile, chilly (very different from the warmly human, welcoming, unpretentious lobbies in Minneapolis). But, once inside the auditorium, one is predisposed toward enjoyment.

AT the Metropolitan, James Levine made his first appearance of the season conducting a revival of "Il

Trittico." Cornell MacNeil repeated his powerful Michele in "Il Tabarro" and his resourceful Gianni Schicchi; otherwise the major roles were newly cast, and there were several débutants. None of the three heroines seemed well suited to her part. Hildegard Behrens, a straightforward, well-schooled German soprano, lists Giorgetta in "Il Tabarro" among her roles in the newly published "Who's Who in Opera" (a fat, fascinating compilation, edited by Maria F. Rich, and prescribed reading for all opera fans; sixty-five dollars, from Arno Press), but it was as Leonore in "Fidelio" that she came to international attention, and as Puccini's lustrous heroine she seemed dowdy and awkward. Josella Ligi lists Aida, Amelia in "Un Ballo in Maschera," and Leonora in "La Forza del Destino," and she describes her voice as "spinto." She sounded too full and mature in the young-lyric role of Lauretta in "Gianni Schicchi;" either Giorgetta or Suor Angelica would surely have been a happier choice for her Met début. Angelica was Teresa Zylis-Gara, an admirable singer but one who, effectively restrained at first, continued to eschew sentimentality to the point of being colorless and unmoving.

Gianfranco Cecchele made an unimpressive Met début as Luigi in "Il Tabarro;" the voice did not seem to break free. Neil Shicoff's Rinuccio in "Gianni Schicchi" was ardent, a little too insistently athletic in manner. Two veterans had joined the cast. Italo Tajo was perfect, and rightly unobtrusive, in the small role of Talpa in "Il Tabarro." Fedora Barbieri as Angelica's aunt boomed out mightily on her remaining good notes and struggled for higher reaches of the role. Both of them overplayed as Simone and Zita in "Gianni Schicchi." The Met production of "Il Tabarro" will pass muster; its "Suor Angelica" is arid (the convent does not even have a garden), and its "Gianni Schicchi" coarse. Fabrizio Melano's direction misses the fine, delicate details that should inform the staging of all three operas, and Mr. Levine's conducting made little of the Straussian and Debussian instrumental finesses that give charm to Puccini's piece. "Il Trittico" should be at once three bewitchingly scored tone poems, cunningly decorated for both ear and eye, and a good old wallow in passion, then pathos, followed by light-fingered comedy. At the Met it was none of these.

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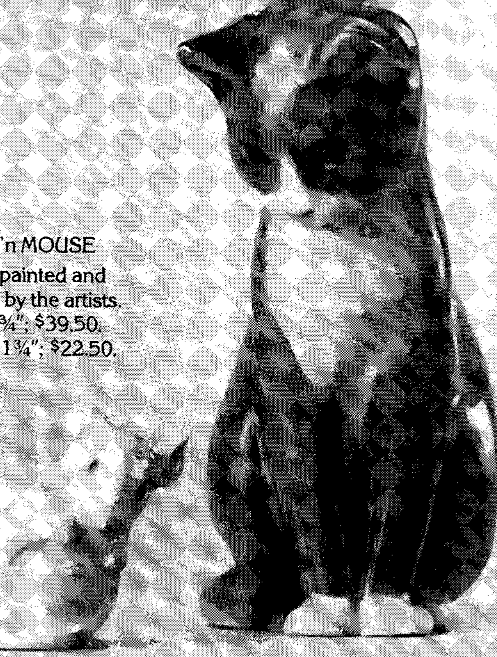

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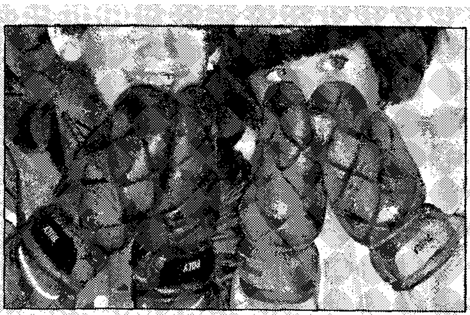

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production of "Don Giovanni" and the Met's revival of "Figaro" made an interesting contrast. "Don Giovanni" was not particularly well sung, except by Felicity Palmer, as Elvira, and by Noel Davies it was clumsily conducted. But the cast missed none of Mozart's dramatic points. The staging was by the director-designer team of Anthony Besch and John Stoddart, already renowned in Britain for Scottish Opera's "Così fan tutte," Covent Garden's "La Clemenza di Tito," and the E.N.O.'s "Magic Flute." Mr. Besch gives the impression of having thought not "What new things can I do in this familiar work?" but "What did Mozart have in mind when he wrote those notes to those words?" The Met's "Figaro" staging was done last season by Günther Rennert and has been revived by Phebe Berkowitz and Bruce Donnell. Its only novelty lay in investing the Countess with a nymphomaniac streak, in her scene with Cherubino in Act II, and that, fortunately, has now been toned down. The staging was not otherwise eccentric, but it lacked, and still lacks, freshness. In "Don Giovanni" one was caught up anew, both simply and intricately, in Mozart's drama; watching "Figaro" was more like paging through a familiar and well-loved masterpiece with unquickened eyes. Except—and it is a large exception—when Judith Blegen was on the stage. Each of Susanna's phrases came from her lips as if newmint, and she listened to what the other characters were saying as if she had never heard the lines before. Maria Ewing made her Met début as Cherubino; she is a promising young mezzo with a dark, attractive timbre. Richard Stilwell's Count still bore traces of the cheerful, plebeian manners imposed on him by Götz Friedrich's farmyard production of the opera at the 1974 Holland Festival. Justino Díaz was an equally cheerful, easygoing Figaro. Leopold Hager, from Salzburg, made his Met début conducting a light, bland account of the score. Where, last season, Steuart Bedford had driven unfeelingly straight through the musical marvels of the work, Mr. Hager slipped over them. —ANDREW PORTER

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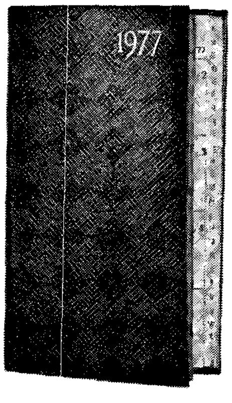
ONE of the most interesting recordings to come to light recently is an album entitled "Woman's Work," issued by a rather obscure New York outfit called Gemini Hall Records. The album consists of four



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sides, and it includes compositions by women only, beginning all the way back with Francesca Caccini (1588-c. 1640), the daughter of Giulio Caccini, who was one of the members of the Florentine Camerata, which invented opera late in the sixteenth century. Francesca was also a singer of renown; she appeared in the opera "Euridice" (by Jacopo Peri, one of her father's contemporaries), which was first performed in Florence in 1600. The selections in this album are from her opera "La Liberazione di Ruggiero dall'Isola d'Alcina." They are as strong as any work by her male competitors, and are sung with great care and eloquence by Mertine Johns, mezzo-soprano, with Michael May, harpsichord, and Yvonne Cable, cello.

Other remarkable compositions by female composers on these records include an air from the cantata "Jacob et Rachel" by Élisabeth Jacquet de La Guerre (1659-1729); some regimental marches by Anna Amalia, Princess of Prussia (1723-87), who was a sister of Frederick the Great; a selection from the singspiel "Erwin und Elmire" (text by Goethe) by another Anna Amalia (1739-1807), who was the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and a niece of Frederick the Great; a siciliana by Maria Theresia von Paradis, goddaughter of the Empress Maria Theresia; a scherzo from a quintet by Louise Farrenc (1804-75); two songs by Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, sister of Felix Mendelssohn; a song by Maria Malibran, the famous early-nineteenth-century singer; three songs by Maria Malibran's sister, Pauline Viardot-García; two songs and an impromptu by Clara Schumann; and selections from an opera by Ingeborg Starck von Bronsart, a pupil of Liszt. The album ends, chronologically, with a quartet written in 1918 by Germaine Tailleferre, who is still alive. All the performances are of the finest quality. The musicians involved—besides Miss Johns, Mr. May, and Miss Cable—are the Vieuxtemps String Quartet; Thomas Theis, double bass; Berenice Bramson, soprano; Evalyn Steinbock, cello; Marnie Hall, violin; Margaret Middleton, viola; Roger Rundle, piano; and Masako Yanagita, violin. We have come a long way since Cécile Chaminade was considered the only woman composer of distinction.

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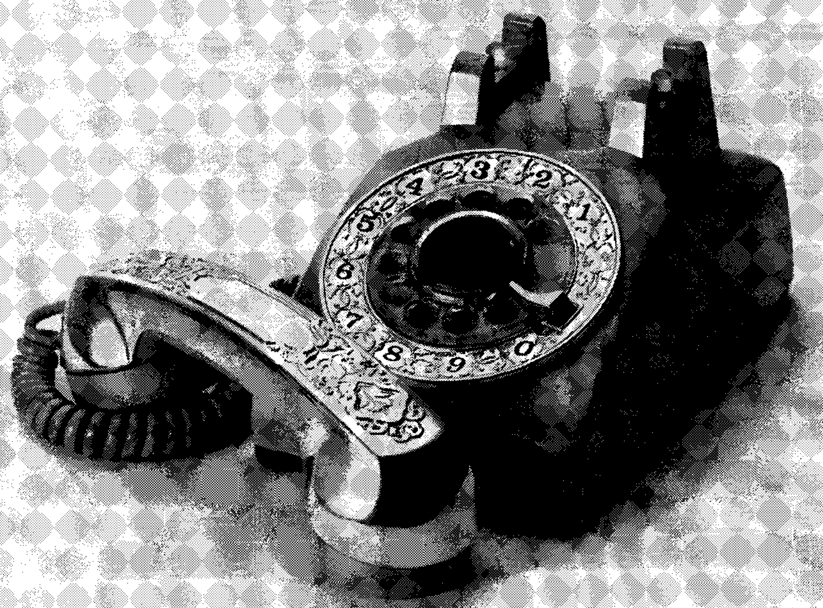

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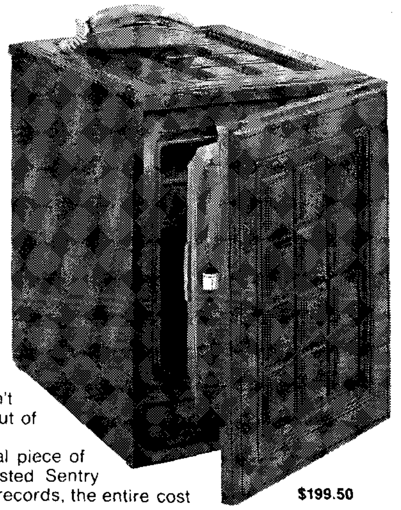

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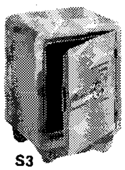

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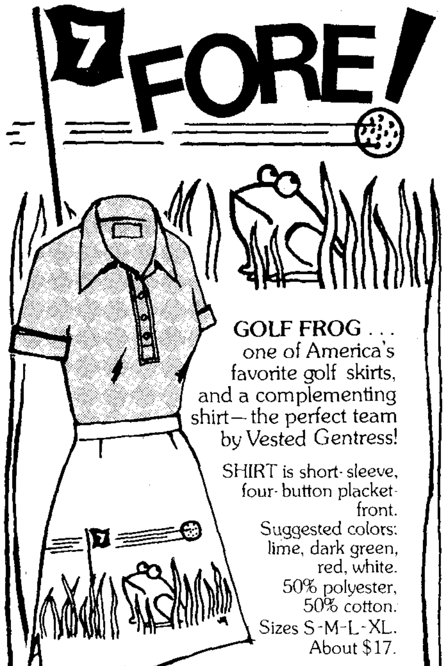

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Some rarities—Johann Christian Bach's Sinfonia in G Minor, Op. 6, No. 6; Michael Haydn's Symphony in G Major, with an introduction written for it by Mozart; and Mozart's own Cassation (Serenade) in D Major, K. 62a—have been issued by Nonesuch (H-71323; single), with the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra giving generally sparkling performances under Dennis Russell Davies. And Yehudi Menuhin and his Menuhin Festival Orchestra have recorded Mozart's "Adelaïde" Concerto in D, K. Anh. 294a, and the same composer's Concerto in D, K. 271a—of disputed authenticity but beautiful nevertheless (Angel S-37167; single). The performances are hearty, in the Menuhin manner.

Besides these single discs, there are a couple of longer recent records well worth a hearing. One is an engagingly robust performance of Mahler's Second Symphony by the Vienna Philharmonic, with Zubin Mehta conducting (London CSA 2242; four sides). The other is an album entitled "Instruments of the Middle Ages and Renaissance," recorded by the Early Music Consort of London (Angel SBZ-3810; four sides). The records are accompanied by a lavishly illustrated booklet, published by the Oxford University Press, about the instruments used. Do you know what a shawm, a tabor, a bladder pipe, a gemshorn, a rebec, a clarion, a buisine, a psaltery, a dulcimer, or a bowed lyre sounds like? The recording contains an ancient composition for each of these instruments, and the booklet has pictures of all of them.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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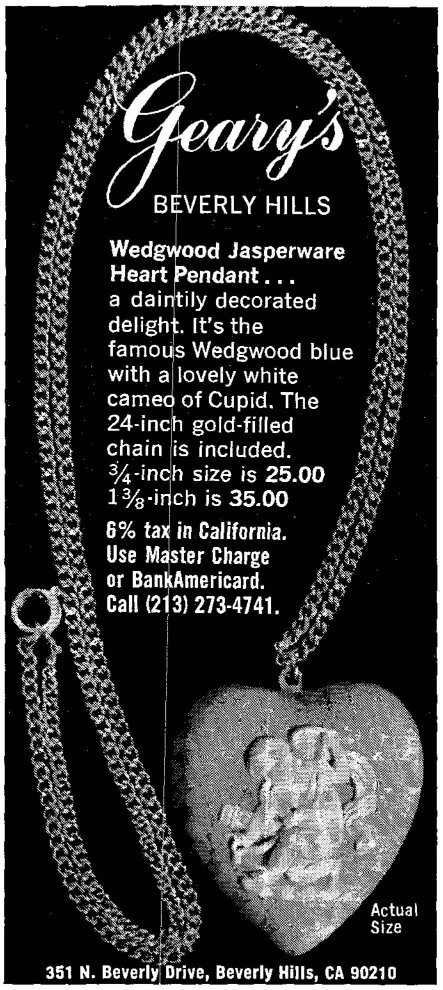

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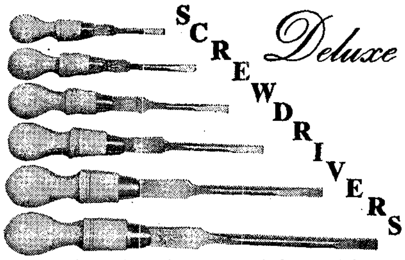

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> This shrewd popularization of the big lie, that modern art isn't modern, succeeded in establishing the position of respectability modern art now enjoys with museum directors and professional art-lovers, but it wrought havoc with the creative forces struggling for a footing wherever this false thesis took root.
>
> —*Barnett Newman.*

THE exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art entitled "The Natural Paradise: Painting in America 1800-1950" is a show with a thesis. It uses the work of about sixty artists to make a point about eight. The eight are Abstract Expressionists—Gorky, Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Still, Baziotes, Gottlieb, and Stamos—and the point the show attempts to demonstrate is that these artists belong not to advanced international modes in painting or thinking, as represented by Kandinsky, Picasso, Masson, Matisse, Miró, or the Surrealists, but right back home, in a continuing American tradition of landscape painting that began in the early years of the republic. Excluded from "The Natural Paradise" are Hans Hofmann, Willem de Kooning, and Philip Guston; in the American-heritage context of the show their omission seems to be due to the fact that they are "foreigners." But Franz Kline and Bradley Tomlin—scions, respectively, of Pennsylvania mountains and New England chapels—are also absent. And if Hofmann, de Kooning, and Guston are missing because they're insufficiently American, why is Arshile Gorky represented? Or, to go back a bit, Thomas Cole, who, presented as the model American landscapist of high romantic ideals, metaphysical speculations, and sublime scenery, is the centerpiece of the show? Cole came to this country when he was seventeen or eighteen—not much younger than de Kooning was when he slipped in as a stowaway. Evidently, this show, whose purpose is less to exhibit pictures than to revise art history, has had to resort to complex forms of mental management.

"The Natural Paradise" is directed by Kynaston McShine, a curator of the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Painting and Sculpture. Its presiding genius, however, is Robert Rosenblum, a professor of fine arts at New York University. One might say that the hands are the hands of McShine but the voice is the voice of Rosenblum. Six years ago, McShine enlightened visitors to the Museum of Modern Art with an exhibition called "Information," in the catalogue of which he asserted that painting had become "absurd," in view of "the general social, political, and economic crises that are almost universal phenomena of nineteen-seventy." Apparently, art has now been reinstated for McShine—when leftism reaches its extreme, it tends to go over into nationalist nostalgia. In McShine's case, the passage to "Paradise" was expedited by the researches of Professor Rosenblum, who for about fifteen years has been contending that the new abstract art which emerged in New York after the war was not really new, or not as new as it was claimed to be by the artists who created it and by the public that experienced it, but was an extension of nineteenth-century romantic and visionary landscape painting. In his "Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition: Friedrich to Rothko," published last year, Rosenblum traced the roots of Abstract Expressionism to German romantic painting and to Turner. Inspired by the Bicentennial—"in the year of the Bicentennial it is especially appropriate to explore the native soil from which the Abstract Expressionists grew"—he has resolved to renaturalize these modernists as Americans. Rosenblum, it would seem, is prepared to issue cards of identity as required. In 1976, he detects in the canvases of Pollock, Rothko, Newman the same awesome feelings and luminous and intangible presences that for Thomas Cole, Frederic Church, John Kensett, Thomas Moran, Albert Bierstadt were the accompaniments of mountain peaks and chasms, cloud gulfs and crashing surf. "Thus," writes Rosenblum in the "Paradise" catalogue, "Clyfford Still's craggy paintscapes, with their suggestions of the immeasurably slow changes of prehistoric geology and botany, can almost be experienced as abstract translations of Cole's, Bierstadt's, and Moran's views of the American wilderness." The impulse toward breadth and horizontality which manifested itself in the "Niagara Falls" of Church is resurrected in the elongated strip painting "Summertime," by Jackson Pollock. The watchword of "Paradise" is the continuity of advanced art in the United States with the American past and the "deities of American landscape that have now reigned for two centuries."

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Conservative politicians, chronically suffering from memories of the New Deal, talk of "turning America around." In preparation for his present effort to restore postwar New York abstraction to the painted wilderness of the nineteenth century, Rosenblum executed a dry run in the catalogue of the "America 1976" exhibition that was held at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington last spring, under the auspices of the Department of the Interior. The show, of contemporary landscape paintings, represented for Rosenblum "not only the remains of the American wilderness but also the primeval animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms," and, invoking the "spirits of Cole and Inness, Kensett and Bierstadt," he hailed the display of landscapes as a kind of Armory Show in reverse—by which he could only have meant the advent of counter-revolution. A related use by Rosenblum of the museum as an instrument of anti-modernism was the recent "Age of Revolution" extravaganza at the Metropolitan, which offered a counterweight to contemporary tastes by exhuming masses of discarded eighteenth- and nineteenth-century canvases from basements throughout Europe.

Rosenblum's task of historical revisionism in the "Paradise" show is not an easy one. The first obstacle is the paintings themselves. Visually and emotionally, they fall into three stylistically distinct groups—almost constituting separate exhibitions—which reflect different degrees and sources of European influences, and different relations between the artists and American society. Ironically, the first group, the Hudson River painters, who represent the root feeling of American romanticism which is the show's theme—who, according to Rosenblum, express feelings arising from the land itself—were the most deeply influenced by European models. Their theme was the nationalist idealism and the interest in far-off places of the rising American middle class, expressed with decorum and echoing as closely as possible the masterpieces of Old World museums. "Instances of nationalist rhetoric," writes a biographer of Cole, "exhorting the artist to a concern with American subjects, were commonplace in the formative period of our native school of literature and painting." In any case, this "picture postcard" portion of "Paradise" is quite clearly cut off from the later realist and modernist creations—some spectators wondered what these landscapes were doing in the Museum of Modern Art. The second group, the early American modernist painters—Dove through Hartley, Marin, and O'Keeffe—are equally distinctive artists, who have been described as "precursors but not parents" of the postwar abstractionists. Omitted from this

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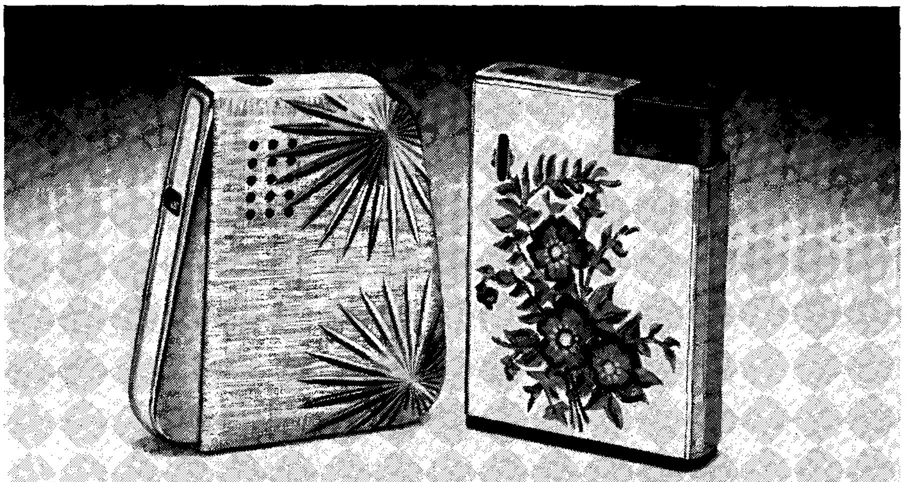

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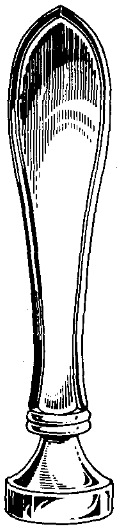

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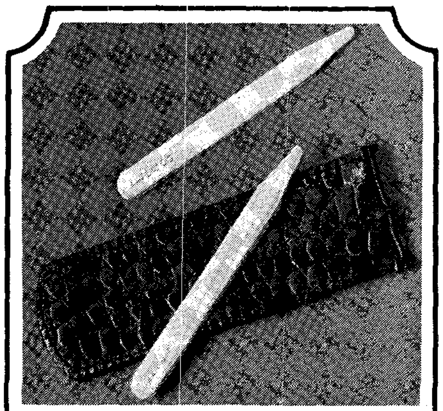
group, again for hidden ideological reasons that prevent "Paradise" from being a survey of American landscapes, are such leading, if not "elemental," landscapists as John Twachtman, Childe Hassam, Alden Weir, Maurice Prendergast. The third group, of course, is the Abstract Expressionists.

Each group contains interesting paintings—some that have been shown again and again (Church's "Niagara Falls," Cole's "The Titan's Goblet"), others unfamiliar to the New York art public (Bierstadt's "Beach Scene," Edwin Dickinson's "Stranded Brig"). Among the romantic landscapes, some achieve renewed interest through visual association with Surrealist and ultra-naturalist imagery. Washington Allston in his chalk-on-canvas "Ship in a Squall" found a technical equivalent for the uncanny, and the sharp-focus "Moonlight Coastal Scene," by Robert Salmon, is as operatic as Dali. One of the principles apparently overlooked by the organizers of the "Paradise" show is that what we think of the art of the past is influenced at least as much by the present as the art of the present is influenced by the past. In terms of contemporary sensibility—rather than theory—paintings that for Rosenblum and his colleagues seem suffused in mystical silences are distinguished by their theatricalism; for example, the luminous coves of Fitz Hugh Lane or the storm and night-scene backdrops of Martin Johnson Heade. (The waves in Heade's "Approaching Storm: Beach near Newport" fold over like silver skins.)

Indeed, if Rosenblum had chosen to link together American artists of all periods by an impulse toward theatre, he would have fared much better than in his quest for what another contributor to the "Paradise" catalogue calls "the continuing American association of its vast landscape with the national identity." American painters from Allston to Dickinson and from Frederic Remington to Pollock and Gorky have tended to put on a performance, usually with at least a modicum of ham and a more or less conscious intent to deceive (as is suggested in Melville's conception of the national character in "The Confidence-Man"). Church's huge "Rainy Season in the Tropics" is one hundred per cent stage curtain and, with its compass-drawn rainbow, comes close to being a sideshow feature, while his "Our Banner in the Sky," in which the Stars and Stripes are exuded by the skyscape, is on the verge of camp. Yet his "Aurora Borealis," no less theatrical, conveys a genuine chill of both



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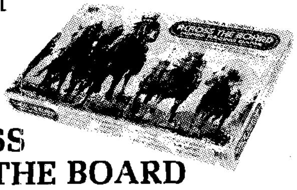

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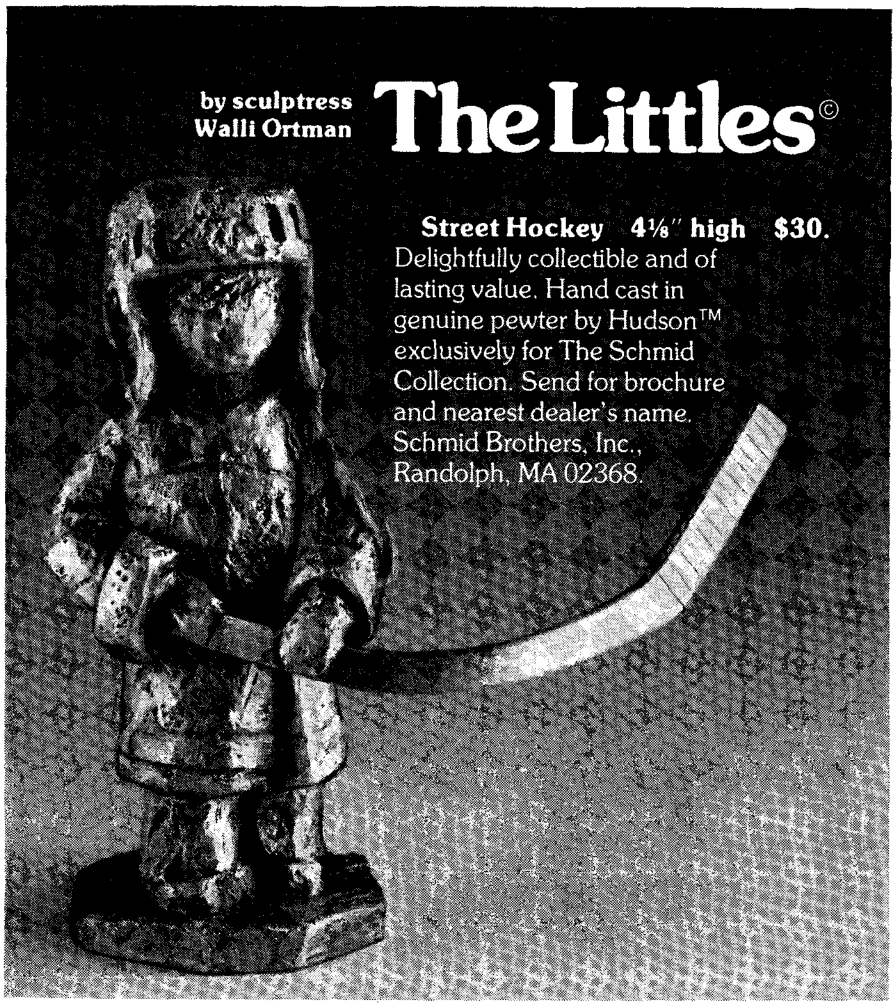
climate and human abandonment; Bierstadt's "Sunset in the Yosemite Valley" and Moran's "The Chasm of the Colorado" are Natural Wonders seen in a stereopticon. With or without depth of insight and seriousness of mood, the American landscapists pour on feeling with everything at their disposal. Their real heir is not Abstract Expressionism but the Kodak. Elihu Vedder is a proto-Surrealist who to be persuasively touching demands only that the spectator give a little in the direction of vaudeville. In two small oils by George Catlin—landscape backgrounds for "An Indian Council, Sioux" and "Elk and Buffalo Grazing Among Flowers"—neither Indians nor animals are anywhere to be seen; the Catlins thus symbolize this exhibition, whose theme is invisible against its background of painted scenery.

THE pictures in the "Paradise" exhibition have been carefully selected to suggest resemblances between Abstract Expressionist paintings and earlier creations. A surprise inclusion among the show's early moderns is "The Conquerors (Culebra Cut), Panama Canal," by Jonas Lie, a deep-space landscape with a plume of smoke rising in the foreground and another in the distance. The mystery of its inclusion would, however, seem to be solved by the fact that this painting is presented in the book on Newman by Thomas B. Hess as a possible inspiration for Newman's vertical bands. Resemblances such as this among artists of different generations are Rosenblum's means of affirming a fundamental identity between the Abstract Expressionists of mid-century New York and the itinerant romantics of the mountains and beaches of a century earlier. On the basis of one sort of detail or another, Rothko is hooked to Avery (in this instance, an acknowledged influence), Avery to Heade, Heade to Kensett and Lane, until, finally, "the uncongealed cloud shapes that hover in Rothko's paintings" allow them to merge with any painting of a vague and distant scene. A prime discovery of Rosenblum's is that the paintings of Augustus Vincent Tack, mainly known for a big theatre curtain in Washington, D.C., constitute "the closest imaginable prophecy of Clyfford Still" and provide a "firm American foundation for the forms and mystical ambitions of Still's art." Still is by no means the typical Abstract Expressionist, but Rosenblum appears to claim that in tracing Still to Tack he has unveiled the secret of the entire move-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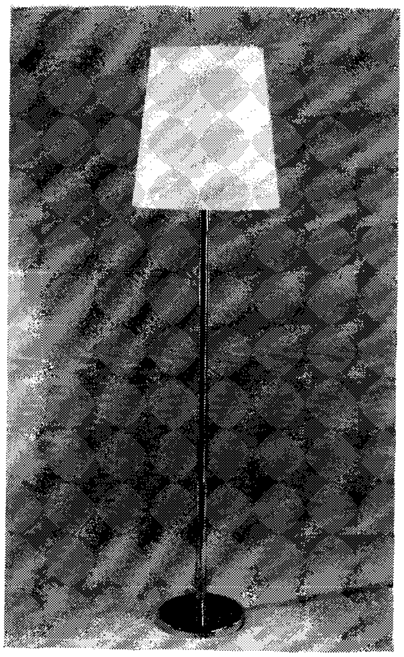
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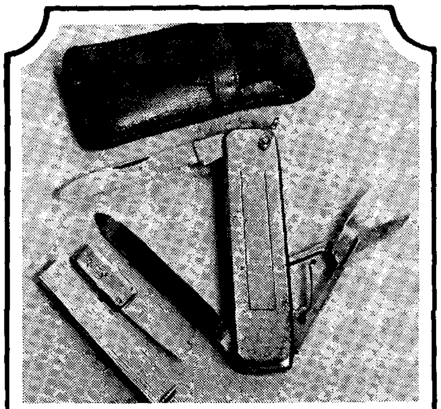

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ment. According to Rosenblum, Tack has been "unaccountably" overlooked in surveys of twentieth-century art and in histories of Abstract Expressionism, but Rosenblum seems majestically assured that this neglect will now be rectified, and he predicts, intimating the shallowness of all previous judgments of Abstract Expressionist painting, that "there are going to be many such shocks of recognition in the works of as yet unstudied American artists."

The weakness of Rosenblum's position is that his comparisons of individual painters and paintings are supported by neither the eye nor the mind. Certainly they are not supported by the attitudes or the creative experience responsible for the works in question. One can imagine the horrified reaction of Clyfford Still to Rosenblum's notion that his paintings are "abstract translations" of Cole and Moran. I have quoted Newman's warning concerning efforts such as Rosenblum's to amalgamate new art with the old. Rosenblum's discovery of a common project for American painters throughout the generations hardly improves matters. "From Cole to Newman," writes Rosenblum, "these American painters have all sought a wellspring of vital forces in nature that could create a rock-bottom truth in an era when the work of man so often seemed a force of ugliness and destruction." The phrase "in nature" also puts Rosenblum at odds with Rothko. "The romantics were prompted to seek exotic subjects and to travel to far-off places," Rothko declared in 1947. "They failed to realize that, though the transcendental must involve the strange and unfamiliar, not everything strange or unfamiliar is transcendental." Rosenblum's talk about Rothko's art in terms of "cloud shapes" is not very different from the description, some thirty years ago, of Pollock's drip paintings as "baked spaghetti," or the jocular characterization of Newman's paintings as the closing of elevator doors. One need not be a formalist to reject too facile likenesses between images in paintings and images in nature. Seen in reproduction—the art historian's customary mode of perusing paintings—certain shapes in a panorama by Tack have broken edges similar to details in a Still, and there are passages that seem to consist of a comparable overlaying of planes. But the feelings generated by the two painters are totally different, and while Tack can be said to be a painter of cloud formations, Still, like Rothko, cannot. Tack nowhere challenges the spectator with blank walls

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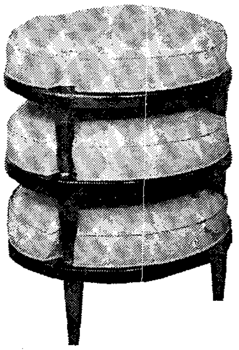

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of pigment, and he shows no impulse toward Still's aggressive reductionism. That Tack has not been mentioned in connection with Abstract Expressionism is thoroughly understandable; less understandable, though more significant, is that he should have been brought forward today in a museum of modern art in order to associate Still, Rothko, Pollock, and other pioneers of American modernism with decorative painting. Other "finds" by Rosenblum—for instance, Gottardo Piazzoni's Symbolist "Decoration for Over the Mantel"—perform the same function of casting a film over Abstract Expressionist originality.

All significant American artists have been romantics—what else could they have been? But does the romantic consciousness consist in a single outlook and mode of expression—with Pushkin, the Lake Poets, Claude, Ruskin, Walt Whitman? Is romanticism always a nationalist sentiment emanating from attachment to the native ground, and are imaginary landscapes, such as Gottlieb's, the same as real ones? Or does romanticism, too, have a history, with modernism representing a reaction against the bombast of "sublime" concepts of which, as Still says, "the dictator types have made a cliché"? From Poe, Baudelaire, and van Gogh to Mallarmé, Klee, Giacometti, one strain in art has consisted in refining the terms of the transcendental in order to make it more real. It is through affiliation with this strain that postwar American art emerged as *abstract* art. The "Paradise" exhibition is based on the conception of a continuity of feeling that seeps out of the soil like oil out of Texas. It endeavors to establish as a norm for art today a romanticism of wide-open spaces, which it is difficult to believe that even Rosenblum takes seriously. "Certain people," observed Adolph Gottlieb, "always say we should go back to nature. I notice they never say we should go forward to nature. It seems to me they are more concerned that we should go back than about nature."

Abstract Expressionism was, through and through, a big-city art movement, as the Hudson River landscape painting belonged to the frontier. Cole, Moran, Church went to the wilderness. Pollock *came* to Manhattan. "Living is keener, more demanding, more intense and expansive in New York than in the West," Pollock is quoted as saying. The word "expansive" is decisive, in view of recurrent attempts, including Rosenblum's, to relate the big canvases of Pollock (and those of Newman, Rothko, Still,

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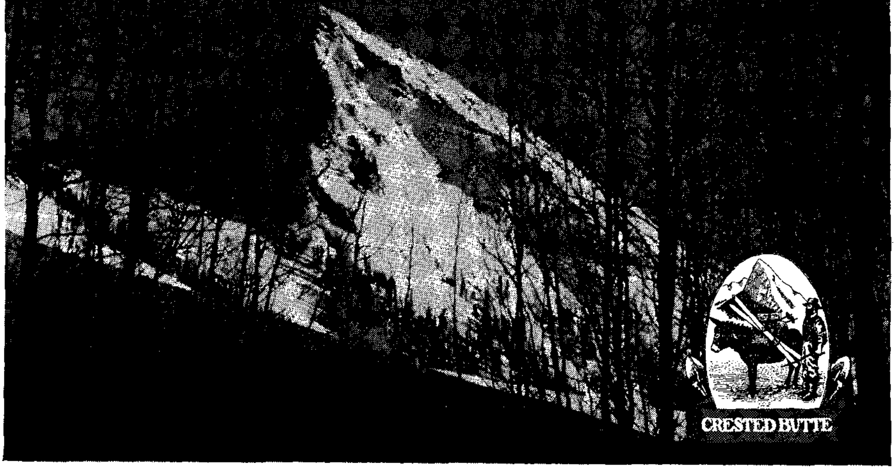

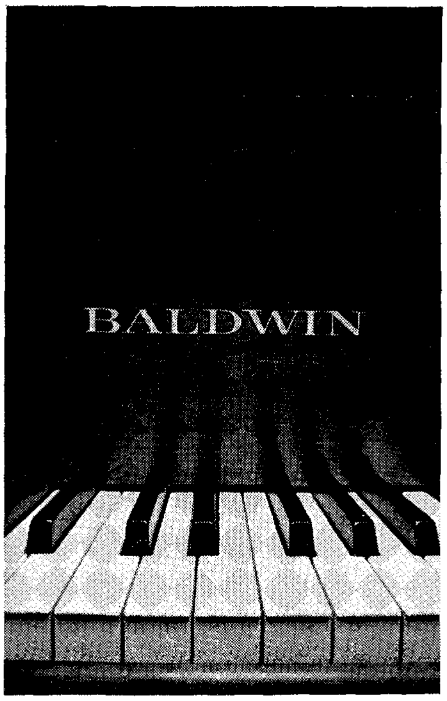

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Gottlieb) not to experience in mid-century New York but to the American mountains and prairies. The profundity of Abstract Expressionism lies not in the "translation" by Still of Cole into abstraction but in the means by which the abstractionists of postwar New York succeeded in salvaging metaphysical feelings from the debris of natural imagery and the international warehouse of accumulated symbols.

Nor is it without significance that the majority of the Abstract Expressionists were immigrants or sons of immigrants. "The Natural Paradise" is based on an oversimplification. Its idea of an indigenous landscape art that survived into the present impedes realization of the back-and-forth interaction between Europe and America throughout the history of American art. Newcomers became leading American artists, while self-trained American backwoodsmen went abroad to study and often stayed to become European painters and sculptors. The Abstract Expressionists were the first American artists for whom this dialectic was disrupted. Despite the late arrival of many of them, they were the least European of American artists, and hence the least influenced by the American past. Most of them reached maturity without having been to Paris, and their approach to the great modernists was guarded and suspicious. In presenting Abstract Expressionist art, the need is to differentiate its content from all earlier art, both American and European, as the means of clarifying its creative potentialities for the present and the future. "Paradise" does exactly the opposite: it systematically blurs the distinctiveness of the new work with meretricious comparisons, and its catalogue rhetoric of "poetic" platitudes—"primal landscape scene," "strange, haunting openness," "unbounded void of sunset"—tells us nothing about either the art of the past or of our own time.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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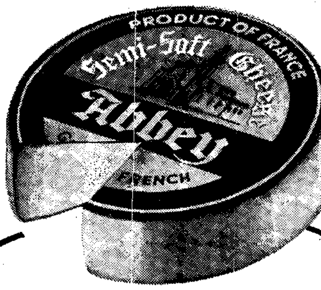

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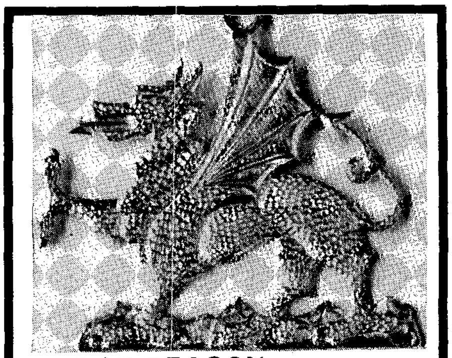

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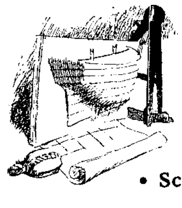

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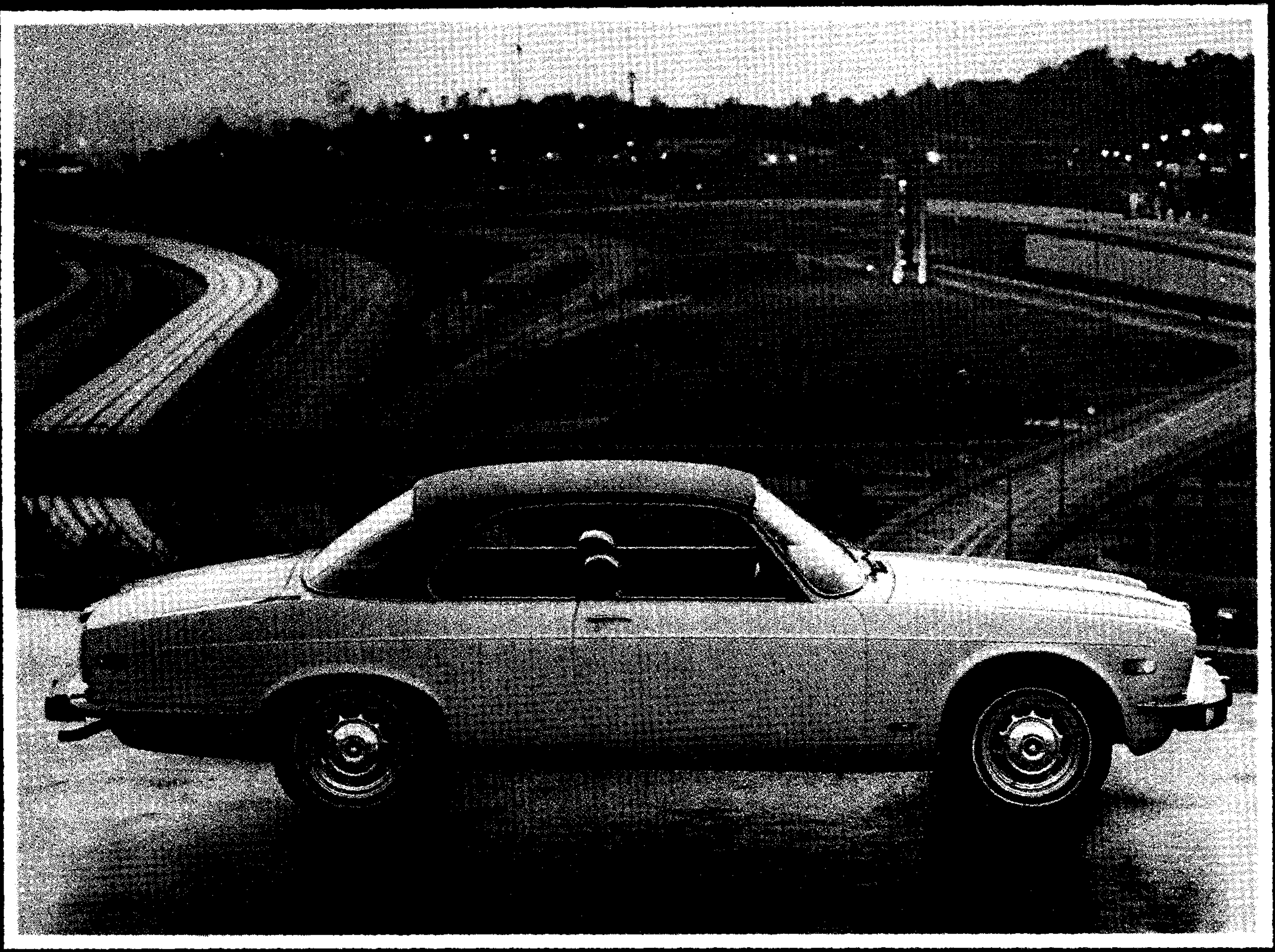

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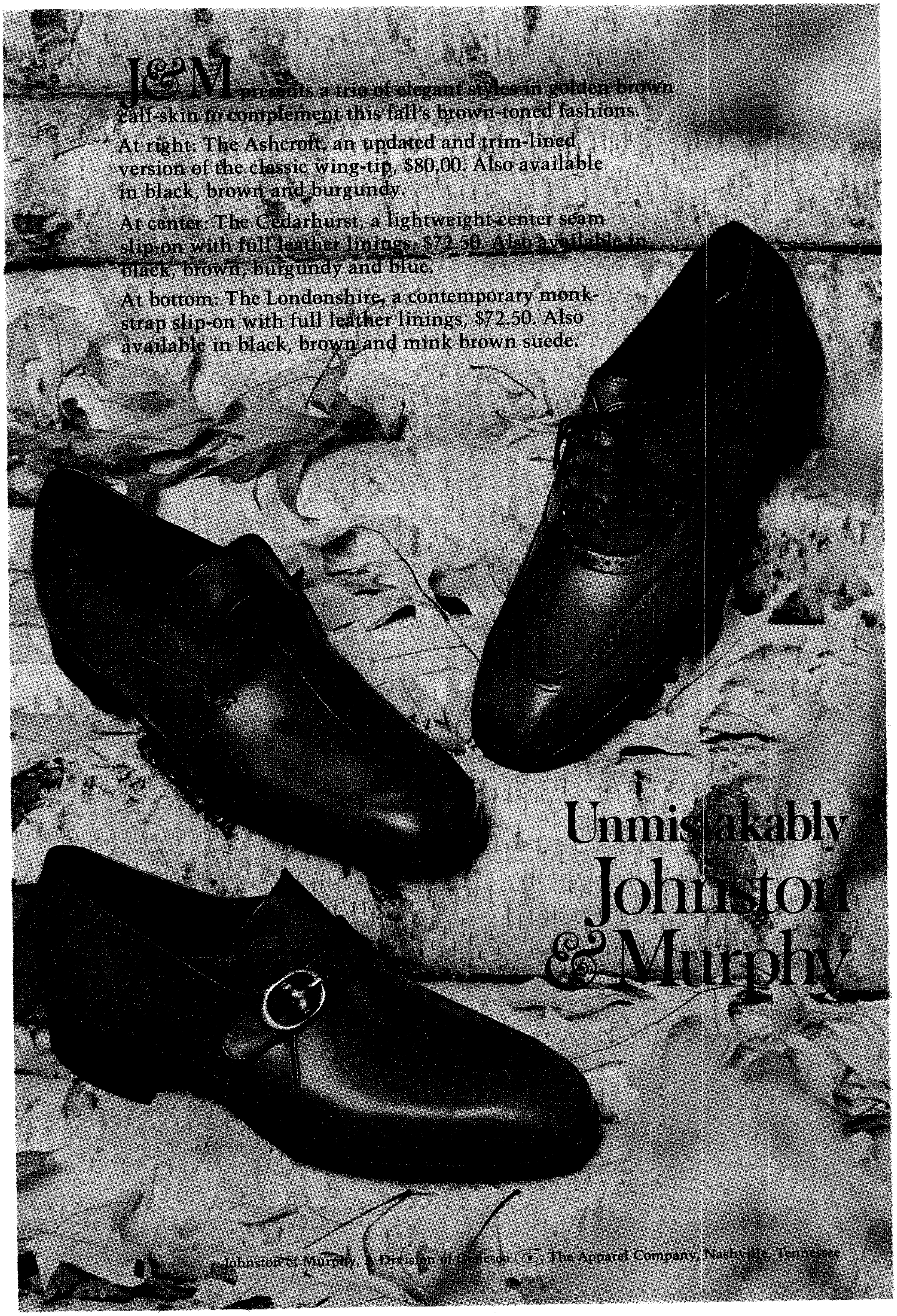

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"THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION" starts from two pieces of common knowledge—that Sherlock Holmes used cocaine, and that Sigmund Freud took the drug for a period—and puts the two together. The fictional Holmes "lived" at the same time as the historical Freud; they're both myths by now, and by crossing these mythologies the film, adapted by Nicholas Meyer from his 1974 best-seller, gives us a luxuriant straight-faced parody. In this hybrid, Holmes (Nicol Williamson), pathologically obsessed with the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty (Laurence Olivier), is in such terrible shape that Dr. Watson (Robert Duvall) tricks him into going to Vienna to be cured of his cocaine addiction by Freud (Alan Arkin). It is but a few more steps to have the two great detectives pooling their deductive skills—the circumstantial and the psychological—to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave).

The film is a civilized light entertainment—somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. The director, Herbert Ross, works fluidly, serving the actors and the script unassumingly, and the designer, Ken Adam (who also did the Bonds), has done the plush sets, stuffed to their Victorian gills. Movies don't often splurge on such a clever idea, and it's very pleasurable to see the casting and the details brought off without stinting. Shot by Oswald Morris on European locations and at Pinewood Studios, in London, the production covers a lot of ground (five million dollars' worth). The cast—which contributes to the de-luxe quality—includes Joel Grey (in too small a role, as usual), Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, Anna Quayle, Charles Gray, Régine, as a brothel keeper (she sings Stephen Sondheim's "The Madame's Song"), and a bloodhound (called Toby) who might be an emblem of Holmesian parody. (The 1956 film "Goodbye, My Lady" got my family hooked on basenjis; this wise, tolerant bloodhound is the only movie dog I've seen since then who has tested my loyalty.)

The actors seem to be having an actors' holiday, performing in roles that allow them to play-act, to be somebody different. Their roles are really impersonations: they do their own variations on what previous actors have done with the characters. The fun of watching Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson is in his contrast to Nigel Bruce's bumbler and, of course, in his new British accent. And Olivier, who couldn't rise above the material in "Marathon Man," is in tremendous high form. His Moriarty, a prissy, complaining old pedagogue who feels persecuted by Holmes, is performed with the covert wit that is his specialty. It's not a big part, but this Moriarty—his face expressing injury to the verge of tears—is amusingly dislikable, a Dickensian monster.

Is it right to use a figure drawn from recent history as a character in a detective comedy? The film treats Freud with scrupulous tact, and as Alan Arkin plays him the humor is in his almost coy diffidence. There's true comic intelligence in the way Arkin can suggest the workings of a character's mind by minimal movements and the driest of small inflections. His Freud is ingratiating, deeply kind, and never to be taken seriously. He's the hero of the piece—the greatest detective of all. And without an authoritarian bone in his body—which may upset those who want Freud to be treated less worshipfully. But this is not an imitation of life; it's a honeyed platonic cartoon of a mythic figure. It's Freud without libido.

Movies have been mixing fact and fantasy for a long time—in the De Mille epics, in "Lloyds of London," in "Beau Brummell," in the biographies of Edison, Cole Porter, Fanny Brice, Billie Holiday, and Gable and Lombard, in the swashbucklers, where a king reprieved the hero and gave him a title, or played cupid to the hero and heroine. However, the earlier movies didn't utilize the comedy potential in the mixture; it wasn't yet a fact-and-fantasy game. The new form of celebrity fiction uses ready-made characters for a shortcut to comic effects, which are dependent on our awareness of the put-on. It's a shared conceit—mutually acknowledged prestidigitation—and so the method runs the risk of preciousness, and of being too literary a stunt for the mass movie audience. But I think "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" stays free of these traps, and maybe even bright kids—at least, those over twelve—would be delighted by the way the pieces fall into place. Coherence like this is a form of cleverness that kids appreciate, and they don't often get it from movies. "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" is no more than an ingeniously contrived spree. It never rises to any heights of style, and it limps in places, but it doesn't make the mistake of taking itself seriously.

Nicol Williamson has the borderline role. Holmes the loner, the social outsider, who, according to Conan Doyle, "loathed every form of society" and "never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer," is the essential mystery in "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." For the film's interlocking puzzles to release their wit, Holmes must be the detective genius, yet Freud, who solves the riddle of why Holmes is an addict, and why he

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is a detective, is the greater genius. The movie is effective because it respects both these mythic characters and *enjoys the idea that they'd get along.* But Williamson's role is by far the more difficult, since he has to have the equilibrium to writhe in suffering and still be funny. He does it, by turning his customary speed-freak ranting into self-satire. Williamson's Holmes is so hopped up on cocaine that his deductions are as accurate as ever, instantaneous, and he rattles them off with berserk velocity. His hyper-excitement keeps the first part of the picture hopped up, too. I became a bit uneasy during his withdrawal period in the Freud household, because while he was lying there hallucinating, everything seemed to come to a halt, and I was afraid the picture would go dead, the way "Murder on the Orient Express" did when the train stopped. The director tries to make our flesh creep in the hallucination sequence, and he doesn't seem quite sure of his satirical edge. The pace does slacken, but even though the detoxified Nicol Williamson is something of a zombie, Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave's come-hither smiles, the supporting cast, and the narrative itself carry us along. There's a long action sequence on a train that involves a duel as well as the dismantling of a railway car in order to fuel the engine, and it's a few shades too farcical; it's a reworking of a Marx Brothers routine in "Go West," and it doesn't have the first-generation humor of this film's premise. But even with these semi-lapses, and the missed opportunities—the kidnapping plot could use more flair, and not much is made of the brothel staffed with red-haired whores (a parody spin-off of Conan Doyle's "The Red-Headed League"?)—the film stays on course.

Those who have read the novel will have a pleasurable shock at the finish. After the book had gone to press, the author got the perfect Freudian answer to the mystery of Holmes' fixation on the arch-villain Moriarty; he was able to change only the foreign editions. But he uses this ending here, and it is one of the wittiest wrap-ups of any mystery movie. (The primal-flashback sequence that unravels the secret is also eloquently staged, with the child Holmes psychically bloodied forever, and Moriarty a criminal bug scuttling away.) The movie has a bum title, though: the reference to Holmes' seven-per-cent cocaine solution, with its punning allusion to mysteries, hasn't much allure. And with Meyer's new Freudian-joke ending, this movie is so

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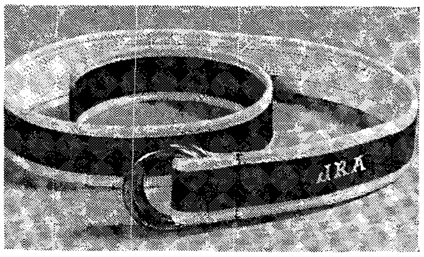

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ingeniously worked out that it has a hundred-per-cent solution.

VINCENTE MINNELLI's "A Matter of Time" has been grossly tampered with; it was taken away from the director before he could supervise the dubbing and the musical scoring, and the film was recut. From what is being shown to the public, it is almost impossible to judge what the tone of his film was, or whether it would have worked at any level, though what's left of "A Matter of Time" has some of the same convictionless musky romanticism that did in Minnelli's last picture, "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." But even if his own version was less than a triumph, that was the film I wanted to see—not this chopped-up shambles, with footage from his epilogue put at the beginning, scenes removed, and two hideous travelogue montages (from stock footage) inserted. The excuse that the businessmen always give for taking a picture away from a director is "to save it," but has anyone ever heard of a movie taken over to be saved that wasn't a disaster financially? This particular project is based on a Maurice Druon novel called "Film of Memory," and its complicated time-and-fantasy structure required the most delicate transitions. The mangled film exposes the performers—in particular, Liza Minnelli—to ridicule, and I can only assume that it is a cause of sorrow and shame to Minnelli, as a director and as a father.

The film is set in 1949, in Rome. Liza Minnelli plays a peasant girl from the provinces who gets a job as a maid in a Roman hotel, where a contessa (Ingrid Bergman), who was a great demimondaine at the turn of the century, languishes, drifting in and out of the present. As the Contessa tells the maid about her early life, when she was the model for great painters and the mistress of kings and poets, the maid visualizes herself living through those scenes. It's a pity that this perfectly acceptable ironic conceit is fused with an uplifting plot about how the chambermaid, heeding the Contessa's words that one must never imitate others but must be "an original," proceeds to become an international movie queen.

The ideas don't mesh, and even allowing for the evisceration by the producers, the John Gay script shifts between old-fogey bull about women as the inspirers of genius and new-fogey speechifying about the plight of women. And there doesn't appear to be any

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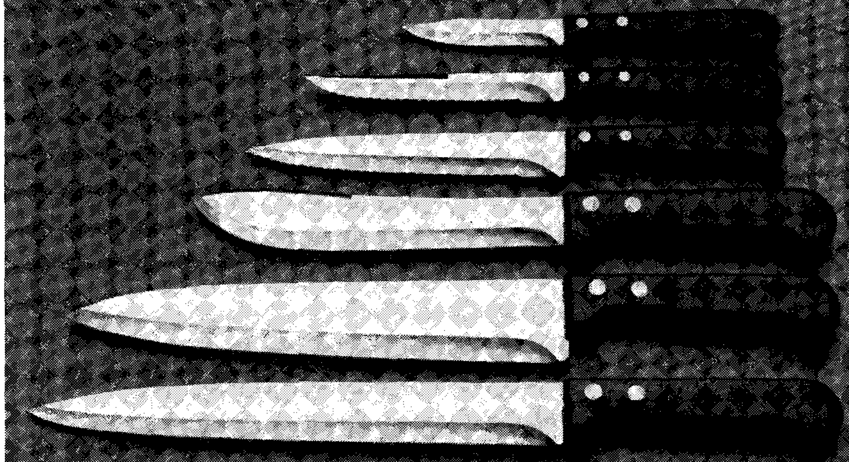

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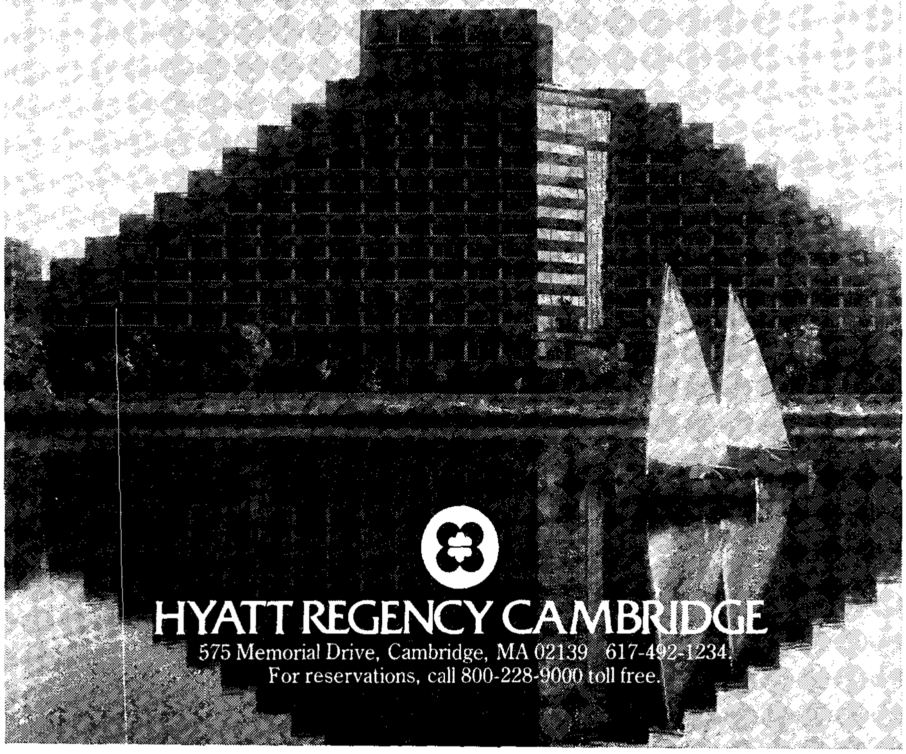

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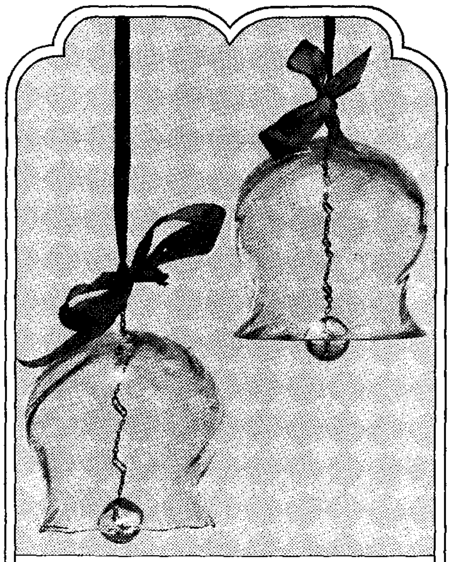

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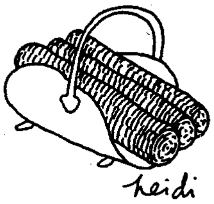
recognition that the chambermaid should be funny when she fantasizes herself on the Contessa's femme-fatale road to glory. Back in 1928, in "Day Dreams," a twenty-three-minute comedy written by H. G. Wells, Elsa Lanchester appeared as a servant girl who dreamed of herself as a clotheshorse, a passionate aristocrat, a scandalously famous actress, and so on; Wells slyly worked out the slapstick potential in each incarnation. Here the chambermaid, in fantasy, appears in Belle Époque finery, embracing the Contessa's celebrated lovers, and we're meant to swoon and wish we were there. At times, as the country-girl heroine, Liza Minnelli suggests a young Anna Magnani. With her hooded look, her heavy eyelids, and her sturdy frame, she has the mystery of a Corot, and one can see that her father was aiming to bring out a sensual ripeness. But at one awful moment, just when the Contessa has made her up and she should be transformed from a peasant into a ravishing original, we see her in a closeup that emphasizes her broad nose and libidinous underlip; her features look gargantuan. In that shot, the cameraman and the editor murder the star. She has a few songs, and in one of them, Gershwin's "Do It Again," she's in supple low voice, but the technicians betray her by the synching and the metallic sound. And Liza Minnelli doesn't do very well for herself. When she falls back on her strident gamine mannerisms—all fizzy, bright-eyed eagerness—she's too chummy with us; she reaches out to grab us, and, without proper editing to prepare us to receive her, we recoil.



Ingrid Bergman, however, looks eight feet tall and every inch a star. When she was young, she had a slightly stodgy quality along with her radiant freshness (as Liv Ullmann does also), and as the missionary in "Murder on the Orient Express" Bergman seemed to be parodying those dumpy nice-girl roles. When one sees her here, with her kohl-blackened eyelids and her leopard-trimmed cape, it's hard to remember that she was the actress publicized for her natural, no-makeup look—the actress who used to charm audiences a little too easily with her cherubic, clean-young-student smile. She has a glamour in this role beyond anything she's had before onscreen; the Contessa has the ruined look of a woman steeped in her narcissism—a woman who has cared about nothing but being attractive to men, and now, in her seventies, has nothing left but memories of her conquests, and bitterness.

Bergman, who began studying acting in her teens, has been in movies since 1934, and even though she was often dull in that healthy *fräulein* way, she kept working, whether on the screen or on the stage, and by now when she makes a gesture it has all that experience behind it. At sixty-one, she could emerge as the foremost practitioner of the grand manner. (Had she played in "Travels with My Aunt," it might have been a dazzling exhibition.) Her daughter Isabella Rossellini appears here in the small role of a nun (Sister Pia—a family in-joke), and is a soft, ethereal version of Bergman herself in "The Bells of St. Mary's," but with an Italian accent. It must be a relief to Bergman to pass her nun's habit on to her daughter and bask in the Contessa's fancy duds and Circean melancholy. Her always thrilling voice is deeper than ever, and her strength goes way beyond that of younger actresses—even beyond that of Vanessa Redgrave, though Bergman doesn't approach Redgrave's artistic inventiveness. One of the Contessa's old lovers appears to be modelled on D'Annunzio (who was Eleonora Duse's lover), and so it's probably not an accident that Bergman has brought into her acting a little of the stillness that one responds to in Duse's work on film. Bergman is aware of the line of her body, she's assured enough to do much of the role in statuesque repose, and when she lifts one of those huge hands the gesture is poetically complete. You feel she could waft those hands and blow you right out of the theatre. Charles Boyer turns up in one sequence, and he's trim and distinguished, in his beautifully polished way, but he seems a little too limited—too mortal—to have been one of the Contessa's lovers. Bergman's role has been reduced to shreds, so one cannot judge whether her performance had any rhythm; scene after scene has been cut. Still, there's something going on when she's on the screen, and with her gowns hanging straight down from her shoulders she's as tall as a legend.

—PAULINE KAEL

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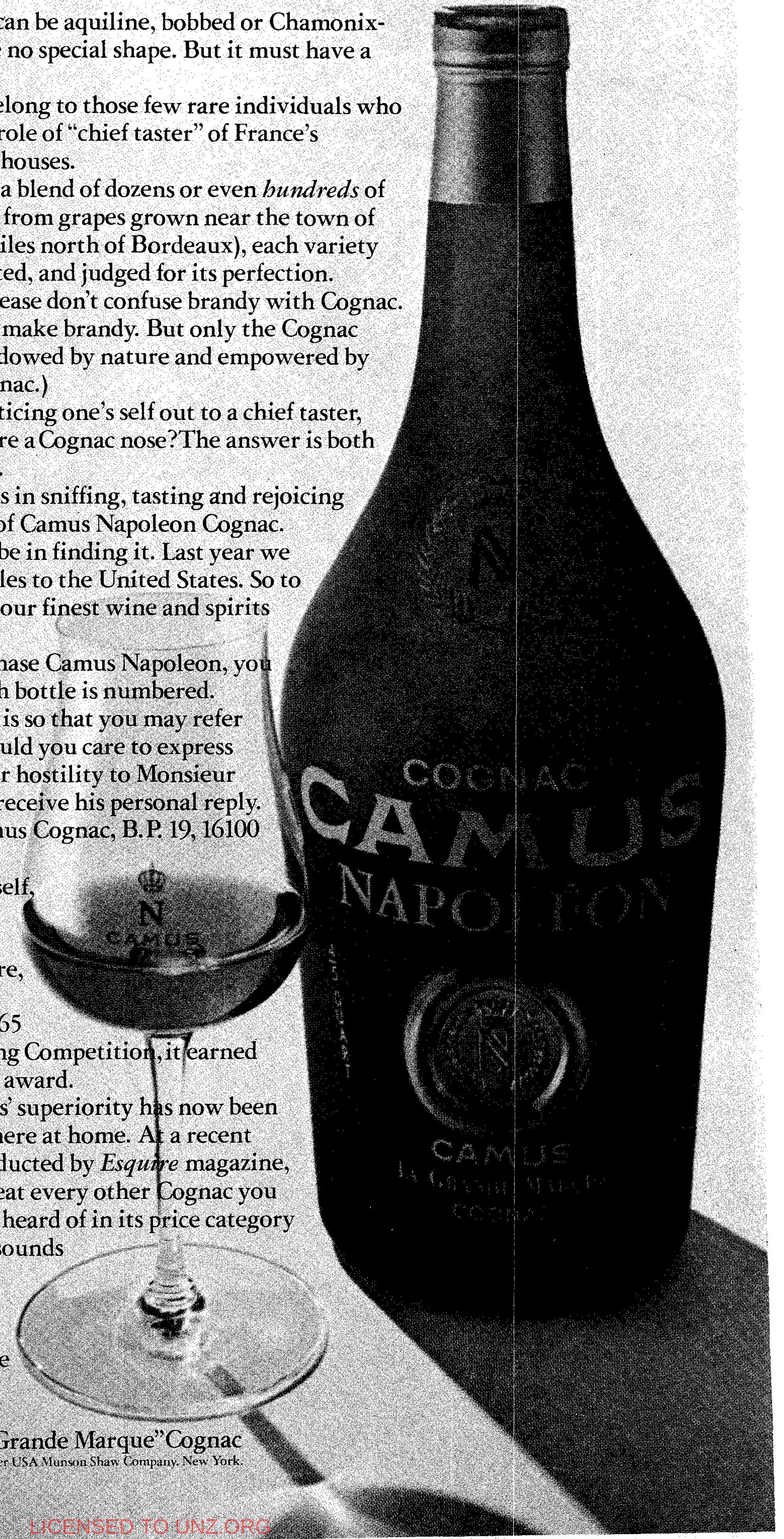
Like Cognac itself, the "Cognac nose" of Monsieur Camus is a product of nature, confirmed by high authority. In the 1965 International Tasting Competition, it earned him the gold medal award.

Bulletin: Camus' superiority has now been documented right here at home. At a recent Cognac tasting conducted by *Esquire* magazine, Camus Napoleon beat every other Cognac you have probably ever heard of in its price category (about $30). If $30 sounds a little dear, Camus Celebration (about $15) performed the same feat in *its* price category.



Camus "La Grande Marque" Cognac

80 proof. Sole Importer USA Munson Shaw Company. New York.

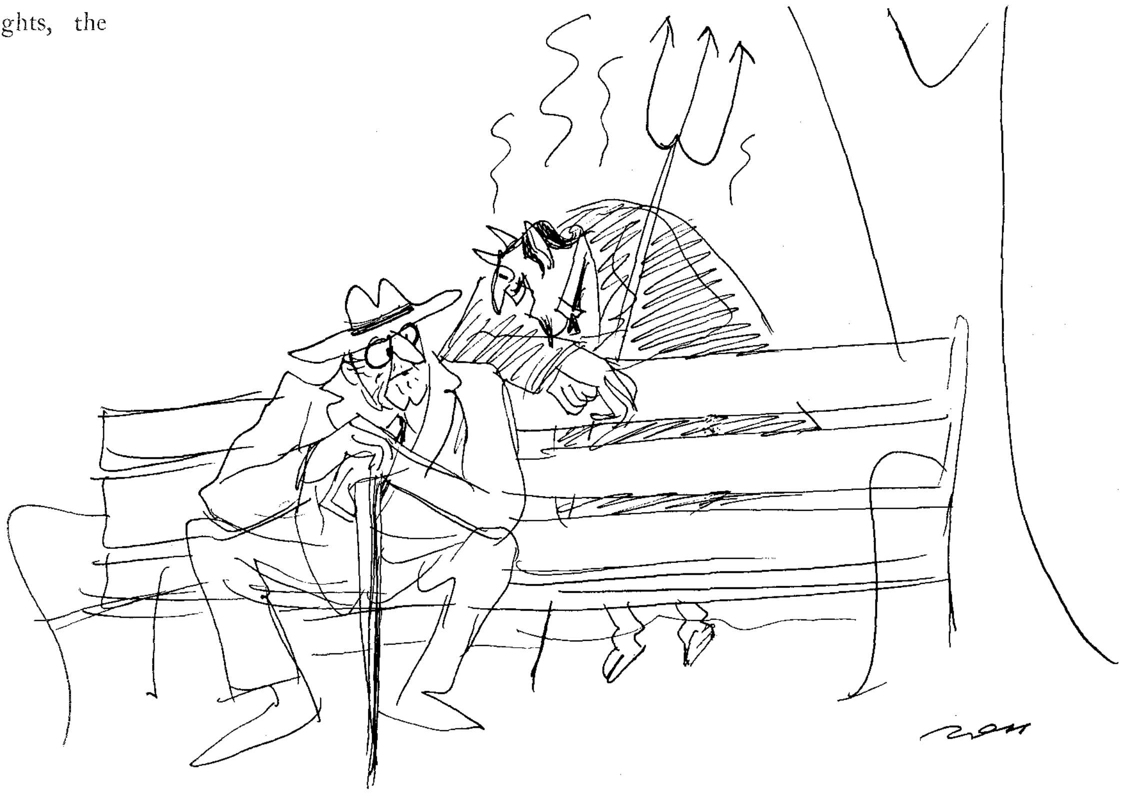
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 23

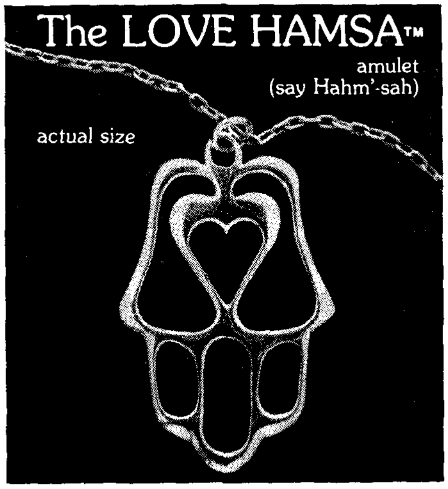
"FOR too many days," the President said last week, "this campaign has been mired in questions
t have little bearing upon the future
this nation." And he added, "The
ple . . . deserve better than that."
e occasion was a news conference
t yielded no news—it was televised
at the request of the White
use—and that had been called not
raise any new questions or to offer
nericans any new vision of their fu-
e but to draw attention to the fact
t the Special Prosecutor's Office, in
Department of Justice, having
ked into certain matters concerning
rald Ford's past, had announced
t it had found no evidence that
uld make him liable to charges of
ancial misconduct. The President's
servation, though, was sound. He
ight have gone on to say that irrel-
ancies abound in most campaigns
d that it is no easy matter to de-
rmine what questions do bear on the
ture; as often as not, today's issue
tomorrow's non-issue. Still, this has
en a disjointed, unfocussed, and in
any ways disagreeable campaign, and
e does feel that the country deserves
tter. In their encounter last night,
ord and Jimmy Carter, both intent
saying nothing that would bring
em further trouble, seemed more re-
onsible and more restrained than in
eir previous appearances, and they
ldressed themselves briefly to some
atters—the cities, civil rights, the
vironment—about which
ttle had been said before.
ut this was after several
eeks of rhetoric that was
t once strident and pedes-
ian, after exchanges of
etty insults and accusations,
nd after much evasiveness
n questions of central im-
ortance and much explicit-
ess on matters essentially
rivial. It has been a cam-
aign centered on personali-
y, and this is perhaps as it
hould be, but the process
as given rise to widespread
loubts whether either man
qualified for leadership.
ord cites his long record in
ongress and his short one
n the White House, but
oth are records of inaction;
he next President will have
o preside over and facilitate
ocial change, and Ford is
y temperament a man who
resists it. Carter is clearly an activist, but he seems a petulant, erratic one, and he has thus far failed to establish his leadership even in his natural constituency—those who feel, as he does, the need for change, and who normally favor Democrats. He could prove to be a better President than he has been a campaigner, but an activist needs a decisive mandate—John Kennedy's feeling that he lacked one led him to defer most of his domestic programs—and this is something that neither Ford nor Carter at present seems likely to achieve.

Not all the dissatisfaction one senses here can be explained by the shortcomings of the candidates and their campaigns. The last two elected Presidents—men who commanded unprecedented majorities and were given broad mandates—were disasters, and there is today distrust not only of the men who seek the Presidency but of the institution itself. If Ford and Carter looked and sounded far more like statesmen than they do, they would still have difficulty overcoming the pervasive skepticism of the period. And there are other factors. This campaign is the first to be conducted under the laws governing political expenditures that were enacted in the aftermath of Watergate. These laws are doubtless salutary in many ways. Powerful corporations, trade unions, and men and women of great wealth may continue to exercise undue influence, but they can no longer simply buy it with campaign contributions. Money, however, is still the mother's milk of politics, and if some of the most undesirable ways of using it have been curbed, this has been accompanied by restrictions on some of the relatively harmless and occasionally beneficial ways in which it has traditionally been used. The contributions that so often bought privilege also paid for the kind of activity that made people aware that a campaign was in progress. They supported local headquarters, rallies, and such propagandistic paraphernalia as billboards, bumper stickers, and buttons. They decentralized political activity to a large degree and provided roles that gave some satisfaction to rank-and-file voters. The new law severely limits this sort of activity and puts the active management of political affairs almost entirely in the hands of professionals. This may to some degree explain why many candidates for lesser offices, who are subject to fewer restrictions, are leading the Presidential candidates in the polls. It is conceivable that the next President will owe his victory to the popularity of state and municipal candidates.

If apathy and disenchantment are as widespread as they appear to be, the candidates have done little to dispel them, and may, in fact, have deepened the mistrust. One thing both have demonstrated is that they are capable of demagogy—not demagogy on a grand scale, for they are patently earn-



"*How would you like free checking* and *all your teeth?*"



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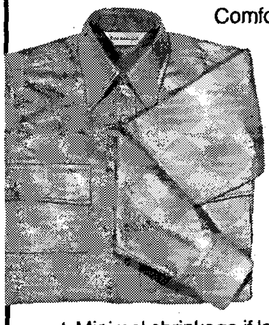

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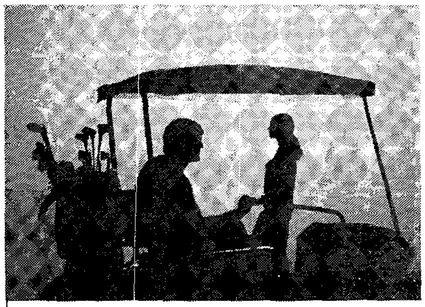
est men, but demagogy nonetheless. The day after Carter, seeking votes in the Middle West, proposed an increase in the price-support loans for growers of wheat, corn, and other grains, Ford, who seldom lets a day go by without saying that the free-enterprise system can get along without government subventions, announced that increased supports would be forthcoming—*and this after a specialist in* his own Department of Agriculture had said that there was "no economic justification" for any increases. Carter has repeatedly spoken of tax reform as if it were a means of redistributing the wealth and of financing the social programs he has called for. He surely knows, as do the economists he has been consulting, that even the most confiscatory of taxes would not yield revenues that would improve the condition of the poor in any significant way. Tax reform is required as a matter of simple justice, of ridding the system of unconscionable inequities, but it would do almost nothing to alleviate poverty or to make possible expanded government services. Ford proposes tax relief for low- and middle-income people, and Carter has promised not to increase the taxes of those who work for a living. In this, Ford may be less disingenuous than Carter, for he proposes no important new expenditures except a few military ones. But Carter proposes several, and they will have to be paid for, as all programs are, by working people as well as by those who profit from the labor of others.

Ford takes credit for the fact that we are not at war; in truth, though, the peace we currently enjoy was secured by the Vietcong, on the one hand, and, on the other, by a Congress that, over his protest, refused to fund the continuation of the war in Vietnam and would not support the Administration's contemplated intervention in Angola. In the second debate, Carter said, "Every time we've made a serious mistake in foreign affairs, it's been because the American people have been excluded from the process." He cited no instances of the people's being either excluded or included. The secret and shameless bombing of Cambodia was a case in which the people might have withheld their approval had it been asked for, but foreign policy by its nature cannot be formulated by referendum. The Constitution makes the President Commander-in-Chief and empowers him to conduct our relations with other nations; the people are involved only when they choose a President and a Congress. In its early



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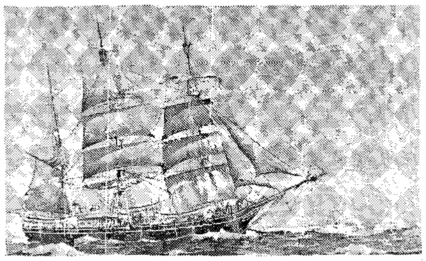

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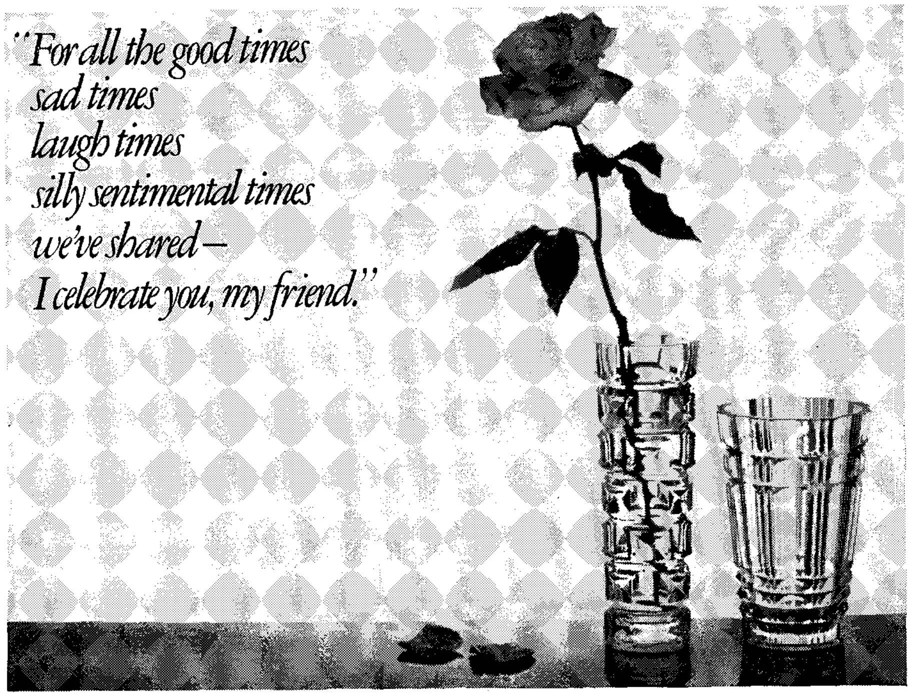
ges, our involvement in Vietnam, : our involvement in most other rs, had the overwhelming approval the people and Congress. In 1964, :mbers of the Senate and the House ted for the Gulf of Tonkin Resolun, which gave Lyndon Johnson a :e hand in Southeast Asia, not merely :ause most supported the war— ough some by then were developing servations—but because their political stincts told them that their constituts would repudiate them if they did t give the President what he wanted. iblic disapproval of the war did not ally develop until 1968.

Some of this year's lapses into demagy have involved matters of high pol-. For some months now, military d diplomatic leaders have been trying decide whether it would be wise to : Israel have certain new weapons stems that we have thus far not made ailable to our other allies. Exporting em might contribute to Israel's seirity in the short term, but it might so renew the escalation of the arms ce in the Middle East and heighten e prospects of another war. The matr was far from resolved when Ford, cking expertise in either military or plomatic affairs but eager to let the oters see the strength of his commitlent to Israel, announced that he ould authorize delivery of the weapns. In some cases, though, the canidates have made imprudent decions and extravagant statements not ecause of any wish to mislead or any eadiness to subordinate policy to polics but because of the frustrations they ace in merely getting the attention of ose whose support they seek. They re campaigning on television, which neans that every day they must find hings to do or say that will fit into wo- or three-minute segments on norning and evening news programs. They are competing not only against ach other but against just about everyone else in the world whose doings he networks consider worth reporting—against leaders of other counries, against entertainers and athletes, against cops and robbers and murderers ind hijackers and arsonists, against every conceivable kind of scandal—and they are under pressure to simplify and encapsulate their views so that they will fit between commercials and yet somehow seem at once portentous and dramatic. The debates provided Ford and Carter with four and a half hours of exposure—and Robert Dole and Walter Mondale with an hour and a quarter—and were the focal points of the campaign. But the demands the de-



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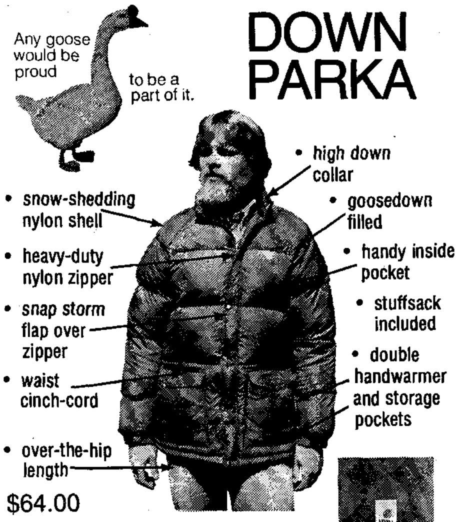

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bates made were not very different from those of the news programs. When the elapsed time is divided by the number of questions asked, they still had only a few minutes to make their points on any particular subject. They had to use broad generalizations, and they had no time to discuss or describe the background against which they saw things. When Carter was asked why he had said he would not intervene militarily if Yugoslavia was invaded by the Soviet Union, the answer he gave was that, having recently talked with two men who were familiar with the situation, he was confident that there would be no invasion. That was no answer at all, but it disposed of the question for the moment, and Ford could only say that it is a principle of sound diplomacy not to give advance notice of one's intentions to a potential adversary. In a more measured and relevant response, Carter might have said that the question had long since been settled by events, not only for him but for Ford. A Republican President had a chance to resist the Russians in Hungary in 1956, and a Democratic President had the same chance in Czechoslovakia in 1968, but it was not done, and it could hardly be news to Moscow that we would not send troops into Yugoslavia in 1977, regardless of who is President.

Politicians were oversimplifying the issues and talking in slogans long before television, but when newspapers were the principal source of news it was possible to deal with ideas and those who advanced them in a more orderly and consecutive way. Candidates sought the attention of the press as assiduously as they now seek that of television, and they tailored their statements and speeches to reporters and readers rather than to the electronic gear that records sights and sounds—and ideas only fleetingly and incidentally. The press is still an important source of news, but because politics now consists so much of events arranged and staged for television, it has become largely a vehicle for describing, and at times criticizing, those performances. And it has gone a long way toward making the standards of television its own. For example, the interview that Carter now regrets having given *Playboy* was, unlike many of those he has given before cameras, a lengthy and quite detailed account of his views on a number of matters, of which private morality was only one. He welcomed the opportunity and, in fact, thanked the interviewer for showing more of an interest in what he thought about the "issues" than did

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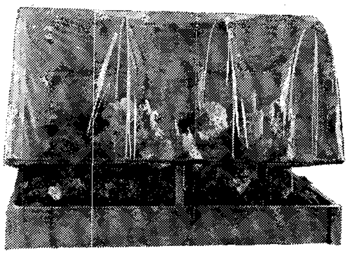

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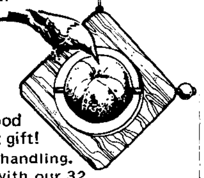

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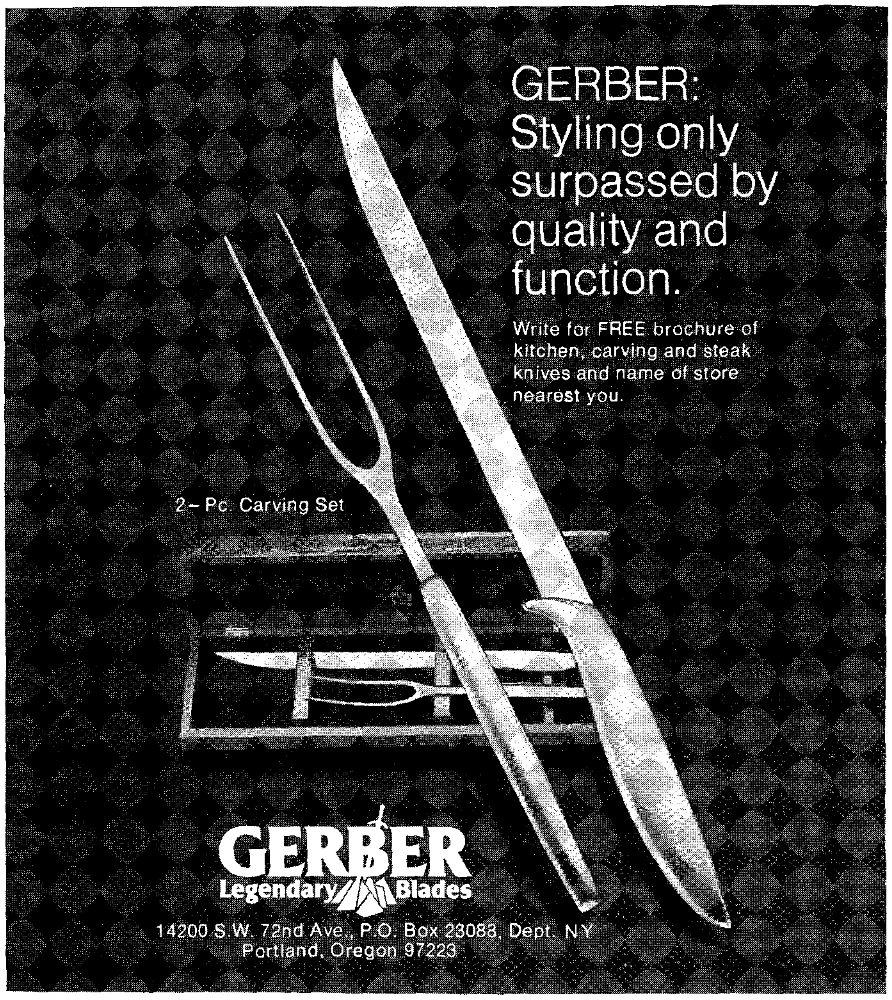
ost of the journalists covering his
mpaign. It was, in its entirety, one of
e few interesting documents pro-
ced in the course of the campaign.
it the newspapers, like television, fo-
ssed on the small part of it that was
prove titillating and could with ease
compressed into a few sentences.
The campaign has been replete with
vialities, and television and, to a lesser
tent, the press have encouraged them.
he debates—though they were a clear
asion of the law and, if institutional-
ed, may make it all but impossible for
inority parties to participate in the
litical process—put both candidates
id some of the issues into a perspective
at would otherwise have been lacking.
o doubt the campaign will end with
any voters still dissatisfied with the
ndidates and uncertain about what,
anything, is at stake in this election.
ord and Carter have had to contend
ith some difficulties that were not of
ieir own making, and others that they
ade for themselves. Neither candidate
a gifted campaigner, and both have
times been irresponsible, and it is
ubtful if either would have stirred
uch enthusiasm under the most propi-
ous of circumstances. Though Carter
ads narrowly in most polls, his failure
do better is more notable than
ord's. He is a fresh and interesting
pe, and he has demonstrated a firm
rasp of most of the problems he would
ice in the White House. He has at
mes seemed capable of eloquence, but
e has never really achieved it. The
omestic issues were almost all in his
ivor. The economy is in worse shape
ian it was when the campaign began,
nd a sagging economy can generally
e counted upon to bring votes to
Democrats. No one expected him to
old the lead he had in the early opin-
n polls; at the same time, no one
hought it likely that a Democrat would
his year be in danger of losing several
f the large industrial states to Ford or
Ronald Reagan or any Republican. Yet
his appears a strong possibility now.
And few thought it possible that
Carter could get through a national
campaign and still have large numbers
of voters complaining that they were
not sure of what he stands for. That
his complaint should so frequently be
heard is due partly to the way the cam-
paign has been reported and partly to
the way he has expressed himself, or
failed to do so. To piece together his
views and compare and contrast them
with Ford's takes a bit of time and en-
terprise, but no more effort than news-
paper readers made in pre-television
campaigns. To be sure, on some mat-



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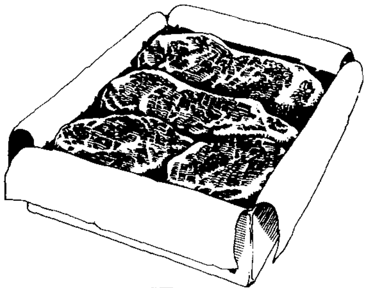

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ters he is uncertain where Ford is not. Though Ford may dispense federal largesse now and then in order to win or hold support, he stands close to the far-right wing of the Republican Party. He concedes no need for government intervention as a means of redressing social grievances. He sees racial segregation not as something to be actively opposed by all the power at the command of the White House but as a kind of imbalance that he can best deal with by using his authority to appoint admirals and generals. Though Carter sees some difficulty in financing the forms of domestic intervention he would initiate, he is clearly an interventionist. This may be one of the reasons he has run into trouble during the campaign. It is plain that many Americans who used to approve of the welfare state are now skeptical about its efficacy; many think that government only makes worse and more unmanageable the problems it tries to solve. They may be right, but Carter is not of their persuasion. He would use the Presidency in most of the ways that President Ford regards as outrageous.

On foreign policy, the differences seem fewer and less substantive, though in their long-range implications they may be as great as those on domestic policy. Carter has said that he would trim the military budget only by eliminating waste and inefficiency, which would be Ford's position if he conceded that it was possible to reduce expenditures without reducing American power. Both have used the phrase "second to none" to describe the amount of power they think the United States needs. Carter has criticized the 1975 Helsinki agreement, and has said that he would seek more concessions from the Soviet Union as the price of accepting it, but he is not in principle opposed to détente or to Henry Kissinger's spheres-of-influence diplomacy—though he is, he says, opposed to what he regards as Kissinger's unduly secretive means of reaching accommodation among the superpowers. However, Carter, the interventionist in domestic affairs, seems less an interventionist in foreign affairs. His view of the national interest is less global than Ford's and Kissinger's. He sees no threat to American security in southern Africa or in Southeast Asia. He does not believe that a Communist presence in West European governments calls for anything more than an expression of official disapproval by our government. These could prove to be differences of considerable magnitude.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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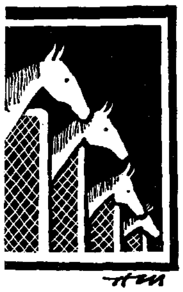

THE fifty-eighth running of the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park last Saturday was a double disappointment: Forego did not start and Revidere, the odds-on favorite, was ird. Nevertheless, it was as thrilling race and finish as you could ask for, th Great Contractor driving past evidere at the turn into the stretch d withstanding the challenge of Apssionato to win by a length and a arter. The purse of $335,600 and e new distance, a mile and a half, ought out a field of ten, and in the ddock big, sleek Revidere was the ck of the lot on looks. Though she asn't first out of the gate, she was st round the clubhouse turn, and she d down the backstretch. Headed apoaching the far turn, she regained the ad and held it until Great Contractor vept by her in the last quarter. They y that all the world loves a gallant ser. Revidere was all of that. Alough the track was listed as fast, the ce was run in 2:28-1/5, almost five conds off the record. Great Conactor, a sturdy, workmanlike chestut colt by Selari out of Oh Annie by h Johnny, was bred and is owned by loward Wilson, the head of a roaduilding company. The colt tuned up r the Gold Cup when he won a ivision of the Lawrence Realization takes, at a mile and a half, a month go—his first win of the season. He ade a nice score in the Cup, first oney of which was $201,360.

The big disappointment of the day vas that Forego, who has become the larling of horseplayers, as Stymie did ears ago, did not run. As you probably ave heard, a filling (horsemen's term or a swelling) developed in his right ront ankle, and to avoid risk of furher injury, he was declared out of the ace and retired for the season. I am leased to report, however, that Mrs. Martha F. Gerry, who owns him, and Frank Whiteley, who trains him, have aid that if all goes well with him, Forego will race again next year. After ll, he's only six. This was his best year. Starting eight times, he won six races, five of them stakes—the Metro-

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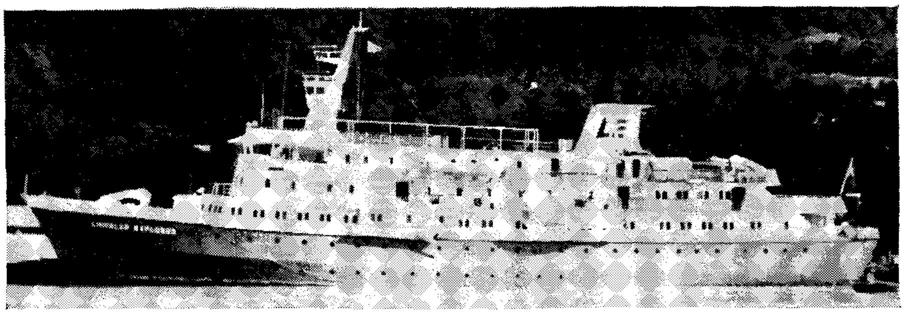

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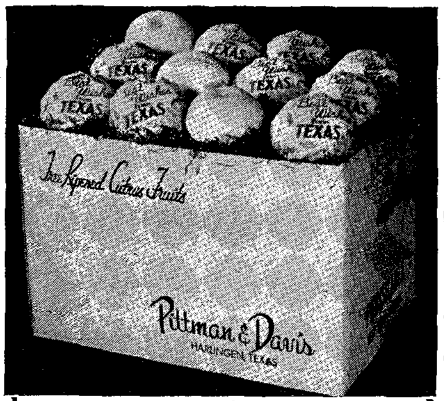
politan, Nassau County, Brooklyn, Woodward, and Marlboro Cup—all under top weight. In the Suburban, he was beaten by a nose by Foolish Pleasure, to whom he gave nine pounds, and in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap he was third to Hatchet Man, to whom he gave twenty-four pounds, and Intrepid Hero, to whom he gave seventeen—beaten by a length and a head after Intrepid Hero had carried him wide down the stretch at Monmouth Park. His earnings for 1976 were $491,701, bringing his total to $1,655,217. What price two million in '77?

Mack Miller saddled four of the three-year-old fillies he had in his barn for the Long Island Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth on the Widener Turf Course, to start off the final week of the Belmont meeting, and three of them finished in the money: Cragwood Stable's Javamine won by a length and a quarter from her stablemate Nijana, and William Floyd's Fun Forever was third. Kenneth Franzheim II's Student Leader, the other member of the entry, was sixth. Next day, Bold Forbes, who had not been under colors since he won the Belmont Stakes last June, came back to Belmont for a gallop of six furlongs. It was generally agreed that Laz Barrera, who trains him, has not only a fast runner but something of a picture horse, with no more hoof trouble. Cordero, who takes as much interest in Bold Forbes as Barrera does, dropped him back of Nebr. Harvest, who stepped the first half mile in 0:44⅘, and then sent him on to win easily from Quiet Little Table in 1:09⅖. You'll see Bold Forbes in the Vosburgh Handicap at Aqueduct this weekend.

FROM all accounts, Nelson Bunker Hunt's American-bred Youth, winner of the French Derby at Chantilly earlier this season, gave the crowd at Toronto's Woodbine something to cheer about in the running of the Canadian International Championship last weekend when he came from eighth in the last three furlongs of the mile and five furlongs over the turf course to win by four lengths, hard held from Improver. Hawley, Canada's top jockey, who rode him, said he'd never been on such a horse before. It was a sensational prep for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 6th. It was also the second time Mr. Hunt has won the race—his Dahlia did it in 1974. This year, the race had a gross value of $191,000. Wow!

—AUDAX MINOR



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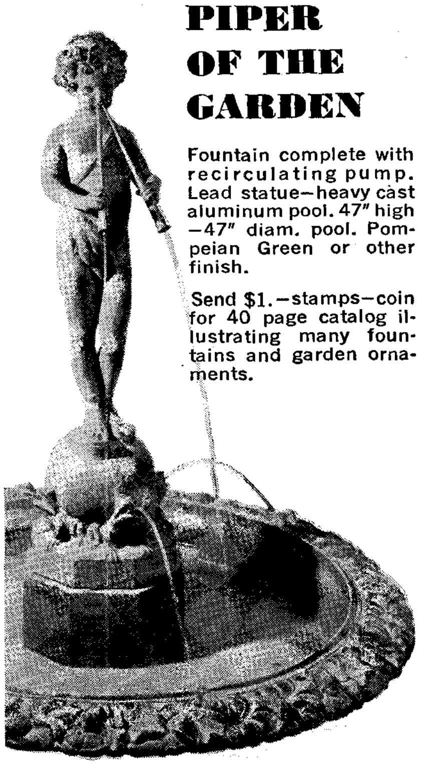

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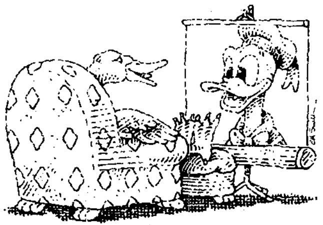

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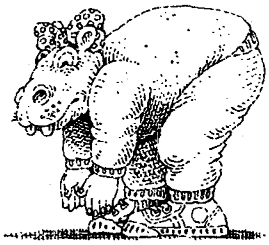

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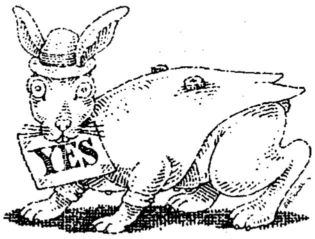

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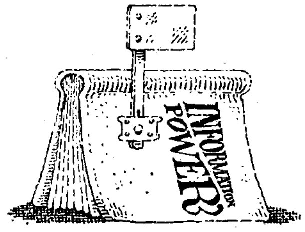

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BOOKS

The Hemingways

IN five hundred pages of total recall, "How It Was" (Knopf) rattles breathlessly through Mary Hemingway's childhood among the loggers on the rivers and lakes and in the woods of Minnesota, picking up wisdom from her adored father; passes on to her time as a reporter in Chicago; and gets to London and Paris in the Second World War. Ernest Hemingway fell for her, and she was to become his fourth and last wife. She was clearly Dad's girl from the beginning—small, shrewd, practical, enterprising, and with an eye for big game. In the slang of that time, the war was "a party" when Hemingway sighted her. She was a professional in journalism, if not in marriage: she had had only two husbands to put against his three wives. Early on in their love affair, Ernest borrowed a photograph of her second husband and herself and used it as a target for his inevitable revolver in the bathroom, demolishing the pedestal as well. Doubts arose, but Marlene Dietrich was at hand to tell Mary that Ernest was at heart a reliable and responsible man. His nickname, Papa, and his patriarchal beard did indeed suggest a benevolent and accessible alter ego; and so, if one made considerable allowances for drink, temper, and ego, he turned out to be. He liked to be on the move, he liked having his court and crew. So did she. After the wretched condition of London and Paris when the war ended, life in his villa in Cuba, with all those guns, fishing rods, and the famous boat the Pilar, promised to be paradise. She got her divorce, and it often was.

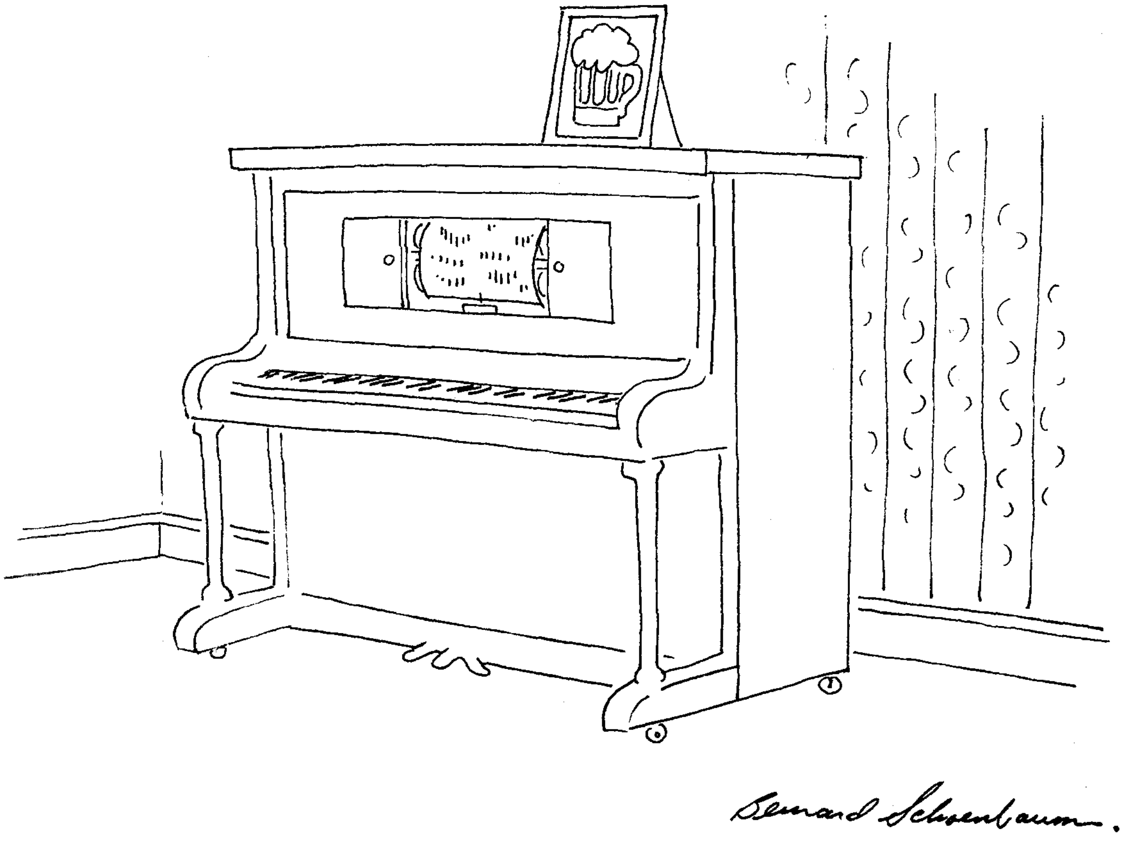
Since no editor appears to have had the nerve to cut it, "How It Was" sounds like a brochure on a marriage on wheels. It was in fact a kind of safari, going from Ritz to Ritz, and to all the well-known bars and restaurants of Mediterranean Europe, and the best water holes in the hunter's Africa. The names of scores of well-known people and of hundreds not known at all clink incessantly, like ice in the glasses. Crowds swarm in to swallow gallons of Daiquiris and champagne. There is a litter of bills in all currencies as the hunt goes by. Like a bewildered tourist, the reader soon loses any sense of where he is. Mary Hemingway was trained to note "how" it was rather than what it was or what it felt like. She fills up with her verbatim notes on the embarrassing ding-dong of marriage, and her diaries are bright on birds, beasts, fish, and the sea. The last brings out a taste for description. There is this on sailing into the Gulf Stream:

> The wind was moderate, only about Force 4 on the Beaufort Scale, I judged. But the gray sea was lifting up a square half-mile of itself into the sky, rising muted and inexorable against the horizon, so that we were chuffing over moving mountains of water with sizable, four-to-five-foot waves running helter-skelter down their sides as ridges clutter earth mountains. Behind each rolling water mountain another higher swell moved against us.

(Ernest would have cut out the "muted and inexorable.")

There is little on Ernest's work; of himself there are innumerable snapshots. For example, tired out after finishing "Across the River and Into the Trees," he was (she notes coolly) "a simmering, restless stew of impatience" as he waited for the beautiful Adriana, the model for the Contessa, to arrive in Cuba and admire him. He had invited her whole family. He yearned for approval of what he thought was his best novel. (Colonel Cantwell bored Mary.) He longed for some new, important subject. He even spoke of "attending" the Korean war. Doting on Adriana made him "nasty" to Mary, but know-how in marital baby talk soothed her.

Know-how seems to have been the bond that held the two experienced sentimentalists together when the strains of temperament were too severe. If in drink he became a monster free with insults, a table-thumper and an exhibitionist, and in later years as garrulous as Hiawatha, he was also generous. His curiosity always fascinated. He was skilled in tenderness. Though he called her his executioner when she nagged, and once threw wine in her face, love got the better of anger: he also called her Kitten. She was patient with the boasting boy, the self-pitying man, and the increasingly touchy writer. (Nothing is worse for a writer than a hectic social life; how Hemingway managed to write what he did in those seventeen years is a wonder.) As the years went on and his blood pressure went up, the labor of writing became grim. There were, of course, periods of solitude, but the guns, the fishing rods, the bullfights, the piles of



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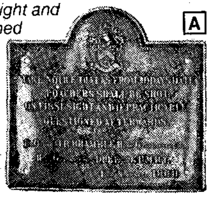

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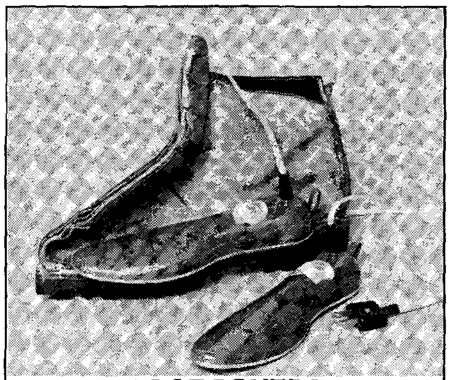

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mail, the escape of travel and the bars drew him away.

His wife's situation had its own professional difficulty. She was a career woman, and in the early days in Cuba she was at a loss. She had been used to working for an office of editors; she needed to be part of an organization. Now, resentful and depressed, she found herself the full-time appendage of a one-man band. She was lost without the deadline and hated not earning her living. (She did continue with some writing; how much is not very clear.) And Cuba was a cultural—indeed, a social—backwater. Still, it did offer the ease of an out-of-date colonial life and the pleasures of a lazy patriarchate blessed by all the faithful servants a woman could desire. There were other unexpected consolations. Mary got on very well with her three stepsons and eventually became a close friend of Ernest's second wife. Ernest was, after all, a good father. He also drew Mary into ocean fishing, and her extrovert nature responded heartily to the excitements of the sporting life. When they went to Spain, he infected her in time with his passion for the bullfight, although all those "passes" over the bull eventually bored her—or, rather, she got tired of reading about them. The one sadness was her inability to bear a child, but she dismisses this in a briskly how-it-was manner. I fancy that, for all his bluster and egotism, Ernest was the more feminine, or less tough, character, in the sense of being the more vulnerable, as Mary discerned when he fell to doting on the "Italian Contessa" in Venice. As for dealing with the other women who pursued him, Mary was tolerant and expert. She delivered an ultimatum and then packed her bags, unpacked them in due course, and confided in her whimsical cats—the most interesting characters in the book. Ernest's recourse was the schoolboy's pursuit of gadgets. He was born for the consumer society and the mail-order catalogue. For his fiftieth birthday he ordered an assortment of marine signal flags, a set of dinner plates, cases of Mexican enchilada "dinners," a sextant, a guide to celestial navigation, two quarts of Mildew Stop, a United States Navy clock, a waterproof safety lamp, sponge-rubber ice buckets, and a pair of miniature cannon twenty inches long, which fired real shells. The guns were fired to welcome guests, and were an addition to his armory for shooting duck, lions, and frightening off burglars. The house was often burgled, but only one burglar was hit. Unsportingly, Er-

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nest shot from the bedroom windows.

To the number of meals eaten and bottles emptied on three continents in the course of seventeen years must be added the birds and beasts and fish killed. One ends by confusing them with the guests. And when Mary Hemingway comes to travel, as she saw it, one is confused by memories of Hemingway's own writing. The difference between his instant manner and hers is instructive. His instants are made to run beautifully into one another—the result of the great care he took as an artist and also of his preoccupation with "the way" things are, a preoccupation that conveys the ripple on the surface of experience and suggests its depth. She is simply the camera, outside the picture. One can see her often dressing up the scene with a phrase.

It is commonly said that the American ethos puts a destructive pressure on writers. In Hemingway there is a desperate attempt to retain his youth and to mature without turning soft. He was hard on his scarred body, forcing it to prove itself beyond its years. Success also meant money, and he was extravagant but very generous with it. (One of the really moving things in this book is the account of his generosity in helping his wife's parents, not simply with money but with great thoughtfulness. Her father was slowly dying, and Hemingway's quiet counsel was deeply concerned with the old man's dignity.) Hemingway was struggling—unphilosophically, too—with his middle age. Half of him became prematurely old. He had overloaded himself with the he-man's persona and nostalgias. The trip to the old Italian battlefields, the exhausting expedition to Africa, and the half-mad orgy of his last Spanish trip, where he found that the classic rituals of the bullfight were becoming showy and commercial, were kept going by Falstaffian bravura. As many famous writers are, he was plagued by professors, students, and aspiring writers, a large number of them shamelessly using their correspondence with him as a means of giving a boost to their careers or their self-esteem. Bemused by flattery, he wasted days writing long rambling letters in reply. Then, almost myopically, he read all the abuse or praise in his press cuttings and burst either into rage or into childish ecstasy of the "at-least-some-one-loves-me" kind.

After the nearly fatal air crash in Africa, when he escaped being burned alive only by battering his way out of the plane with his head, Hemingway

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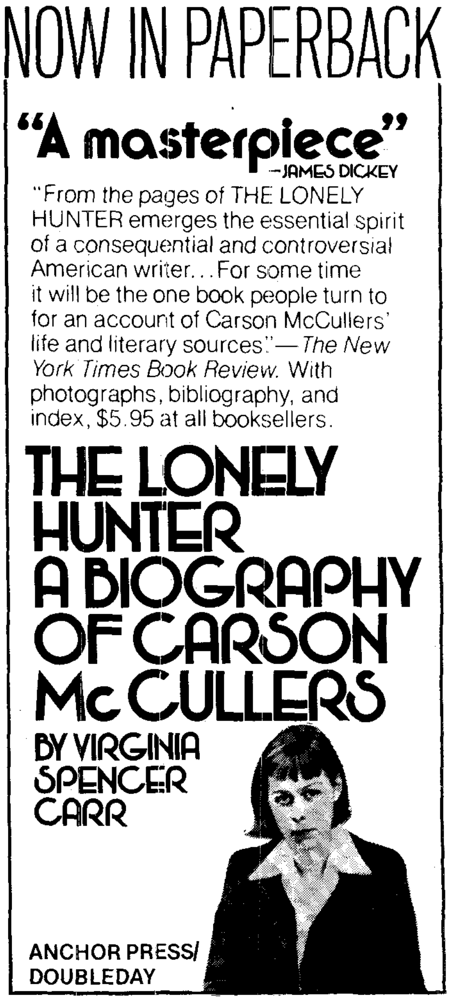
was virtually in a state of prolonged concussion. He refused to admit his dangerous injuries. On the other hand, like many strong men, he was a prey to petty hypochondria. In writing, he began to lose his central gifts for shape, proportion, and economy. Only fragments—by all accounts—seem to be rescuable. The shadows of paranoia appeared. Although he was very well off, he suddenly came to believe that he was nearly broke. Then some minor trouble about his Irish secretary's visa convinced him that he had connived at an illegal act, and he wrote an astonishing statement declaring that his wife had in no way shared in it and was not guilty. Passing his bank one evening in a happy mood, he unluckily noticed that the lights were still on. He blackened: the I.R.S. and the F.B.I. were secretly going into his financial affairs. Twice, at wayside cafés, he suspected that F.B.I. agents were at the next table. There was nothing in any of these suspicions. A relaxed time in Idaho seemed to bring him round; but not for long. One frightening day, his wife found herself wondering how she could get his gun from him: he seemed to mean harm to her or himself. The tragic end of it all is well known: the psychiatrists, the hospital, the false news that he was cured. His know-how had outwitted his doctor, and Hemingway killed himself. Mary Hemingway's account is rather too photographic in the how-it-was manner: she had had a similar reaction to the shock of seeing young American soldiers lying dead in a ditch during the war. It is all very well for her to say that good reporting always implies or suggests the feelings involved. If it is self-effacing, yes; but that Mary Hemingway is not. Stoical, perhaps. The suicide over, she has a lot of rhetoric about man's destroying his environment, which I could have done without.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WIDOW'S CHILDREN, by Paula Fox (Dutton). A strange, bilious novel about a violent family gathering that leaves none of its participants unharmed. The plot is as uncomplicated as a prison cell. Laura Clapper, née Maldonada, a fiery, tyrannical woman, has just learned that her rather neglected mother has died in an old-age home. Laura and her husband, a rich, weak alcoholic, have come to New York from their Pennsylvania farmhouse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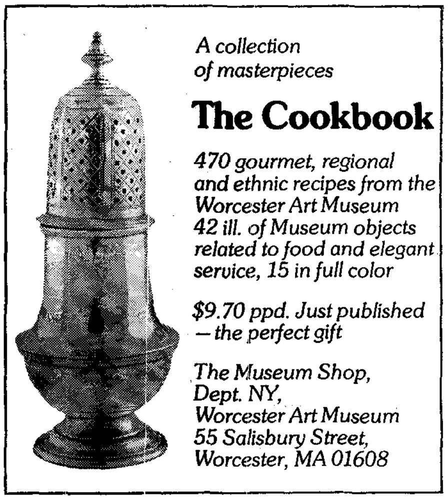
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to spend the night before sailing to Africa for a holiday. For reasons that never really become clear, Laura decides to keep the news of her mother's death to herself, and when she and her husband, her daughter Clara (whom she rejected at birth and gave to her mother to raise), her brother Carlos (a weary homosexual), and her old friend Peter Rice (a disaffected middle-aged editor) gather at the hotel and go on to a restaurant for the evening, she still says nothing about the death. The book touches on some of the misfortunes of the Maldonada family—they were wealthy Cubans who were wiped out by the Spanish-American War—but focusses on the inner feelings (none of them good) that the members of the party have about one another. Every conversation is loaded with resentment and subtle accusations. Mrs. Fox allows her characters brief outbursts in which they seem to rise above their contempt for each other, but these flashes of levity or optimism are soon quashed. Despite the fact that the book is well written, it is somehow difficult to respond to, perhaps because the author has battened down each character so tightly in his or her misery that they all seem like dead souls—almost beyond comprehension or curiosity.

NOTE: Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's "How I Became a Holy Mother," a collection of short stories, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Harper & Row.

GENERAL

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT, by Harry M. Caudill (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A report from the Appalachian coal lands on a man-made disaster, written with power and wit, and successful both as argument and as art. Mr. Caudill makes us see the natural beauty that is being sacrificed, along with irreplaceable resources—hardwoods, topsoil, pure water—to the exploitation of a single resource, coal. The book begins in the nineteen-sixties, when the federal effort to involve the area's disheartened voters in deciding their own, and their land's, future was defeated by local politicians who were primarily concerned with the profitability of the coal industry. So it was back to the dole, and Mr. Caudill shows how a decade of living on welfare did much to destroy

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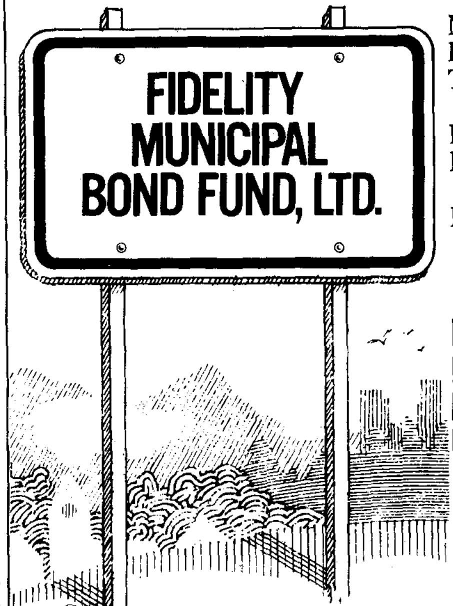

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Appalachia's citizens. In the evolution of these events, the old heroes became the new villains. The T.V.A., for example, narrowed its mission to producing electricity at the cheapest rate, even though this meant buying coal from fly-by-night strip-mining outfits. The United Mine Workers, for another example, lost interest in organizing miners, in mine safety, and in almost everything else except what was left in the union's treasury. The Army Corps of Engineers, bidden to deal with the area's threatened water resources, drowned whole communities to create lakes for recreation. As most readers know, the coal industry has boomed since the worldwide rise in oil prices; Mr. Caudill explains why coal prosperity has been as damaging to Appalachia as the coal depression that preceded it.

ROGER BALDWIN: FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, by Peggy Lamson (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Baldwin, born ninety-two years ago into an old Bostonian family, is still fully able to speak for himself, and does so in a series of interviews that form the backbone of this nimble, sharply focussed book. Ever since he graduated from Harvard and began a career as a social worker in St. Louis, he has been a man with a great many advantages serving people who had none. A bird-watcher, a canoeist, a likably vain hobnobber who as a boy wrote cheerfully of "niggers"—and who still boasts of mixing with "the best people"—he has been the dynamic manager of the struggle for civil liberties in this century. An early friendship with Emma Goldman influenced him strongly, and he took up the pacifist cause in the First World War; he eventually spent nine months in prison for refusing to serve. A subsequent idealistic two months as an itinerant unskilled laborer convinced him of the truth of Clarence Darrow's remark that it's easier to be the friend of the workingman than to be the workingman. But a better friend the workingman—and all underdogs—never had, as Baldwin proved through the founding of the A.C.L.U. in 1920 and through a host of other good causes in the decades after. Mrs. Lamson is not an uncritical biographer; she presses Mr. Baldwin hard on such embarrassments as the A.C.L.U. board's ouster of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and his spirited,

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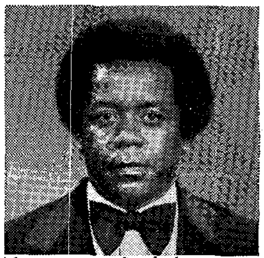
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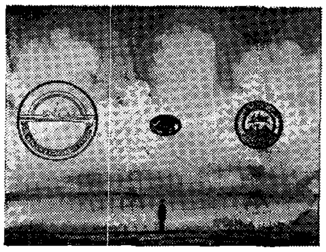
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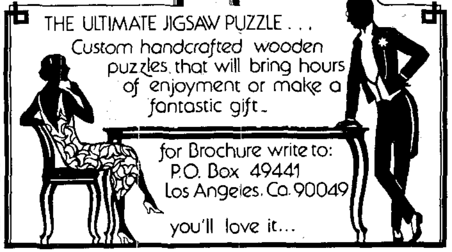
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unpompous replies tell much of a life well lived.

A Wind to Shake the World, by Everett S. Allen (Little, Brown). Still another chronicle of the great hurricane of September 21, 1938, which generated winds of close to two hundred miles an hour and which, with the help of giant equinoctial tides, faulty weather predicting, and a generally uninformed attitude toward hurricanes, killed nearly seven hundred people on Long Island and in New England. Mr. Allen's narrative is marred by repetition, by the absence of an overview of the storm, and by a lack of information on why the weather bureau failed to warn the Northeast about the monster headed for it. (*Vide* Joe McCarthy's excellent "Hurricane!," of 1969, which points out that the bureau depended on ships for hurricane information and that there were apparently none between Hatteras and New York in the crucial hours of September 21st.) But Mr. Allen quotes at length a gracefully written account by the novelist Benedict Thielen of how he and his wife successfully fled their engulfed house on Martha's Vineyard only to lose their cook: "The poor frightened black face rises, then disappears in the gray whirling water. Above it is a blue felt hat with a green feather pointing upward." He also gives the first complete rundown on what happened to the Bostonian, the noon train from New York, which, carrying almost three hundred passengers, thirty of them terrified boys returning to school, ended up on its side in six feet of wild water a couple of hundred yards short of the Stonington, Connecticut, station.

Note: "Favorite Haunts," a collection of cartoons by Charles Addams, most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

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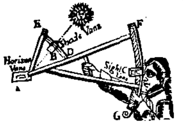

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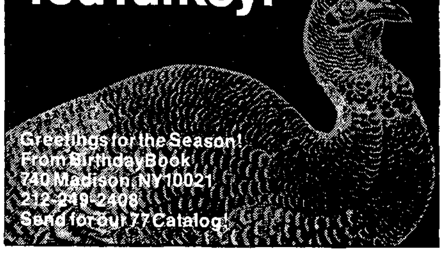

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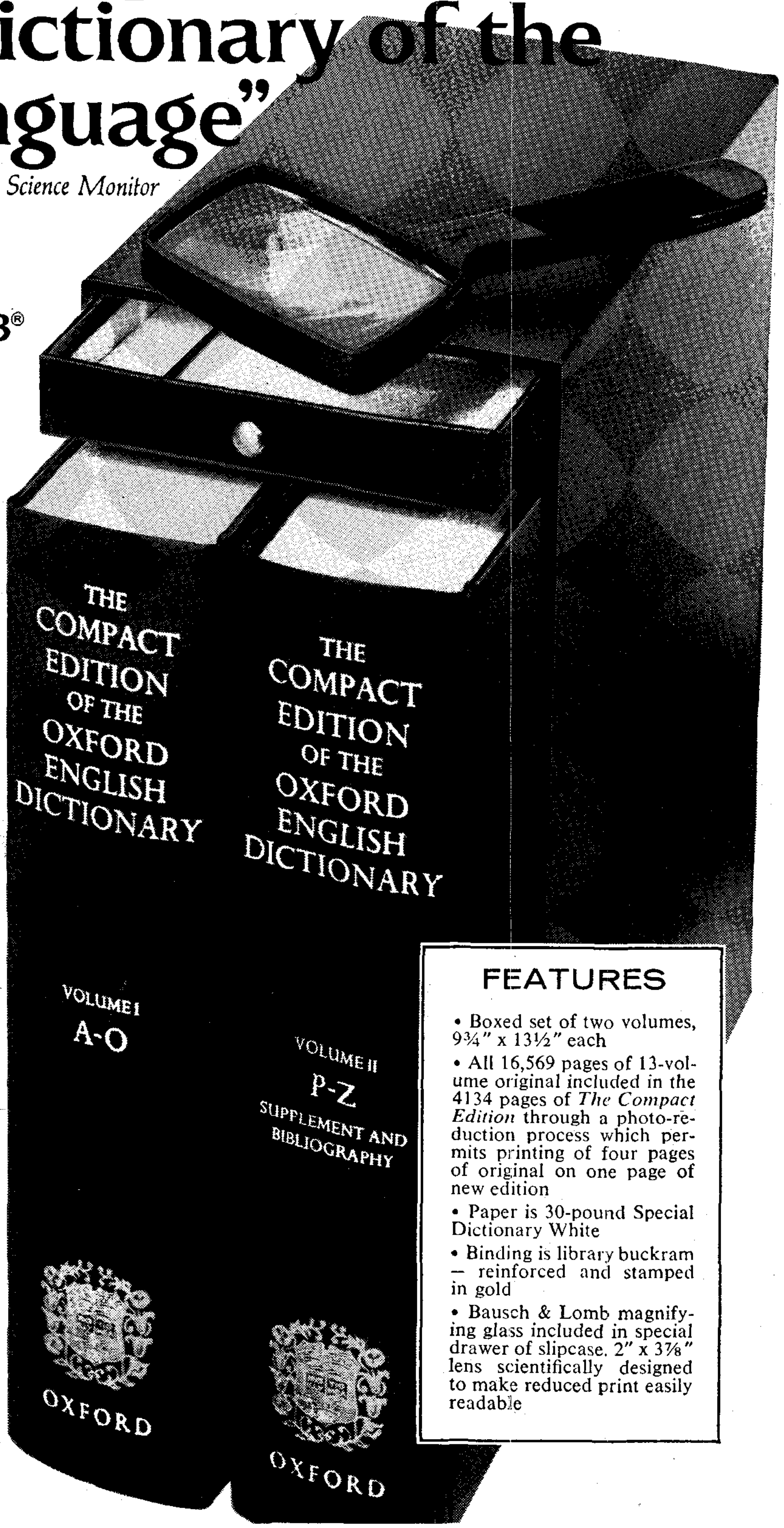
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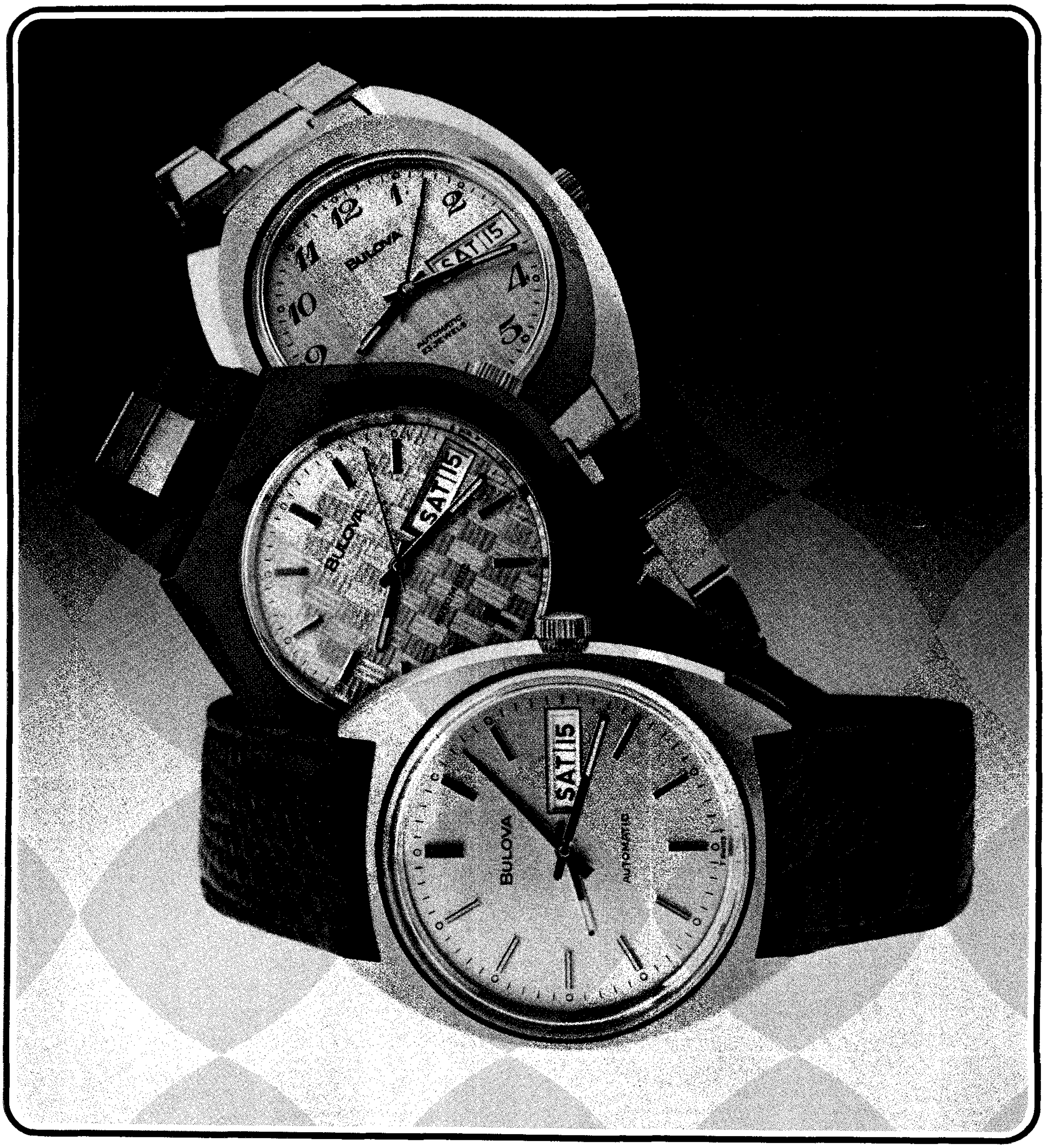

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